

Chatelaine

Ten
Cents

February
1 9 3 6



In This Issue:

"APPROACH TO LOVE"—The Sensational New Novel—By REITA LAMBERT

COLDS are dangerous infections - *give them Antiseptic Treatment!*

• **Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat**

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

Fewer, Milder Colds

People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand.



MADE IN CANADA



A mean cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

Kills germs on membranes

Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

See for yourself

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmacal Company, (Canada) Ltd., Toronto.

For whiter, more sparkling teeth
use

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**

Regular Size 25c Double Size 40c

Listerine
- at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat



The Secret of
Beautiful Tone is Created
by the Masterful
LIGHT TOUCH
of a
Great Artist

—and so
the marvelous flavour of
LIBBY'S CATCHUP
is obtained by our
"Gentle Press"
Patented Method

Send for this famous
RECIPE BOOK . . .

The Mary Hale Martin recipe book is the most beautiful and practical recipe book we have seen. We will be glad to mail you a copy on receipt of fifteen Libby labels—any product—or thirty-five cents. The edition is limited, and you will need to act promptly.

WHAT rare delicacy of touch the artist uses to coax out those refinements of tone that hold you spellbound! Refinement of touch, too, is required, in bringing out only the palatable juices of the tomato in Libby's Catchup.

The exclusive "Gentle Press" method avoids bitterness from skins, seeds and fibres, and retains only the delicious, piquant flavour. So wonderfully good is Libby's "Gentle Press" Catchup that we have been able to sell it under a **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** during the past two years. We repeat our offer in 1936. Out of more than 100,000 housewives who tried Libby's Catchup there were only ten who did not agree that Libby's was

the best they ever tasted!

Try a bottle of Libby's "Gentle Press" Catchup today. Then, if you too do not agree it is the best catchup you have ever tasted, remove the label from the bottle, on the back write your name and address, the price you paid, the reason you did not like Libby's, and the name of the grocer from whom you purchased. Address it to Libby, McNeill & Libby at Chatham, Ontario. We'll gladly refund you double the price you paid.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if Libby's New Catchup is not the **BEST YOU HAVE EVER TASTED**

BOYS You may secure "absolutely free" wrist watches, field glasses, camping equipment, fountain pens, bicycles, and other things boys want, by saving the labels from Libby's pork and beans, tomato catchup, tomato juice, tomatoes, sauer kraut, spaghetti or tomato soup.

BOY SCOUTS can secure Official Scout Equipment. Ask mother and your friends to buy these Libby products and save the labels for you. If you will send for free catalogue of prizes today, we will help you get started by sending you a coupon worth ten Libby labels, absolutely free.

Made in Canada by

LIBBY, MCNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA, LIMITED, CHATHAM, ONT.



**THE WAY WE GET
Incomparable Flavour!**
An exclusive method.
Patented Canada 334,396



**GENTLE PRESSING
OF FINE RED-RIPE
TOMATOES**



Gentle Pressing avoids
crushing bitterness
from skin, seeds, fibres
(the parts sketched above).

Adorable Ann

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" makes her avoid all close-ups—
dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm**

SOMETIMES you'll see a smile alive with grace and loveliness. (*An instant of beauty captured with a flash of shining white teeth in firm and healthy gums.*)

And sometimes you'll see a crooked, hasty smile—a cover-up smile.

(*Dingy teeth and tender gums make her self-conscious—careful not to offend.*)

GUMS NEED IPANA AND MASSAGE

Generally, the first evidence of an unhealthy mouth condition—of tender, ailing gums—is the warning signal of "pink tooth brush." And dentists stress its importance. Because it brings home to you the

need of an immediate change to a more effective oral practice—a change to *Ipana plus massage*.

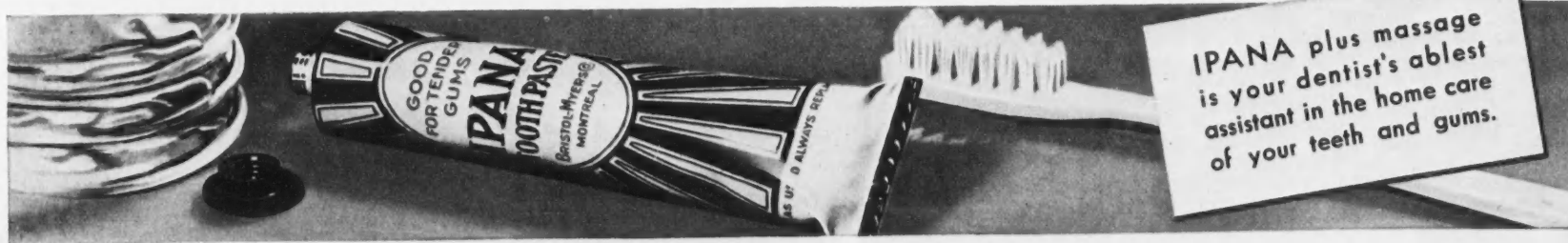
Dentists deplore the lack of hard, coarse foods in our diet. Such foods would give our gums plenty of healthy work and stimulation. But they've been replaced by soft, creamy foods—foods that rob gums of exercise—that leave them lazy, sensitive, tender!

That's the simple reason why modern dental practice encourages Ipana plus massage. Your gums will respond to it—your teeth benefit from it. It is

very easy. Just rub a little extra Ipana, on brush or finger-tip, into your gums. Do it every time

you brush your teeth. Do it regularly. New circulation courses through the gum tissues. They feel more alive. They feel firmer, and less sensitive.

Switch to Ipana today. For Ipana is designed to be not only a splendid cleanser, but also an ideal agent for the practice of gum massage. Keep "pink tooth brush" among the unknowns. Keep gingivitis, pyorrhea, and Vincent's disease in the background. And give your smile the lilt of loveliness that every woman's smile should have—and can have.



Chatelaine

A MAGAZINE FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director

N. ROY PERRY, Advertising Manager

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor



YOU KNOW that proud satisfaction that suddenly floods your heart sometimes when you watch your child talking, or walking—or even just sleeping? That sudden glow that comes to lighten the moments when you feel he has inherited all the faults of the family?

Every editor has the same glow at times. I've got it this month. For we've grand stuff in this February number!

Here are stories by Canadian men and women—stories of our own land, that could only have been written by those who have been trained in our traditions and in a knowledge of our daily conditions. Stories that can compare triumphantly with those written anywhere in the world.

Re-live the drab days of Mary Miller on her prairie home. Sit with her at the funeral of her husband. Then travel with her in spirit to the emotional heights of her experience in England. There's writing to bring the warmth of humanity to your heart. And it's a Canadian story. Allen Roy Evans—whose book *Reindeer Trek* is one of the publishing sensations of the season—lives in Vancouver, and has had several stories in *Chatelaine*. He was born in Ontario, graduated from the University of Manitoba, and has been teaching English in the High Schools of British Columbia for some years. "Dream out of Dust" is, I think, a rarely beautiful story. Do tell me if you find it so too.

ONE OF the biggest names in contemporary magazine writing is that of Reita Lambert—and you'll understand why when you begin her novel, "Approach to Love." We believe it's the find of the year in magazine serials. Later it will appear in novel form.

One of the best-loved writers of our Dominion is Beryl Gray of British Columbia. Her "Sweet Fool" has a brand-new solution for the woman who finds that her husband is falling in love with someone else. Do you think that Peggy's solution was accidental—or skilfully planned?

But more poignant than any fiction—more dramatic than any fabricated plot—is the problem painted so graphically in "Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" The girl who wrote this was an Ontario debutante of several years ago—she came out in the fantastic year 1929, when mothers promised their daughters that if they worked well at school, and behaved prettily, Mr. Right would come along and all their difficulties would be solved for life.

What has happened? What are these daughters of ours doing with their time? They cannot take any job without being criticized for taking the work from those who need it. Marriage no longer represents security. Volunteer work? In our highly organized society today there is after all, not much that a girl can do. Those of you who have work and responsibility—most precious gifts of all—read and see what it's like to be without either!

I know you'll enjoy "Strange Sisterhood," by Helen Daniels Chidester. . . the haunting story of how Polish Annie, through her own stricken life, was able to salvage the life of her adored young mistress.

NEXT MONTH brings some more stories that we're proud to give you—stories that are bringing in an increasing num-



The man is Allen Roy Evans, the important new name in Canadian literature, author of "Dream Out of Dust." The lady is Helen Daniels Chidester who wrote the poignant "Strange Sisterhood"—a fiction feature this month

ber of letters from women saying, "My husband likes your fiction too!" There'll be "Leopard Lilies," by Martha Banning Thomas, of Nova Scotia—the story of a girl who tried to run away from a disastrous love affair. There'll be "Up Stream," by Katharine Haviland-Taylor—another big fiction name—the story of an old maid and her struggle to attain the smug serenity of her married friends. There'll be an enthralling feature in a cavalcade of the fifteen women who, as wives of our Governors-General, have been chate-laines of Rideau Hall, Ottawa. This is the first time, we believe, that a magazine has presented this brilliant picture of the women behind the title—and it's something to watch for, very specially!

There'll be a penetrating and graphic summary of the new idea that women in all parts of Canada are working on—codes for domestics. Could you put your home and your maid on a factory basis of time and supervision? Thousands of women are trying it under the intelligent guidance of the Local Councils of Women. It's a matter of vital interest to every woman who wants her home run effectively and happily. Harriet Parsons tells you about it next month.

This is promising to be a big year for our writers—you'll find the best of them, month by month in the pages of your own magazine. And if there's any special problem you'd like us to tackle—be sure to let me know. If it can be done, we'll do it!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

CONTENTS

Vol. IX.

No. 2.

Fiction

Approach to Love (serial)	Reita Lambert	7
Strange Sisterhood (short story)	Helen Daniels Chidester	10
Sweet Fool (short story)	Beryl Gray	14
Dream Out of Dust (short story)	A. R. Evans	16
The Baroness's Head (serial)	Paul Schubert	18

General Articles

Debunking the Mother Myth	Evelyn Seeley	4
Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?		12
They Give You What You Want	Kathleen McDowell	22

Beauty Culture

Examinations in Beauty's School		30
Fashion Shorts	Kay Murphy	32
Between Winter's End and Spring's Beginning		34
Springsong in a Medley of Tweeds		37
The Mousey Type		39
Accessories in Season		41

Housekeeping

How Shall I Go Modern?	Eleanor Stephens	56
Men Like Them!	Helen G. Campbell	58
Meals of the Month		60
Count Your Calories		62

Children's Features

A Cut-out Doll	Georgette Berckmans	80
How to Draw Funny Faces	Jack MacLaren	81
The Puddleduck	Jean Brown	82

Cover painting by Maud Tously Fangel

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED

481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Chairman of the Board.

H. T. HUNTER, President.

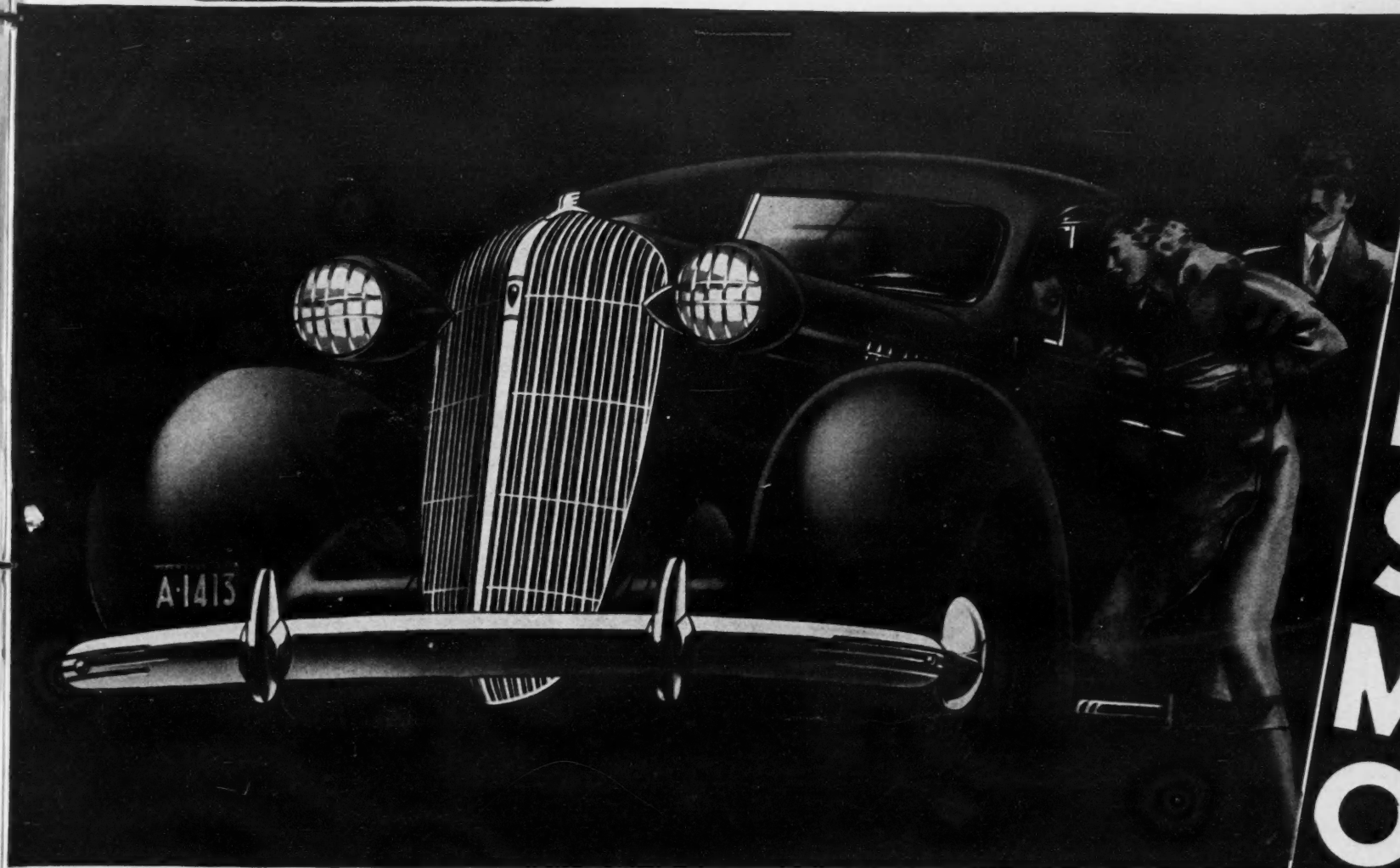
H. V. TYRRELL, Vice-President and General Manager.

Publishers of: *Chatelaine*, *Maclean's Magazine*, *Canadian Homes and Gardens*, *Marfair*, *The Financial Post*, *Hardware and Metal*, *Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine*, *Sanitary Engineer*, *Canadian Grocer*, *Drug Merchandising*, *Dry Goods and Stylewear Review*, *Men's Wear Merchandising*, *Bookseller and Stationer*, *The General Merchant of Canada*, *Canadian Hotel Review* and *Restaurant*, *Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News*, *Modern Power and Engineering*, *Canadian Trade Abroad*, *Canadian Printer and Publisher*, *Canadian Advertising*, *Canadian Automotive Trade*, *Bus and Truck Transport in Canada*—BRANCH OFFICES: Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal; 420 Lexington Ave., New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 621 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 8642; Telegraph, Atabek. Lesquare, London—YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada \$1.00; all other parts of the British Empire, \$1.50 per year; United States and Possessions,

Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$2.00 per year; all other countries \$3.00 per year. Single copies 10c. Copies on sale at bookstalls of leading London Eng. hotels 9d. Copyright, 1936, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office. The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in *Chatelaine* are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to *Chatelaine* must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted. *Chatelaine* is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Use of its articles, in whole or in part, for advertising purposes or in stock selling or promotion is never sanctioned.



Relax as you Ride
IN THIS BEAUTIFUL NEW OLDSMOBILE



OLDSMOBILE

Everything for your Comfort.. and Safety

SO luxuriously comfortable is the 1936 Oldsmobile that it invites you to relax as you ride.

In the spacious interiors, you settle back against form-contoured seats that seem to be tailored to your measure. You quickly adjust the front seat to your personal comfort.

As you travel, you are scarcely conscious of rough roads, for they are smoothed out under Oldsmobile's Knee Action Wheels. On the curves, you experience a glorious freedom from sidesway, thanks to Oldsmobile's Ride Stabilizer. And regardless of the weather, Fisher Ventilation circulates plenty of fresh air, without distressing drafts.

In countless other ways, you will be proud to own an Oldsmobile. Its smart streamline styling inspires lasting pride. Its All Steel Turret Top body and Super-Hydraulic Brakes give you the utmost in safety. Its smooth, effortless performance adds joyous zest to motoring.

We invite you to come for a ride in a 90 H.P. Six or a 100 H.P. Straight Eight—and learn for yourself why you should choose Oldsmobile, "The Big New Car that Has Everything".

Compare Oldsmobile's new low delivered prices . . . and the 7% GMAC Canadian plan which offers greatly reduced time payments.

Consider the Companion
Back of the Car



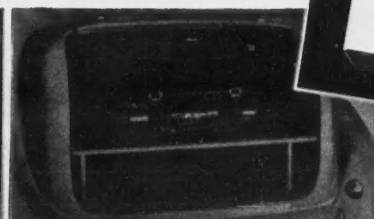
Solid Steel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher are unequalled for safety



Fisher No-Draft Ventilation provides plenty of fresh air



With Super-Hydraulic Brakes, the gentlest pedal operation



A rear compartment holds your luggage, leaving all of the floor space for passengers



Knee Action Wheels "step over" bumps and become smoother

Debunking the Mother Myth

by EVELYN SEELEY



LET US get away from all this sentiment about motherhood. Some mothers are good, some are bad, some are intelligent, and some are ignorant. Having a child, with all due respect for the physical process, doesn't rate all this reverence tradition gives. If you are a good mother, you deserve praise; if you are a poor mother, you should be blamed. You stand on your merits, as in any other job."

Thus the late Bernard Deutsch, who was president of New York's Board of Aldermen, and an enthusiastic endorser of the recently opened "Mothers of Today" Institute in New York, set maternal halos tumbling and presented the new psychology of motherhood. He was strongly supported in his ideas by Dr. Ellaine Elmore, psychologist, who is setting out to prove her statement: "Your child mirrors you and your home; if your child is a problem child, probably you are a problem mother." Through her "Mothers of Today" clinics and lectures, she hopes to debunk the "highest calling" and put it on the plane of a profession not far removed, say, from architecture—demanding careful training.

"There has developed a sizable group of women," Mr. Deutsch charges, "who, because they have managed to have offspring, merely rest on their laurels and expect to be supported, revered and loved for that natural accomplishment alone."

This sounds pretty ruthless to the halo-wearers of the "After-all-I-am-his-mother" group. But to Dr. Elmore, conferring daily with mothers of children in age groups from birth to six, from six to twelve, and from twelve to eighteen, it is merely logical. As a psychoanalyst she has been begin-

ning at the end these many years. She has been applying her science remedially, to patch up and disentangle broken and twisted lives. She has had to take the adult patient and go back, back with him, painfully, into his past—often way back into his early childhood when his mother was his guide—to learn what twisted and warped him then. Now she proposes to begin at the beginning, with those modern and intelligent mothers who "can take it."

"Do you know," she challenges them, "that a child's life pattern is complete by the time he is five, his education finished before he enters school, and that his future years will only repeat, in varying ways, the emotional and physical reactions fixed during those first few years? All the training and schooling he gets from then on is only a superstructure on the foundation you provide."

At her psychological clinic—for that is what it is, in effect—

there may be "fashionable matrons" as the society editors say, or suburban wives, or shopkeepers' wives, or women who work in industry and the professions. A charming old brick house in the middle of Greenwich Village, flanked by cafés and taverns, studios and the homes of artists, writers, and tenement families, it is not a neighborhood affair. Aside from story-telling groups and occasional other recreational gatherings for the youngsters otherwise playing in the streets, it affects them only through their mothers and family relationships.

"A child's education begins at the very moment of his birth," she says. "Possibly before, but I don't want to begin on that. I *know* it begins before, but it's too touchy an argument to spend time on."

"At the instant of birth the baby experiences a sense of awareness. He has a right to enter—for his immediate and future well-being—an atmosphere free from disturbing elements. He senses the fact if his mother is a restless, unhappy, neurotic person; if she quarrels with her husband; if there is emotional confusion. No matter how hard the parents try to conceal their antagonism in his presence, it comes to him in psychic waves. These mysterious fevers children sometimes have are often due to just such an emotional condition."

"What I want a mother to realize is how much her emotional adjustment, her emotional poise, affects that of her child. If she can develop self-understanding and start without conflict within herself, she will be free to construct, not just to correct."

"I want to help her also to understand the inner world of the child—a quite different world from ours. He creates his own fantasy world out of fragments of fact and fancy so skilfully blended that he himself scarcely can identify them. He fashions a playmate for himself—maybe quite a noble character, maybe a scapegoat who stole the cookies when somebody blames him—and even sometimes creates interesting companions for other members of the household. He emerges step by step from his inner world of fantasy—normally and happily, if his mother understands."

Like this, and more specifically, Dr. Elmore speaks to these mothers of children up to six, who will consider every phase of a child's inner life from "pre-natal influences" to "the age of imagination."

AFTER THE lecture the mothers ask questions. "Why

does my Betty tell so many lies?" puzzles the woman in the silver fox furs. Dr. Elmore looks at this mother—her pinched, highly-rouged, vain face—senses the selfishness in her nasal voice. She asks her to stay and talk to her alone.

"I could have told her right then," she points out, "that her Betty lies because the mother herself lies and because her home is a whole fabric of lies. I shall have further talks with her and with her husband and with Betty. But so far it looks like a bad case of keeping-up-with-the-Joneses. The father's salary has been cut way [Continued on page 40]

Maternal halos are in the discard. You have to be a first-class mother who works hard, to make good today

*Beginning the most romantic
novel of the year*

APPROACH TO LOVE

by REITA LAMBERT

STOP! Just take that line again, please. And *pianissimo*. Think of the words as well as your larynx, my dear: 'When twilight dews are falling soft—' Soft, mind. There's your cue."

"Oh, yes. Yes, I see now, maestro."

Sandor Benafit knew that she didn't see, probably never would see. But she was a nice girl, eager to learn and paid his 200 francs a lesson without a murmur. He told his daughter at the piano: "Once more from the beginning, please, Manon, my dear."

Manon began again, and Lotta Beade, who wanted to be an opera singer and would never approach nearer the stage than a tier box, began again and Sandor walked across to the window. Half his mind played metronome for Lotta and half wandered down into the stone-paved court, where the concierge's children screamed at their play and the concierge herself sat peeling potatoes in the warm June sun.

"When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea, love. . . ."

A very silly song. It was growing more and more difficult every year for him to teach beginners. He would have liked to confine himself exclusively to advanced pupils, but that was economically impossible. It was the beginners, girls and boys fresh from America, fresh from home-town triumphs, who were his most profitable pupils.

"I watched the star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee, love. . . ."

He turned back to the piano. Manon was working as hard as Lotta. Manon always worked harder than his pupils. Her small three-cornered face was tense, her grey eyes puckered under her short brown bangs.

"Has lighted me to thee, love!"



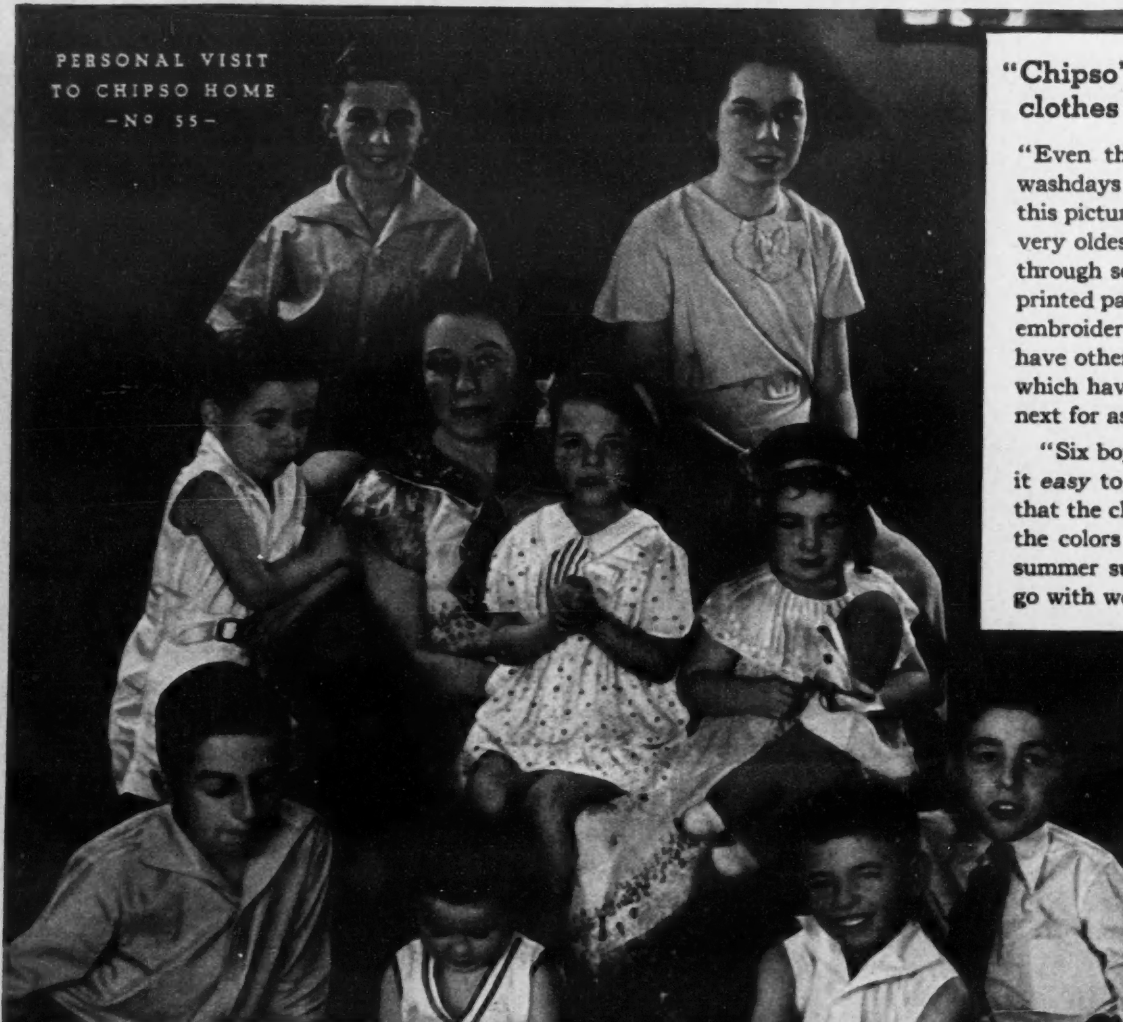
*The compelling story
of a girl who ruined
the man she loved*

"Good. Much better. But you could do better still." He went and stood beside the piano, an enormous man, tall and broad and thick; white-haired, pink-cheeked. He locked his hands under the tails of his frock coat and drew his shaggy white brows down over his young blue eyes. This was his scolding attitude. "You have been working as usual, of course, Miss Beade?"

Lotta's father was worth a million and Lotta herself had shattered the nerves of a dozen nurses and governesses in her day, but now she colored and stammered that she was afraid she hadn't been practising as much as she should, perhaps. "Some friends of

"With 4 washdays a week...WE NEED THE SAFE QUICK SOAP...CHIPSO" SAYS MOTHER OF 9 MRS. A. J. GIRARDOT

PERSONAL VISIT
TO CHIPSO HOME
- No 55 -



NOTE: These direct color photographs of Mrs. Girardot and her wonderful family have had no retouching. The clothes really look just as you see them and Mrs. Girardot vouches for their age. The children's names are (back row) Walter, Elizabeth (middle row) Richard, Rose Mary, Julie (bottom row) Thomas, Conway, Edward, Alfred.

Mildred Holmes
Chipso Interviewer

"Chipso's grand SUDS whisk out dirt . . .
clothes wear marvelously 2-3 YEARS"

"Even though the size of my family makes four washdays a week actually necessary, the clothes in this picture are six months to two years old. And the very oldest are some that you'd think wouldn't last through so many washings—my sheer dress with its printed pattern still clear and bright . . . Rose Mary's embroidered lawn . . . Richard's white linen suit. We have other good Chipso-washed clothes in the closet which have been passed down from one child to the next for as many as *three years*!

"Six boys' clothes are a test for any soap! We find it easy to get them clean in *Chipso* suds—so clean that the cloth actually *feels new*. Yet Chipso leaves the colors true. Often the blouses of the boys' old summer suits still look so new that I save them to go with woolen trousers in the winter."



"Our white clothes are as WHITE
as Chipso's own snowy suds!"

"The children's nurse, who assists with their washing, is 'proud as Punch' of her white clothes. Chipso suds churn up 3 inches high in her washer. With these rich suds, she seldom has to rub even spots out by hand!"

"I've found no other
quick soap so
SAFE FOR COLORS!"

"Julie fell heir to this yellow dress when Rose Mary outgrew it. A year's washing with Chipso had not faded it or injured the lacy collar. Elizabeth's dress has been washed frequently with Chipso, too. I've really been surprised that such a delicate shade didn't change color. But Chipso is *amazingly safe soap*."



MADE IN CANADA



Peppy dishwashing
suds . . . SMOOTH
HANDS . . . with Chipso!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE:
We offer you PROOF that Chipso is the economical, quick-working soap which is SAFE. Your hands are in dishwater three times a day. Harsh soap roughens them. But change to Chipso for two weeks—and if your hands aren't smoother, take the box to your dealer and *get your money back!*

CHIPSO MAKES CLOTHES WEAR L-O-N-G-E-R



SHE WAS SUDDENLY AFRAID.
THE ATMOSPHERE WAS
BREATHLESS — WITH SOME-
THING ALIVE AND URGENT
AND VERY TERRIFYING TO HER.

he had written, "Poetry feeds on love as the bee on honey," and Manon sometimes wondered who had fed his muse before she had been inducted as commissaire. "I'd love to hear it, but first I want to give Miss Beade some wine. Father's been scolding her."

"She probably deserved it," he said. "I don't see how he can stand teaching these silly American girls. They have no soul . . . no true feeling—oh, I don't mean you, of course."

"I haven't been in America since I was five," she said and handed him a corkscrew. "I'm just a mongrel."

"You're the loveliest woman in the world," he said. His long fingers curled hard around her wrist; his eyes, dark and soulful as a poet's eyes should be, brooded over her. "Manon, there's no truth in all this about your going to America, is there?"

"Good gracious, no. No more than there was last year or the year before. Every summer when Mr. Stokes, the concert manager, comes over, he tries to talk father into making an American tour. But he can't guarantee us enough to make it safe. We'd have to give up the studio and father would lose his pupils, of course."

"You can't go. I couldn't bear it. Besides, it would spoil you—change you." A hundred dear memories flashed through his mind as he said it; memories of Manon in shapeless smock and sandals, cleaning the studio for a party; Manon with a beret pulled over her short, seal-brown hair, smiling at him across a table of the *Café des Deux Magots* with her mouth full of brioche and chocolate; Manon in one of the embroidered peasant dresses she always wore for her public appearances, playing her father's accompaniments at

Everyone will be discussing Reita Lambert's memorable and vibrant story of young love. It's a brilliant novel, a Chatelaine find of the year

his annual Paris concert. "You would change," he said. "I could bear that even less than losing you."

She shook back her hair and wrinkled her short nose at him. "I might change for the better, who knows?" She wriggled her hand free and opened the cupboard door, began lifting down the glasses. "Be a good boy and open that bottle."

He said, "Manon, you know I love you."

"And I love you, too, Gene, dear," she said matter-of-factly. "Come along. Someone else is in there. I can hear them."

But he did not move. "You love me, too!" he repeated, sad and scornful. "You are like a child chanting a litany of which it does not understand one word. You know no more of love than you do of life. You love Brahms and Bach and your piano and your father and his pupils and the concierge—everyone, everything. But *love*—the love of Juliet for Romeo, of Isolde for Tristan—of such a love you know nothing—yet."

She did not smile because she knew he did not like his drama mistaken for farce, but she said lightly, "Yet! There is still hope for me, then?"

He nodded solemnly. "And when you do, I tremble for you, Manon. Love will come to you suddenly and you will be like Siegfried who tasted the dragon's blood. You remember, the bird had been singing to him in the forest but he could not understand her song until he had tasted the dragon's blood. Then he understood. That is the way it will be for you when you discover love. All in a moment you will know what love is and it will devastate you—you are so unprepared."

Manon's ear was attuned to the rhythm of lovely words as to the rhythm of lovely music. She had listened quietly, appreciatively. She had never known him to be quite so eloquent and she was tempted to tell him so. But it was clear that, at the moment, he saw himself as a tragic and prophetic figure. She reached out and gave him a little pat and the wide smile that could make her small, grave face so merry and tender. "If it's going to be so dreadful as all that, I think I'd better avoid it altogether," she said.

THERE WERE a good many in the studio when they went back; young Ricci Barretti, who had dropped in on the way home from his lesson, still hugging his 'cello. Lilli Welles and Harvey Dwyer and savage little Hollis Avery who looked like a delicate baby and seethed with communistic ideas. They were discussing America, for, of course, Sandor had mentioned Mr. Stokes's offer, elaborated it, dramatized it. He didn't tell them why he couldn't go, naturally. He said he was considering it.

"Well, listen," Lilli Welles said. "If you do go and should find yourself within shouting distance of Rochester, will you lift up your voice to assure my parents that their heart's delight still loves them?"

She said it very casually and Manon smiled to herself. Though, one and all, the American students loudly deplored their country's soulless ways—she had sold her birthright for a mess of pottage; art starved on every street corner—Manon had seen too many red eyes on American mail days to be deceived.

"Where's Rochester?" she said.

"You may well ask," Harvey Dwyer said. "What you want to see first—really see, my child—is New York. Preferably in a snowstorm, preferably from the top of a bus."

"In short," Hollis Avery said, "see New York and die of pneumonia." [Continued on page 24]

Moonlight and roses in an old-world garden . . . and two young moderns are swept off their feet and into the mad current of a great adventure

mine have been in Paris—and I haven't seen them for so long—"

"And so you've been showing them the city," Sandor said sweetly. "You've been making a tour of the night clubs and cafés, eating *escargots* and drinking champagne in the middle of the night, losing sleep. Well, good! Excellent training for a singer."

Manon pushed back the piano bench noisily and stood up. "Oh, father, did Miss Beade tell you that one of her friends is Aunt Amelia Kinhurst's nephew?"

Sandor scowled on her. "My dear, you're interrupting."

Which was precisely what Manon had meant to do. "I'm very sorry," she said meekly and flashed Lotta a small wink. "But I thought it was so interesting—"

"His name is Leigh Hastie," Lotta said. "When I told him I was studying with you, he said you and his aunt were old friends. He's staying with her—at that marvellous old château she bought."

Sandor said fretfully, "Miss Beade, you are paying me 200 francs a lesson to teach you to sing—not to talk about somebody's aunt."

The girls looked at each other and were lost in helpless laughter. Which was the end of Lotta's lesson and Sandor's lecture. "You're a pair of naughty children," he said and sat down and beamed on them.

Lotta impulsively lifted his hand and kissed it. "And you're wonderful. I love you. I love all this. You don't know what it means to me—even if I never learn to sing."

SANDOR KNEW perfectly well what it meant to her. What it meant to the majority of his American pupils, this shabby grey studio with its dusty busts of Wagner and Beethoven; its pictures of celebrities, of himself in his great Metropolitan days as Wotan and Wolfram and Marcel; its view of Notre Dame above the chimney pots and the siren song of Paris drifting up from the Boulevard. Yes, he thought, even if they never learned to sing, he had given these young countrymen and women of his something; something he himself had had as a breathless, gangling student of twenty and with which he would not part for all the tangible riches in the world—a glimpse of the lost coast of Bohemia.

He said now, "How do you find the time to practise all these charming speeches?" And before Lotta could protest, "Well, well, sit down. Perhaps Manon can find us a glass of wine. Ah! Here's Gene—with a brand new poem in his pocket, I dare say."

Eugene Bement was breathless from running up four flights of stairs, but he said, "How did you guess it? May I read it to you?"

Sandor said: "That would be splendid, but—er—why not wait for a larger audience? Some of the others will probably be dropping in presently."

"You can come and help me open a bottle of wine," Manon said.

He followed her into the brick-floored kitchen which, like all proper French kitchens, was hung with shining copper pans and smelled of *vin ordinaire* and Brie and sour cream.

"Manon, it's for you."

"What's for me?"

"My new poem. I wrote it for you—in English."

"How wonderful, Gene!" She smiled on him. Once



her shoulders. She was on her feet as Elsa entered the room. The sleepy eyes shone shyly. The girl stopped at the door and her smile belied the rebuke. "Oh, Annie, I've told you. You're an upstairs maid, not a personal one."

"I like personal."

"So do I, and it's fun to talk after a party, but you're up at seven." She walked over and patted the sturdy arm, a habit she had formed.

"Me?" shrugging and flushing with pleasure. "I'm a horse."

Elsa kicked off her slippers and sat on the side of the bed. Annie slipped to her knees.

"I take the stockings, you get to bed fast," bossing, as she loved to do. Then, "Now, stand up," and the shimmering frock came off. Elsa's hair tumbled about her shoulders. Annie stared with inscrutable eyes. Then, in a rare outburst, "Miselsa, you is beautiful."

On the edge of the bed, the girl leaned back on her hands.

"Someone else told me that tonight, but"—with a shrug—"he was married, so it didn't count."

Annie nodded as she gathered things from the floor.

"Married ones is bad," sagely.

The telephone jingled.

"Dick," Elsa glanced at her watch.

"He's furious. I came home with someone else."

Annie picked up the receiver and tones, new to her ear, asked for Miss Hammond.

She handed the receiver over, and crisply, on the defensive, Elsa said, "Hello," then, with a deep intake, "Oh, it's you." She flushed crimson when she added, "It's morning, you know, and we said good-by."

There was a pause and Annie, in the closet, took long to hang up a dress.

"It's not quite playing ball, Mr. Frazier. Well, Bob, if you insist, but we can't meet again. Oh, can we?"

Annie pattered with the underthings.

Words came from the other end of the wire, many words.

"But isn't your wife—Well, all right, though I have to break an engagement to do it; at four then, just tomorrow. Or it's today, isn't it?"

The receiver clicked, and slowly the girl lifted her feet, under the covers. Annie tucked them close about the rounded chin.

"You're nice." The hand that reached out in warmth was cold. "I need someone to be nice because Dick will be so cross."

Annie's face was expressionless. She switched out the bedside light and lumbered toward the hallway.

"Thanks," a young voice trilled. But the door had shut.

IT WAS late the next morning when Annie came upstairs with a tray. She hurried down the hall, for the telephone in Miselsa's room was again ringing and mustn't waken her too hurriedly. Besides, to answer the phone was a thrill. She knew Miselsa's friends now, and what they wanted. She knew when to say her young mistress was not at home and whom to tell to call again. Opening the door without knocking, she picked up the receiver and almost whispered, "Hullo," then, as sleepy eyes enquired from the bed, "It's Mister Dick."

"I'm in for it," grinning, then, reaching out a languid hand, "Hi, Dick."

Dick talked long, and until Elsa interrupted abruptly:

"I thought I could, but I find I can't. I have a fitting at four. You are *not* the dog under the wagon," pushing her hair back with an impatient hand.

Annie brought up the bedside table. She moved like a cat.

"Well then, be cross," the receiver banged up.

"He makes me tired," petulantly. "Did a boy ever dog your steps, Annie?"

Annie shook her head; then, breaking her silence:

"I like Mister Dick."

How to explain that he treated her like a human; that, when she passed the big place next door, he waved and, upon occasion, drove her downtown.

"I like him, too," protestingly. "I more than like him, but I've been thrown at

him. To marry him would boost Aunt Gertrude, and it makes me ashamed."

"Maybe," deeply, "it makes you blind. Real love, it sometimes is. The other, bad love, thinks it sees, and the glasses through which it looks is, what you say, rosy glass?"

Elsa's toast poised in mid-air.

"I say too much"—Annie picked something from the floor—"about things I don't know, maybe."

She walked from the room and from Miselsa for the rest of the day. She had been silly. One could never tell another. One must show, and to show Miselsa would mean more knowledge than she possessed.

All that day Mrs. Hammond was cross. Annie, though she tried to avoid her, was in the way. The place and Annie's thoughts were dark; but that evening, when, like a

fragrant breeze, Elsa twirled into her aunt's room, the sun shone.

"I've worried about you," Mrs. Hammond complained. Annie was turning the bed down.

"Dick's called on the phone and in person. You were supposed to be with him, I thought. Where were you?"

"I—" hesitating, "why, I was working at the League."

"Oh," settling back, "were you? I like you interested in the League."

"Yes," eagerly, "that's what I thought. I'll be there several days a week perhaps."

"We—ell, that's all right. Any girl that is anyone is there."

Elsa's cheeks were bright, there was a difference in her voice and step. It was like a Hallelujah Chorus.

Annie, laying Mrs. Hammond's night-dress on the bed, saw, and her heart sank.

"I've letters to write about donations. I'm not going to that dance tonight, Aunt Gertrude," the tone was timid.

"But, child—Marian Robinson."

"I'm tired. I can't, really."

"You don't sound tired," doubtfully.

"You sound jubilant."

Annie smoothed Mr. Hammond's py-jamas.

"Of course I'm jubilant. I've been happy, but I am tired."

She left, and had not even seen Annie who proceeded to the domestic quarters, to sit quiet and apart.

AT TEN O'CLOCK, as she always did when Miselsa was home, Annie heated milk, toasted crackers. Unaccountably doubtful somehow, she climbed the stairs and walked toward the ivory room. Her steps lagged more as she approached, then stopped entirely, for Elsa's voice reached her, unsuppressed and happy.

"I missed a dance for this talk. Yes, with Dick. No, I can't say, dear, not yet or ever, and you know why."

Annie waited, almost retreated, then knocked. Elsa against the pillows, the pomeranian snuggled close, looked like a child. Her smile was dewy and welcoming.

She clapped her hands at the milk and commanded, "Sit down. I feel talky."

Chattering like a magpie, excited, she scarcely noticed her listener, but Annie's silence outlasted even Annie who was thinking drearily, "I would like to rock her like a baby."

Finally Elsa said:

"Why so quiet? You know you should go out for fun."

"I have my two afternoons."

"But you're always back at night. Don't you have a boy friend? You seem to know all about love. You told me this morning," teasingly.

The girl shook her head. Her large feet in the heavy, flat shoes, moved nervously.

"I get done what I have to do in the afternoon." Then, standing up, "Can I do anything, Miselsa?"

"You're a dear," impulsively, "like my guardian angel."

The door shut and Annie, quivering, walked down the corridor. Her eyes swam. She had gone through four grades in school. She was numb and dumb. She lay awake all night, and for many nights thereafter, though things grew easier for her in one way.

Mrs. Hammond's mood was better.

"Those League girls," Annie heard her say to Mr. Hammond as she served the breakfast coffee in the bedroom one morning, "are the right contacts."

Her husband grunted from behind the paper.

"I never," more sharply, "would have taken the child of your indigent brother had I not been certain I could have improved her position."

From the depths of the financial page Mr. Hammond remarked:

"And yours, of [Continued on page 64]

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. WARD



THE CHAUFFEUR HANDLED HER CHEAP BAG WITH DISTASTE AND AFTER ONE GLANCE, DID NOT TRY TO NUDGE HER.

Strange Sisterhood



by HELEN DANIELS CHIDESTER

*A fierce and desperate love had brought stolid
Annie Polinsky up from the servants' hall to
the door of a distraught young heart; and deep
experience in living taught her how to open it*

THE FACT that Annie Polinsky's father had betrayed Annie's mother did nothing toward modifying his rage when he discovered his daughter's plight.

"Why, you—" shouting then, words inadequate, he reached for a strap kept for the younger children.

Mrs. Polinsky screamed, but the blows were already raining, and the girl, a huddled heap, whimpered on the floor.

Four months later, Annie sat in an employment agency, expressionless of face, awaiting her turn which came at the end of the day.

"No, I ain't done housework except at home," she explained to the elegant lady who faced her.

"What do you mean coming to this place without references? How do I know you're honest or decent?"

Annie remained silent and, eyebrows raised, the woman turned to the manager who said apologetically:

"She begged, and I let her try it for one day."

"You're taking a chance," severely and as if the girl were not present, "but I must have someone tonight."

A few minutes later, Annie followed to a limousine where she sat on the front seat with the chauffeur, who handled her papier-mâché bag with distaste; and, after one glance, did not attempt to nudge her.

It was thus Annie Polinsky became upstairs girl in the Hammond family. It was here she met Elsa, "Miselsa" to her. It was the first time she was to know a girl of her own age who sang through the days, who wore silken underthings, who held long talks on the telephone with innumerable people, but most of all with Dick.

THAT FIRST confusing morning in the big house, Miselsa said, just as if she were someone like herself:

"I'll help you today. Aunt Gertrude is particular. The beds must be made so, the dusting like this. Never sing or whistle or chew gum." Annie swallowed with a painful gulp. "You must seem," she continued, "never to be about." Then, at the frightened face, "that's my aunt I'm speaking of. I like people," and, as she patted the strong arm, in the Polish breast ignited a spark. For Miselsa she would die, so for Miselsa she lived from day to day.

It did not take many

weeks for Annie, from the depths of her great silence

and observation, to sense many things. Subservi-

ence one must give Mrs. Hammond, comfort to

Mr. Hammond; and Miselsa surrounded, was

yet alone like herself, and tried to ignore it on the

crest of telephone calls, parties, clothes. These

were the things that made her an asset to her aunt. Miselsa,

like Annie, was needed for herself, alone, by none.

"Dot old woman," the girl would think contemptuously

of Mrs. Hammond, while her feet flew at her bidding and in

order that she might finish the daily routine to be free to do

what she wished for her young mistress.

Bathing the pomeranian in Miselsa's tub one day, she

heard Mrs. Hammond's clipped accents in the bedroom.

"That Annie, I never knew such a creature. She looks

like a sack in her uniforms, but her work is magic."

Annie could not see her run a linen handkerchief com-

placently over the dressing table.

"But what do we know of her? She might murder us in

our beds. She hurries as if there were a fire, but rarely goes

out."

The tone was querulous, and the eavesdropper, breathless,

held the wriggling dog still.

Through the crack of the half-open door Annie saw Elsa

lightly kiss her aunt on the forehead while, face pained,

Mrs. Hammond protected a grey marcel.

"She hurries," Elsa said, "to do more work, no doubt.

And now, darling," delicately suggesting dismissal, "I must

dress for that luncheon."

"Ah, yes—the Fairmonts today, isn't it?" The voice was

honeyed and satisfied.

"Right," came the reply, and, at the closing of the door,

Elsa entered the bathroom.

"You heard," she cried. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" She turned from her work, somewhat bewildered.

"About the uniforms and sack-like appearance."

"Oh." Annie laughed one of her rare laughs and shrugged.

Elsa handed her a towel. "We must hurry," she explained.

"Bathing him is only allowed in the garage. Just don't

speak of it."

Annie smiled, a slow smile.

"I never tell nothing."

They moved into the bedroom where the dog flew about

under the bed, rubbing and shaking.

"How did you learn to keep so quiet? I'm always talking.

How old are you, Annie?" suddenly curious.

"Me?" slowly. "Why, I'm free, white and twenty-one. I

do as I please now."

"Free, white and twenty-one," Elsa echoed, slipping into a

frock. "So'm I, but I do what Aunt Gertrude pleases." She

laughed, not too convincingly.

Annie leaned over and patted the wave in the blonde hair.

"It looks like angels," she exclaimed throatily. Then

abashed, quite apathetically: "I've got all your underwear

—yes?" In her hand was a bundle.

"But the laundress, if Aunt Gertrude caught you—"

"Oh, dot laundress," contemptuously, and the broadened

back disappeared into the hall.

THIS WAS Annie's half day, so she did not help Miselsa

dress for the party that night; but at three the next morning,

she stretched her strong body and threw an old sweater off

The frank and honest confessions of a Canadian girl, who with thousands of others, finds herself facing a strange new world in which old values and morals seem to be passing away . . .



Photo by Photographic Arts

or start their own little business ventures, but are criticized seriously for depriving poorer girls of their living.

So most of them drift from one thing to another. They do social service work once or twice a week, play badminton and bridge, ski, knit innumerable sweaters. They try desperately hard to make these pastimes designed for leisure and relaxation into their lifework.

And of course they wait, wait for dates that will help them kill time because they are afraid Time, in the end, will kill them.

One B.A. has a nine-to-five editorial job with so small a salary she can't save for the future. Yet she is the envy of her classmates who graduated four years ago. "Just to be able to work, to do something worth while—anything!"

Recently a prominent clergyman told students at a fashionable girls' school that service is the key to life. Doesn't he know their services are not required—and may not be for years? Why not teach girls what to expect of life today and how to cope with it? Do schools and parents realize the terrific forces that tend to embitter the average girl?

No wonder it's puzzling. She is told that service is the key, yet deprived not only of the natural, wholesome duties of marriage but of training and opportunities in other fields. She has lived up to her ideals and is still waiting. For what? A home, love, security? But marriage no longer guarantees them.

THE OLD morality apparently has fallen short of its promises to girls of the leisured class. Their uselessness is

taking its toll—their self-respect. So they foster, consciously or not, an eat-drink-and-be-merry attitude because they feel their future is insecure anyway. Why not enjoy the moment?

Of all the girls with whom I discussed marriage and morals in the last year, all but two were ready to throw convention aside. Some have had affairs already and are not sorry. It sounds incredible. These charming girls who have everything to live for—throwing it all away! But it's true. There is a difference of opinion between generations.

Girls today wonder if marriage, as they see it, is worth waiting for. Health knowledge allows them a wide margin of safety. So they have adopted this new attitude, not sensationally, but because they see their lives slipping away, and they have no real interest to absorb them in work.

One girl said: "My brothers are allowed to live their own lives. This biased civilization expects it of them. Why shouldn't I?"

Of course she is wrong; but so is civilization. Today's economic chaos means postponed marriages, depriving her of her rightful responsibility. It is also largely responsible for divorce. Someone said the marriage ceremony should read: "Until debts do us part." It also means that if a young man and a young woman, equally capable, compete for a business position, the man is given preference—and so he should be, as the wage-earner of society. But the girl suffers acutely from resulting unemployment.

UNFORTUNATELY, economic instability is world-wide: one cannot do much about it. But one can go deeper and

try to cope with the first cause of the trouble—materialism, in bringing up one's own children. Teach them the fundamentals clearly with conviction. First principles are the only solid rocks amid the shifting sands of moral, social and economic standards. They give meaning and encouragement in an otherwise uneven struggle against disillusionment.

Then teach your daughter as well as your son the practical value of money. Give her a working knowledge of investments, banking and insurance. Don't let her be at the mercy of every slick salesman she encounters, should her marriage be a failure or should she not marry for some time. Give her advice and actual experience in handling her own business affairs, no matter how small.

Train her so as to enable her to make her own living, whether she will inherit millions or merely great-grandaunt's Paisley shawl. It is not the earning power but the confidence its possession gives to the owner that counts. Another angle to such training is mentioned by the editor of a London paper, who has had wide experience:

"The girl who has been trained for various professions, though she may not be expert at housework and household management, has nevertheless had some sort of inkling of these matters, while the girl who lives at home and been expected to marry is hopelessly ignorant."

If the training lies in creative fields, so much the better. To see the product of one's own imagination and effort is one of the great thrills in life. Too often creative work is left to the few who show aptitude; and not enough is done to cultivate and encourage a vivid imagination in the average child, which would be a greater source of joy in later life than any number of high marks on a report card.

If initiative and vision are necessarily excluded from the girl's practical training, teach her some sport or hobby that will be an outlet for these vital forces.

When her education is completed she should have some definite work to do, even if it means sacrificing social life. Being useful is more important for her self-respect than a hundred parties. If she cannot find an outside job, or should not take one from less fortunate girls, give her one in the family—one that will be hard work, with responsibility and with some scope for originality.

She is no longer a child; she is a young woman with a better disciplined brain than that of perhaps any other feminine generation. Give her the chance to use it by making her an adult joint stockholder in the family's responsibilities, decisions and difficulties as well as comforts. As payment for her share in the partnership give her work.

A wealthy girl should, for example, take on the business management of the stables as well as ride in horse shows. Or be her mother's secretary, keeping accounts, arranging entertainments, etc. Or index the library, or take charge of the greenhouses, or do whatever suits her capabilities and fits the household scheme.

In less pretentious homes the daughter could be chief marketer and dietitian; or oversee the housecleaning and preserving; redecorate the house on the proverbial shoe-string; design and make clothes not only for herself but for others who are depending on it; or help directly with the housework. These are only suggestions, but whatever she does she should do it as a regular job and be allowed a vote in the family council in return. The harder she works, the more she will appreciate her leisure.

Let your daughter be one to whom Kingsley's words apply:

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know."



Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?



I'M GOING a-milking, sir," she said.

Could your daughter answer that question as directly and happily today? Or would she look startled for a moment, then say, "Oh, the hairdresser's and shopping, maybe." And turn away quickly so you wouldn't see bewilderment and fear and resentment crowding youth out of her eyes because she doesn't know the real answer?

Or would she be more honest with herself and you, and tell you she is going to try to kill time as she did yesterday, and will tomorrow and the day after and the day after that?

Where are they going, these pretty maids who "came out" so gaily two or three or more years ago; who graduated so eagerly from good schools and colleges in the last few years? They are well-mannered, well-educated, travelled enough to be versatile conversationalists, proficient enough in sports to be good companions, young enough to be gay, old enough to be thoughtful.

Had they lived thirty years ago they would have been married by now, secure in the knowledge that whatever happened they would have a home and children, a useful, normal place in society and, if they worked hard and were thrifty, leisure and a little luxury in their old age. They would be able to carry on the traditions of their family and their husband's family.

But they live today in a strange new world. They have been brought up by parents with the old book of rules.

"Try to do the right thing, be true to yourself and to your friends and sooner or later the Right Man will come along. You'll be rewarded with love, companionship, a family, a home of your own . . ."

It is as great a heartbreak to them as to their daughters, when they realize their advice is as out-of-date as gas lighting and more inadequate.

Because marriage no longer stands for security.

The number of divorces, like motor fatalities, increases steadily. Today a girl wonders uneasily what will happen to her if divorce should touch her own life.

At a recent ball arranged by the debutantes of a few years ago, invitations were sent to those who had attended most of the parties in 1926, '27 and '28. It was a representative group of young people. Not as many had married as one would have expected. Of those who did, a staggering, heartbreaking number were divorced or separated.

Those divorcees whose parents are wealthy or whose ex-husbands can afford to pay large alimony are spared financial fear; only their happiness is affected. But the girls who were brought up to depend on their husbands' support—and most of them are in this category—face an unenviable situation once that support is withdrawn.

And even the emotionally stable marriage has more barriers to hurdle than before.

THE "HOME of your own and children," once keynote of a successful marriage, is not always possible today.

Three young marrieds among my close friends want a baby more than anything else in the world, but they cannot afford one. Dozens more would like a second or third child, but often these are luxuries—actual impossibilities for those young couples who are living with their parents or in tiny three-room apartments.

With shops, offices, factories cutting down their staffs periodically, too many live in constant dread of enforced leisure to consider it pleasantly. As for the girls at home, "they are compelled," writes Mr. G. B. Shaw with bitter insight, "to wait in genteel idleness and uselessness for a husband"—the right man they have been told about since their cradles. But he may be one of those let out of his job!

Or perhaps he is working hard to make sufficient money to live independent of his parents. One boy said he was earning enough to support a wife, but had no guarantee he would be in a month's time and he hadn't a cent to fall back on should his income fail. He is typical of hundreds.

Another chap who was engaged for seven years suddenly grew tired of waiting and married in spite of a small income. If they have illness, a baby, or if he loses his position, what will happen to them? Others, seeing the danger, are afraid.

IT IS HARD enough for boys, but what about their sisters? They have been brought up as potential wives and mothers, untrained for anything else. No career but marriage was even considered by their parents or themselves. But if the young men can't afford to marry, the daughters remain on the shelf for four, five or six years—often longer. And during that time these girls who have been ornaments for eighteen or twenty years find they are only white elephants after all.

What do they do in this awkward period of waiting? Take courses, usually—in pewter work, French, or music, interior decorating or tap dancing or cooking. They have to do something, don't they? Some take jobs in shops at Christmas



He switched on the bedroom light with deliberate disregard. Then he stared, incredulous. The bed was empty and untouched.

"Peggy!" He raised his voice to a sudden shout and stood motionless, aware of the complete silence. He turned into the bathroom, the spare bedroom and the rooms downstairs, and found nothing beyond the absence of her old hat and coat beside the back door. But that brought swift relief. Of course, she always did take the dog for a walk. Only, glancing suddenly at his watch, it was already after one. There was a brief surge of irritation. Why, in the name of all good things, should she choose this very night to venture on some unexplained errand!

The irritation was quickly followed by a real anxiety. After all, he may not have wanted Peggy, but she was still his. He liked his things where he could find them.

There was no note. He walked up and down the hall restlessly. He opened the front door more than once, and stared up and down the road. He flicked the pages of the telephone book uncertainly, not knowing where to call, not wishing to raise false alarms. There could have been no question of Peggy suspecting anything. She had even suppressed a yawn when he had phoned. "Again? Darling, what a shame! Oh, well, I think I'll take a bath. . . ." He took a sudden stride to the lower bathroom and then forced a laugh at his momentary panic. After all, there was the missing hat and coat. At that moment the telephone bell rang.

"Hello, hello," abruptly. "Yes, Ross Seton speaking. Yes, yes, The . . . what!" with a sharp stab of sheer unreasoning fear. "St. Mark's Hos. . . what! Tell me quickly, is my wife. . . ? Oh, not seriously," in quick relief. "Dazed, you say. . . doesn't know. . . ? You mean, if she sees me? Certainly. Of course. Of course I will. At once."

He reached out automatically for his hat, his face whiter than he knew; and the reaction of that momentary panic showed itself in a renewed flash of irritation. Tonight, confound it all, of all nights! Just when he had made up his mind. His face grew red in swift shame, and he pulled the front door hastily behind him.

HIS APPEARANCE was very decently sober and concerned, as he passed within the walls of the big, quiet hospital, and faced the doctor in an upper office.

"Amnesia—well, I wouldn't go as far as to call it that, yet." The older man debated slowly. "Everything may clear up in a few hours after a good sleep. Apparently your wife had a fall, or was hit. There were mud stains, bruises, and a small head-cut. Nothing that seems alarming. One of the night watchmen found her in the warehouse district, walking aimlessly and quite exhausted, a small dog with her, and he called an ambulance. She seems quite dazed about herself, and restless. Perhaps if she saw you just a few minutes. . . just talk normally and reassuringly, you understand. No excitement."

Ross nodded, his eyes a little puzzled, and followed the doctor down the corridor into a small white room. He saw a high white bed, a shaded light, untidy red-brown curls, and wide grey eyes that opened so quickly and naturally, he was reassured himself. Dazed—nonsense. He crossed to the bed, and now that both the fear and irritation were put aside, his smile was easy and pleasant.

"Hello, darling," amiably. "This is a nice place to find you in, I must say. Feeling better now?"

She studied him curiously, very gravely, a moment. "Hello," vaguely. Her eyes went beyond him to the doctor at the foot of the bed, with a hint of rising, questioning alarm. Her slender brown hands moved restlessly over the covers. "I don't know. . . I don't know," wearily, as if in answer to something she had been asked often that night.

At a nod, Ross laid a hand over hers. "Peggy, look at me!" more urgently. "You know me now. Of course you do."

There was only a quick, negative movement and an almost involuntary shrinking. "What time is it?" Her voice was nervous and rapid. "Will my mother be coming soon?"

Ross stared, and a little of the color left his face. He turned to the doctor. "Gone. . . six years." His lips moved almost soundlessly. In the sudden silence, Peggy Seton struggled to sit up.

"Why not? What's happened? Why doesn't someone tell me?" shrilly.

The doctor leaned forward. "Now tell us your name?" encouragingly.

"My name! Why, it's Peggy, of course. Peggy Richmond."

"Richmond. . . no, no. That was your maiden name." Ross spoke quickly. "It's Peggy Seton now. Don't you remember that?"

"Richmond," she repeated firmly but with new alarm. "I know my own name. Of course I know it. Rich—"

"Now see here, Sweet." Ross sat by her side and reached out again for her hand. "You just keep still and rest. You're going to be all right. You lie still and look at me for a while and then you'll remember."

She drew back her hand, definitely and sharply. "Are you another doctor?"

"Now, darling, don't be absurd," soothingly. "You know better than that. I'm just your husband."

Her eyes met his indignantly. "Don't tell me lies. I haven't got a husband. I'm much too young."

"But, my dear girl, you know we've been married eight years."

The scorn increased, mixed now with obvious, rapidly mounting fear. "How silly. I never heard of such—don't let him touch me!" She threw herself away in sheer terror. "Make him go out; keep him away from me! I want someone who knows me. I want Bob. . ."

Ross backed away, with [Continued on page 66]

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. JACKSON



HE TURNED SHARPLY AT A SOFT, HEAVY THUD — AND WITH AN EXCLAMATION HURRIED TO HER SIDE.

STREET BOY

by BERYL GRAY



MY WIFE—my wife again." Ross Seton stopped his softly purring grey car by the beach shore, where the long, silvery path of the full moon spread over the faintly rippling water ahead. His arm closed about the slim, blue-clad shoulders at his side. "Haven't I told you, time and time over, she's a sweet, crazy little fool, who still thinks I'm the height of all perfection."

"And therefore binds you by her virtue," half mockingly. There was a hint of laughter in the low, cool voice. But the woman leaned, almost imperceptibly, toward him, so that the fragrance of her black, softly waved hair was very close. "You still say 'sweet,' I notice. Doesn't the thought of your wanderings disturb you?"

He laughed, easily, in answer to an almost indefinable touch of resentment beneath the lightness. "My dear, I do believe you're jealous of poor Peggy. You shouldn't be. Although I must say I rather like it. It's such a change to a trustful nature."

"If she weren't trustful she'd have left you long ago." She drew away slightly and reached into a slender black purse for a thin, silver compact case. A faint smile did not leave his dark, assured, rather handsome face.

"Why?" coolly, too. "There's been no definite reason. Passing fancies. I'm not exactly indiscreet, you know. Of course, when I met you—"

"Oh!" softly. "I didn't even know that we were . . . indiscreet. I don't know that I altogether like your choice of expression."

She opened the compact.

"Leave that thing alone. I want to talk to you," almost roughly. His voice dropped, and there was no denying the force of his tightened grip. "Paula, don't let's talk of it all so lightly, please. You know it's not easy, caring like I do; knowing there are so many others with more right to love you. I've got to tell Peggy—ask if she'll let me do something. I know she'll understand."

"I wonder," finally. "You've hesitated as it is."

"I know. I know. I—oh, sometimes I feel she'll drive me crazy, the way she believes in everything I do," almost impatiently. "But I hate to hurt anything so—so sort of helpless, when she loves me."

"I see," thoughtfully. "Well, you'll not get away with any trusting kindness on my part. . . ever. I'm not so sure that you'll ever deserve it. What makes you so sure she loves you?"

"Oh." He laughed a little awkwardly then. "Don't be absurd, Paula. How does any man know when—how do you know you drive me almost mad, the way you treat me? But you *do* know. That's why you delight in it. Paula, don't be so confoundedly elusive. You don't have to be."

"Why, that's been your main joy in pursuing me." Her low, clear laugh was still provocative. Then she turned, one slim white hand lightly touching his dark cheek. "Idiot, you know you're irresistible; that you fascinate me beyond words," very softly. "You know I. . ." Her own words were lost in his, as he caught her closely.

NEVERTHELESS, a distinct frown replaced the customary self-satisfaction as he quietly closed the garage door later that same night. He stood a moment, staring rather sombrely at the big, green and white square house—the house into which he had carried a laughing, half-shy bride eight years before. Peggy had been gentle, sweet and trustful then. She was gentle, sweet and trustful now.

He drew a deep breath as he let himself into the dimly lighted hall. Heaven only knew, no man wanted a suspicious, nagging wife; but often, restlessly and perversely, he felt her happy docility lacked intelligence. Peggy never even seemed to think of things like sitting up, or questioning him about his many club or business meetings. Instead, she went contentedly to bed. Sometimes she stirred drowsily, her short, red-brown curls untidy about her rather pale, faintly freckled face. "Hello, darling. Very tired?" with half-open eyes, and would soon breathe deeply again. He moved slowly upstairs, hands clenched and the frown deepening. It would be terrible, telling Peggy. He could hold his own with almost any other woman, but the thought of those clear blue eyes fixed on his in growing wonder and disbelief—oh, confound it! It was unnerving him even before he began. What was it she had said only yesterday. "Truly darling, it's a shame the way they make you work so hard. I've a good mind to phone Mr. Williams myself and ask what he means by all this slavedriving. Anyway, I'm going to see about a bottle of nerve tonic right away."

Nerve tonic; great heavens! And she had bought it, too. If she were awake tonight he'd have to take the plunge and begin. It had reached the point where her sweetness and solicitude were unendurable.

"I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR WIFE," SHE SAID TENDERLY, "BUT I REALIZE NOW HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU."



THE TRAVELLER SENSED HER SILENT JOY IN MUSIC. "TIME FOR BED. NO MORE FOOLISHNESS," SAID HERMAN HARSHLY.

HERMAN HAD been thirty-three when she was twenty, and now twenty-seven years had passed since she began working in Herman's kitchen. There had never been time for the promised travelling. That's what he had always said.

"This is a bad year, Mary, bad for goings away. We got to build a big barn. Carpenters and such to cook for."

Two years later: "The crops is not so good, Mary. I buy pigs to help out the hole, maybe."

More years passed: "Things is awful. Wages is up and wheat is down. Why bring me on worries about travels around the world! It is a foolishness anyways."

Then she had known that Herman would never make good his promise—that he had never intended to make good. If he thought her longing for only one glimpse of the outside world was foolish, then he had always thought so. Only in the early years he had kept it to himself.

How thoroughly she herself had carried out her share of their compact! That was her chief regret, now that she looked back dispassionately over the years. Her woman's strength had been so small, counting for so little of the total. And yet her effort had been so tremendous.

The endless cooking, of course, had been expected. But she had taken on a garden, the raising of poultry, milking. In the early years she had labored eagerly, every dollar brought nearer the event of a lifetime—or so she had thought. When the great prospect had waned and finally been abandoned altogether, it was difficult to drop tasks undertaken. Herman had ways of making his displeasure felt, ways more disagreeable than the tasks themselves.

She knew now that she was old—old and worn. Not so old in years as the tired stoop of her shoulders. Her face was dark and seamed by prairie winds and her hands were lumpy. A long and generous outpouring of strength had left permanent marks. And the futility of the effort!

The farmers' wives had not known of her frustrated ambition; only Herman had known, partially. He had come to know especially during the time a traveller had sought shelter in the farmhouse. A sudden blizzard had swept a man to their door. She remembered even now how he had unloaded a great pack from his back and cleared the snow from his eyelashes.

Darkness came down in the middle of the afternoon and

We're proud to present this saga of Mary Miller's life by a new Canadian writer of rare distinction . . . The story of how beauty flamed from the ashes of frustration for a woman of the prairie wilderness . .

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

the small frame house shook on its poor foundation. They sat around the stove listening to the deep drone of the storm and the wind voices shrieking past the corners of the house.

Then the stranger had taken a small gramophone from his pack and the old farm kitchen heard its first music, rhythmic heartbeats from a strange outer world. The traveller noticed her silent joy and he began explaining the meaning and purpose of his selections.

Through the roar of the storm a princess sang from her castle tower and a prisoner answered in the dungeon. Warriors and kings, gypsies and queens and beggar maids gave their hearts to the world in glorious song. The quiet voice of the traveller told of famous names and great cities, of courts and cathedrals and the deathless harmonies that must go on throbbing and swelling through all time.

She had listened with a quick tightening of the throat. An emotion for which there were no words had shaken her. Tears flowed unnoticed as the thrill of a nameless ecstasy and longing grew within her. Cathedral bells and the roll of its deep organ blended in curious harmony with the roar of the storm. Then unconsciously she had cried out in the fervor of feeling, almost too great to be borne.

The stranger had quietly closed his machine as Herman called harshly:

"It is time for beds, and no more foolishness."

The storm had passed in the night and before she could see him again, the stranger was gone. On the table she found a note of thanks for his shelter and he had left—the gramophone.

It was this machine, as she now remembered, that had caused a deep but wordless antagonism between herself and Herman. Of course she had played the records again and again although Herman's annoyance was plainly shown. Undoubtedly he felt that such an influence increased her desire for the long deferred travel. Perhaps he thought, too, that her work slackened as she

listened to the sounds that stirred her so deeply.

ON A SATURDAY in early spring when she and Herman came home from the village there had been no gramophone. It was gone and Herman's surprise had been poorly simulated. She had not accused him; no words passed between them. Perhaps he had made a quick trip out from the village and back again; perhaps he had given orders to one of the farm men. Now she would never know what had happened, and now it didn't matter anyway.

But she could still remember that the next Saturday when he was ready for the weekly trip to the village, she had said to him:

"I've made no market butter. I'll be staying home." Then he had stared at her a moment before he went off quickly without her. Yes, undoubtedly he knew why she had never again made butter for market.

After a time their one magazine did not come any more. She suspected that Herman had stopped it, but she said nothing. Thus their silent feud had become deep and bitter.

Only one memento of the

[Continued on page 45]

Dream Out of Dust..

by ALLEN ROY EVANS

THE FARM WOMEN were offended because Mary Miller did not weep at Herman's funeral. Calmness in a bereaved wife outraged their sense of decency.

"She's never been one of us anyway," Mrs. Alvarson whispered to Mrs. Crockett.

"It would show better if she took on a little at such a time," Mrs. Crockett agreed.

"Herman maybe was a stern man, but he supported her," Mrs. Alvarson remembered. Then she added: "A wife had ought to put on a black hat, anyway."

"And a veil, maybe," the other whispered. "I've got mine a-ready for Jacob—it's in the leather trunk." She dabbed her eyes dutifully at the prospect of Jacob's demise.

But Mary Miller had no tears for Herman's passing. Somehow the years of his oppression had dried up whatever sources from which tears would flow. When the little country organ wheezed "Shall We Gather at the River," Mary closed her eyes and hummed "Jerusalem the Golden." Not audibly, of course, but she let the words come into her mind to shut out the thoughts of how the other women would be watching her at a time like this. They would be telling each other that she was "unnatural," "unfeeling," perhaps even "unchristian." Well, they didn't know and they would have to go on thinking and whispering whatever they would.

When Mary Miller came back from the wind-swept cemetery she found herself alone at last. The first time in twenty-seven years that she had really been alone with no expectation of anyone coming—not even Herman, now. There was still an unreality in the knowledge that he would no longer be going or coming.

Now as she sat in the small shabby kitchen there was no consciousness of irreparable loss. She did not owe Herman even the debt of regret. For twenty-seven years he had tricked her; tricked her almost out of life itself.

She remembered his promises stretching back through the years. She remembered them because she had lived on the hope they gave her. But the hope had never been realized; Herman had seen to that. He did not actively dislike her, it was only that he cared more for his thoroughbred swine and cattle. When she thought of it that way she used to laugh bitterly, almost hysterically sometimes, and say to herself:

"Mary Miller, in competition with swine, you lost out."

The swine and cattle had travelled to country fairs, travelled far more than she. When the idea of travel had first definitely become an obsession, it was hard to remember. Perhaps the several years she had worked for old Andrew Slater in the post office were responsible. There had been time to read papers and gaze at magazine pictures before they were passed through the wicket to their rightful owners. Undoubtedly the post office had stimulated her first longing to know strange places and other times. Something of this longing she had tried to tell Herman when he had urged her to marry him:

"I want to know more than this little village. I want to see more than just flat prairie."

"If you can maybe take more trips on ten dollars a month!" Herman had shrugged his shoulders.

That had been part of the difficulty, the ten dollars a month. Thirty years ago there had been little choice of occupation for girls just out of school. The post office money eked out her mother's pension. Herman said:

"You been three years now at the post office. Could you travel better with me or not?"

And thinking about it, and also about Herman's prosper-

ous farm, she had decided. She had not deceived him, even a little, when he said:

"You don't care so much about me, maybe?"

She answered: "No, not a lot. I've always told you that, Herman."

"But you think you come just the same?"

"I'll marry you, like I told you before. We can be—kind of partners."

"Yah, I need a partner in the house," he agreed.

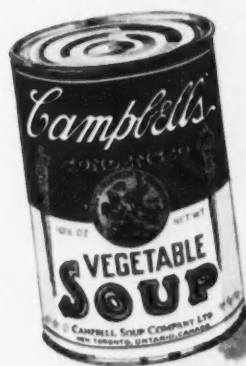
"And the travelling, Herman?" This was the part that must be clearly understood.

"Yah—the travel! If we work hard and crops is good we go on plenty travels." To her it had sounded like a promise.





To make a
long story short!



Ten million words
Boiled down to three,
Brimful of meaning—
"Campbell's for me."



Soup-making at home has always been a long, long story. But Campbell's have made it a *short* story for you. For almost while dinner is being announced, your soup is ready, and with so little trouble that it's really no trouble at all.

Regardless of the number at your table, the soup appears like magic. Three plates or a dozen, it's just as easy. The greater the number, the greater the convenience. (And Campbell's is so good, so homelike in flavor, that it will be praised as your own.)

Campbell's Soups are twenty-one long stories made short for you. One of them

is Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Fifteen garden vegetables, picked at their very best. Rich beef broth—*double* rich—simmered ever so slowly for finest flavor and greatest nourishment. A delicious, hearty soup that's almost a meal in itself.

Serve Campbell's Vegetable Soup tomorrow. See what an appeal it makes the instant it appears. Hear the praises as it *disappears*. An appetizing soup that would take hours and hours if you had to make it yourself—yet ready in almost a twinkling. So convenient—simply add water, heat for a few minutes, and there you are!

21 kinds to choose from... Asparagus, Bean, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken with Rice, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Cream of Mushroom, Mutton, Noodle with Chicken, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef.

CAMPBELL'S ON THE AIR

Wednesdays

George Burns & Gracie Allen

—fun and music—8:30 P. M. E. S. T.

—7:30 C. S. T.—9:30 M. T.—8:30 P. S. T.

Columbia Network—coast-to-coast.

Fridays

"Hollywood Hotel"

starring Dick Powell

—sparkling revue—9:10 P. M. (E. S. T.)

Columbia Network—coast-to-coast.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



The Baroness's Head

by PAUL SCHUBERT

CONCLUSION

THE PONDEROUS detective moved toward the Kalla house, walking like a discouraged Colossus, head down, thoughts busy fitting the new facts into his reconstruction of the crime.

It was entirely possible. There were only one or two points to be checked as a matter of routine.

The barnyard was full of gendarmes, talking together excitedly after the half-hour of events. A second and more thorough search of the premises was going on. In the centre of this activity, Major Janska was the picture of successful authority, his face flushed with triumph. He strode forward toward Till with almost patronizing warmth.

"Come to visit us?" demanded the officer with ruddy joviality.

"Congratulations," answered Till.

"Nice piece of work, if I do say it."

"Where is the man who made the actual discovery? Name of Gritz, I believe they said."

"He's busy at the search of the house."

A pair of brown boots appeared on the ladder leading from the hayloft, followed by the puttees and uniformed legs of Corporal Gritz in person. His superior officer surveyed him with open approval and appreciation, and speculated over the possibility of attaching him to the

"WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?"
TILL DEMANDED CURTLY.

Headquarters entourage. Gritz had done great things this day!

And once more the Corporal had justified Major Janska's appreciation with a brilliant coup—a discovery of the first water. He strode across the barnyard, hand outstretched with a small paper packet, expression one of self-conscious achievement.

"There, sir! Bricked up in the wall. Fresh plaster over it, and a big heavy board pulled in front of the place."

JANSKA TOOK custody of the packet, and turned it over in his hands. It was tied with twine and marked with the inscription: "*Melanie von Popperthal*."

"A nice bit of evidence!" the Major exclaimed, and started to loosen the twine.

"Wait!" interrupted Till, half shocked. "Don't you want to wait until it's been examined by the fingerprint experts?"

"Fingerprint experts!" scoffed the officer. "If I couldn't tell without fingerprint experts, where this packet came from and who stuck it away in the loft, I'd go—" He broke off his statement with a whistle of astonishment as the contents of the package came to view. "Brother heart, look at that!"

It was a thick bundle of bank notes, Czecho-Krone in the reddish authoritative color of large denominations. "I'll count these here and now," said Janska.

There were exactly 100,000 Krone in the packet, and neither Till nor Janska needed further elucidation to be certain that the money had been stolen from the commode beside the Baroness von Popperthal's bedstead.

WHEN THE prisoner Kalla arrived at the Schloss he was decidedly the worse for punishment. Till questioned him in the presence of Palacky, a police detective, two uniformed gendarmes and a stenographer.

Till looked at the poacher as he formed his first question. The man's clothing was torn and covered with dust and dirt; one eye was blackened and there was a bruise on his cheek. He sat slumped forward in his chair, his bullet head between his shoulders, his manacled hands between his knees.

"Why did you murder the Baroness von Popperthal?" the detective demanded.

"I didn't," answered Kalla dully, his eyes shifting uneasily from side to side.

"You meant to murder her, didn't you?"

"I don't know."

That the man in front of him was destined to hang at the end of a hemp rope, was an interesting but minor detail. Till felt it equally interesting that the same man, in carrying out the murder, or murders, must have acted with a nimbleness of wits and boldness of self-defense in extraordinary contrast with his present demeanor, and which argued that he was one of the most dangerous and resourceful of antagonists.

"I want you to tell me everything that happened the night before last," the detective said, almost gently, yet with that dreadful, fatal persistence with which police officials pursue their questioning.

The prisoner made a gesture of helplessness, lifting both hands and letting them fall so that the manacles clinked.

"A deer was found in your garden. Where did you get the deer?"

The man moved his head impatiently. "I killed the deer in the evening. I have no money to buy meat. Should we starve to death? If I were rich, then you would say, 'Yes, go, shoot the deer; shoot plenty deer.' But because I am hungry, you send gendarmes after me. I killed the deer in the evening, before dark. As I was on my way home, my son

came to me and told me that the gendarme was on the lookout. So I hid the deer by the roadside and in the night I went and found my deer."

"What did you think of the Baroness von Popperthal?"

"I am glad she is dead. She was rich. She was the enemy of all poor people like me."

"Why did you bury her head in your garden?"

"I was afraid somebody would come and find it."

"Kalla, why did you kill the Baroness von Popperthal?"

"I didn't kill her."

"A short time ago, when the gendarmes were questioning you, you admitted that you had [Continued on page 42]



"Why Mary! I didn't mean a thing by it!"

Hurt feelings . . . trivial misunderstandings . . . they're frequently signs of a run-down physical condition

SOMETHING HAPPENS to your sense of humor when you're tired out all the time. You take offense when none was intended—and magnify every little thing out of all proportion.

Doctors say that when you're repeatedly unable to fight down sudden irritation—and start "taking everything wrong"—there is usually a definite physical cause. It means that you are run-down—that your blood is "underfed." And when your blood is "underfed," not enough food is carried to the nerves and muscles of your body.

How Fresh Yeast Stabilizes the Nerves

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast stimulates the digestive organs—and so helps to put more food into the blood stream. This gives the blood more food to carry to the nerve tissues. In this way your energy is built up, so that you're no longer the victim of "nerves" and hurt feelings.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly—twice a day, before meals or at bedtime—plain, or on crackers, or dissolved in a little water or fruit juice. Start today—and exchange your tired, nervous, run-down condition for one of glowing energy and cheerfulness.



"I WAS COMPLETELY TIRED OUT. So weary, it was all I could do to get through the work for the day. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It's really marvelous—the quickest way I know to get over being tired and run-down. Now my housework and cooking are a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It's easy to be happy and cheerful if you're really healthy."

Angela M. Lynch,
Ottawa, Ont.



— *corrects* Run-down condition by feeding and purifying the blood

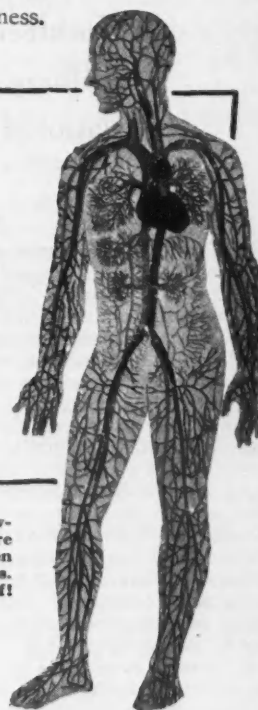
Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

It's your blood that "FEEDS" your body . . .

ONE of the most important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you feel "overtired" at the least extra effort—it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food to carry to your tissues. What you need is something to help your blood get more of the nourishment from your food.

WHAT A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE in your viewpoint—and in your disposition—on the days you're feeling well and cheerful . . . and on other days when you're tired and edgy! Get rid of those "tired" days. Keep so well you're always your normal, happy self!





In the Northland By Tom Thomson

Presented in *Chatelaine*, February, 1936.

Tom Thomson, the artist who found the true spirit of the Canadian north woods and whose genius for color and vigorous execution made it possible for him to capture that spirit in his work, was seldom happier in his interpretation of a season's mood than in this beautiful autumn study. It is a prized possession of the Art Association of Montreal, whose galleries, along with those of the National Gallery of Canada and the Art Gallery of Toronto, share the permanent record of this artist's work. Thomson was a native of Owen Sound, Ont.; he died a tragic death in 1917 at the age of forty, and was buried near the shore of one of his beloved northland lakes. This reproduction: Courtesy, *The Seigneur*, magazine of the Seigneurie Club

"BAD SKIN" means—A Lazy Under Skin



Miss Helen Mitchell Stedman, exquisite blonde with a fine, delicate skin, says: "Pond's Cold Cream lifts out every last trace of dirt and make-up. It makes my skin much finer and clearer. Pores don't show!"



Skin faults start here...

Cross-section showing tiny underskin nerves, glands, fibres that make your outer skin what it is—good or bad. When they slow down—skin faults start. When kept active with Pond's deep-skin treatment—skin faults go!



Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel III

Searching eyes cannot detect a single flaw in the skin of this beautiful young woman. She, herself, says: "The last thing before bed—every morning, too—I use Pond's Cold Cream. It stimulates and tones up my skin—blackheads and blemishes just never come!"

Underlying glands, nerves, fibres... need rousing with this deep-skin cream

TODAY, stand close to some girl you know. Gaze right at the skin on her nose, on her chin. Isn't it awful?—the way coarse pores and blackheads stand out!

Your own face gets the same "third degree" every time you're at arm's length. People think, Why don't you *do something* about your skin?

Yet it's not the skin they see that's at fault. It's your lazy underskin! Tiny glands are overtaxed... The oil they give off is thick... clogs the pores on its way out. What follow are the blackheads, blemishes, coarse pores that ruin your good looks!

Even heartbreaking lines and sagging contours are just outward signs of an underskin "let-down"!

Stop skin faults where they Start

But you can quicken that underskin—rouse it, good and deep—set it to work. Yes, you can—with this deep-skin cream of Pond's.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go straight to the underskin. Even as you smooth it on, you see it go in, come out—thickened with grayish dirt, stale make-up. Now your skin is clean and glowing. Clear to its depths!

Right away smooth on more Pond's Cold Cream. Pat it in sharply with firm finger tips. This way you rouse that lazy underskin. Nerves, glands and fibres "step lively"... flush your skin daily with new fault-fighting vigor!

Keep this up. See how quickly bad skin becomes "a good complexion." Tip-ends of blackheads loosen. Deep-lodged matter comes out... Clear fine texture takes the place of every blemish. Even critical eyes can't find anything wrong with your skin!

This way to a Beautiful Skin

Every Night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it soften up the dirt, make-up, skin secretions—bring it all out. Wipe off and pat in more cream briskly. Your underskin *feels* it... gets thoroughly awakened. Your outer skin *shows* it... blooms fresh, unblemished!

Every Morning, and before make-up, renew this newly-won freshness with Pond's Cold Cream. See it brighten your skin—soften it. Now powder can't catch or flake!

Look at the coupon below—a grand chance to try this cream without delay. The special tube contains enough for 9 invigorating treatments! Send for it. Pond's Cold Cream is pure. Germs cannot live in it.

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. B, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

Made in Canada All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.



FLORENCE ROGGE, CANADIAN BALLET MISTRESS AT RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL.



CATHERINE PROCTOR, ONE OF OUR MOST FAMOUS ACTRESSES ON THE LEGITIMATE STAGE



ABOVE, REGINALD STEWART, WHO HAS DEVELOPED AN APPRECIATION OF MUSIC FOR THE MASSES—AND BELOW, LEON LEONIDOFF, A NOTED DIRECTOR OF BIG STAGE SHOWS.

They Give You What You Want

Kathleen McDowell concludes her series on brilliant Canadians who have made international reputations in entertaining the public

SUPPOSE FATE turned one of her queer tricks and you found yourself in the position of a theatrical producer. You had one evening's amusement to plan and it was your job to gauge the public taste in entertainment. Considering your own likes and dislikes, what would you choose?

Chatelaine was curious. So some months ago, I set out to chat with a number of famous Canadian artists in the hope of being enlightened on the subject of your choice in entertainment, and I brought their ideas to you. I wonder with whom you agree. Is it the bright gaiety and tomfoolery of Beatrice Lillie that you love? Do you believe, as she says, that the public wants a good laugh and a good cry? Or do you think Walter Huston has the secret, when he puts it another way and says sincerity and truth are the touchstones in the public's demands? Entertainment may mean merely an evening's diversion, in which case the droll Ned Sparks may fill the bill.

If a musical evening you prefer, would you choose the sparkling, rhythmic and ballad music of Arlene Jackson, or something of more spiritual value selected by Edward Johnson, or a mixture of both?

Finally, I talked to Reginald Stewart, whose Tor-

onto Promenade Symphony concerts have been loved by thousands of Canadians, Leon Leonidoff, Canadian director of the mammoth Radio City Music Hall, and the Canadian ballet mistress, Florence Rogge; to Geoffrey Waddington, director of programmes for the Canadian Radio Commission, and Katherine Proctor, one of our great gifts to the American stage.

It seemed like a diversified enough chorus of opinions for a finale.

REGINALD STEWART is sure of one thing. The public loves to be put at ease—both mentally and physically. Anyone who can keep this in mind and also put over an idea at the same time, is bound to gain attention. This, Reginald Stewart has been able to do in a novel way, in Toronto, for lovers of music in his Promenade Symphony concerts. As a clever young matron remarked, "He uncorked the emotions of the city. We now hear delivery boys whistling Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and they enjoy it as much as a hockey game."

There is a pleasant, happy-go-lucky spirit of comradeship among the four to seven thousand people, who gather once a week

[Continued on page 74]





Caught in the midst of hazards!

Safeguard your child this special way, mother... give him the food energy he needs

Jam pots and cookie jars are magnets to him! And that's not the fault of his "sweet tooth" alone. It's his system craving food... food for energy... in tremendous amounts.

The plain fact is he burns up enough bodily energy right along to keep a laborer on the job. Day after day finds him close to over-doing and lowering his vitality.

It's not an altogether pleasant thought, is it, mother? Particularly when you recall that malnutrition and infectious disease cases are always at their peak during these young years.

But there are proved precautions... and you will be wise to follow them.

Make delicious breakfasts of Cream of Wheat a part of your child's regular routine. They'll give him the heavy charge of food energy he needs as he goes into the most active part of the day.

1 Cream of Wheat is rich in a type of carbohydrate second only to sugar in its speed and completeness of assimilation.

2 Cream of Wheat gives abundant food energy very rapidly.

3 Doesn't place any burden on untried young digestive systems. **4** Encourages steady, natural gains in weight.

There is more, of course, to be told of the advantages of this fine-tasting cereal. Ask your own family physician! And don't delay in getting your child started on high food-energy

Cream of Wheat. It will mean much to him!

Order a supply of Cream of Wheat today... in the sealed, hygienic packages that are proof against contaminations and taints.

MADE IN CANADA FROM BEST CANADIAN HARD WHEAT... NEVER SOLD LOOSE IN BAGS—ONLY IN THIS BOX.



NEW BIG RASTUS DOLL

Get yours today! Rastus, the Cream of Wheat chef, in the form of a big 18 inch doll... in brilliant colors... all ready to be sewed and stuffed. Yours for just 10 cents in coin or stamps! Address The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. CE-19, Winnipeg.

Name.....

Address.....

APPROACH TO LOVE

(Continued from page 9)

"New York," said Lotta, who was from Ohio, "isn't America."

"Says you, darling," Harvey said.

Hollis burst out savagely, "New York's foul. All cities are foul. Man-made stench of graft and greed and disease. If you're going to judge a country by its cities—"

"Applesauce!" Harvey said. "Aside from its cities America is an intellectual desert."

This precipitated an argument in the heat of which Manon grinned slyly at her father. "If I go to America," she said, "it will be only to get me a rich husband. I've always heard that Americans make the best husbands and of course they're all rich."

The idea of Manon marrying anyone for his money effectually ended the argument and Harvey Dwyer said, "Now I know why she's been making up to me. She's after my thousand a year."

"You'd better be on your guard," Sandor warned him. "Money!" Hollis Aversays savagely. "Money is a blight on the human race. Its possession narrows the mind and shrivels the soul—"

"Starlight, star bright, bring me a little blight to-night!" Harvey sang.

And Lilli said, "I'd like to catch my soul shrivelling up just because I had a million."

"I never yet met a rich man with a mind bigger than a dried pea," Hollis said. "Oh, they can make money, perhaps, but when it comes to beauty or imagination—"

Manon decided to let them have it out this time. She leaned her head back against the faded sofa and smiled lazily at Gene. Gene hated arguments—unless they were of his own making.

THEN MANON saw the young man standing in the doorway. A strange man, tall and deeply tanned, wearing a grey flannel suit, carrying a soft straw hat. He saw Manon looking at him and smiled at her in a friendly, apologetic way. Sandor saw him at the same time and got to his feet.

The young man came slowly into the room. "I'm very sorry to move in on you this way, but I rang the bell and knocked—"

"Oh, Leigh!" Lotta said. "I forgot all about you, darling. Maestro, this is Leigh Hastie. I told him to come for me at five—"

"And promptly forgot me," Leigh said and shook hands with Sandor. "Very glad to meet you, Mr. Benafit. I've heard Aunt Amelia speak of you."

Sandor presented him to the others. "Our bell is generally out of order and when these young people start arguing—"

"I wasn't sure whether it would be safe for me to come in or not," Leigh said.

But, save for Lotta and Manon, the others did not respond to this facetious overture. They were, for the present at least, the sworn enemies of creased pants and expensive panamas and that suave urbanity which bespeaks money in the bank. Lotta could laugh with him because she, too, had money in the bank. And Manon only thought of him as a nice-looking young man who was probably hot and certainly thirsty.

She said, "Won't you sit down, Mr.

Hastie, and let me get you a glass of wine?"

But Leigh had already seen the unlabelled bottle on the table. "Thanks very much, but we've an appointment with friends. Lotta's probably forgotten that, too."

Lotta said she certainly had not, and Sandor said he hoped Mr. Hastie would drop in some time when he could stay a little longer, and Leigh said he'd be very happy to—not meaning it, of course. "I don't know much about this part of Paris, but your place reminds me of something out of *Bohème*—or *Trilby*."

"Oh, we have any number of *Trilbys* here," Sandor said.

"But no Svengalis, I hope," Leigh said, rather proud of himself. He never could remember names out of books. His eyes swung lightly, quizzically over the others, his bow included them all. "Good-by. So sorry to have interrupted."

"Not at all; very happy to see you," Sandor said in his courtly way.

At the door Leigh said, "I'm sure if Aunt Amelia had known I was going to see you, she would have sent her greetings."

Sandor's polite smile stiffened but Manon said impulsively: "How is Aunt Amelia? Of course, she's not my aunt, but I used to call her that when I was little."

"The old girl's not as chipper as I'd like to see her. Of course, she's getting on."

Before Manon could speak, Sandor said, cold and formal: "I'm sorry to hear she's not well. Good-by, Miss Beade. Try to spend a little less time on the streets and more at your music, please."

"There!" said Hollis Avery the moment the door closed. "He's a perfect example of what we were talking about. A rich snob with—"

"You could see he was afraid he'd catch something if he sat down for a while," Lilli said.

"He doesn't know this part of Paris," Harvey said.

"Nor drink *vin ordinaire*, Manon, my love," said Gene.

"Now, now, children," Sandor chided.

Because it was natural for her to uphold the underdog, all this adverse criticism of Leigh Hastie made Manon his friend. She hadn't given him a second thought after she had discovered that he was not thirsty. Now she did think about him. Really a very pleasant, polite young man. He didn't look as though his soul had been affected by his money, especially when he had spoken of his old aunt. Manon decided that she would probably like Leigh Hastie very well indeed if she really knew him.

MY BELOVED AUNT! If you could have seen the thing as I saw it!"

Leigh was trying to convey to Amelia some adequate idea of his adventure the day before. They were in Amelia's celebrated rose garden. Leigh was lying on the grass, stripped to the waist. His strong, lean torso was the color of *café au lait*, his knees were in the air, his bronze head pillowed on his arms. He looked very comfortable and healthy and, his aunt thought, handsome.

Amelia sat on what she called her pruning stool, since these days she must sit to prune her roses. The roses were full and a little dusty under the hot June sun and peaches ripened against the high walls. The old town of Chevreuse made a drowsy muttering in the distance and the faint tolling of the cowbells came down from the hills.

Outside this small, walled cloister, the chateau grounds were laid out with the formal precision of a true eighteenth century park; tall poplars marched at exact intervals beside its curving drives; fantastically

clipped yews and shrubs stood about the lawns in ordered figures like the dancers in some eternal minuet.

Once the beautiful, historic Château de Chevreuse had been the gift of a dashing eighteenth century gallant to his frail and lovely lady. Amelia Kinhurst had bought it because, she said, she had sung and acted for so long among *papier-maché* turrets and fabricated moats that she never could feel at home in a modern house. That was sixteen years ago when she had come abroad to live with her wealthy, ailing old husband. Now she was a widow, nearing eighty, a stooped cadaverous old woman with a body as fragile as a blown egg and a mind as sprightly as Voltaire's.

She laid her garden shears in the basket beside her and slipped soiled cotton gloves off her old claws. She was dying to hear about Leigh's visit to Sandor's studio—she had sung *Elisabeth* to Sandor's *Tannhauser* in the old days—but she and her old friend had not spoken for ten years or more. And so she said, with a fine show of indifference, "How did you happen to stumble into the place, anyway?"

"But I've told you, darling. This child Lotta is studying with the old boy"—Well, he's still got a pupil or two, apparently—"and told me to call for her at five. Well, I called; in fact, I shouted, but nobody heard me because they were holding a kind of League of Nations debate—"

"Who's they?"

"Old Sandor and his daughter and some of their pals. Long-haired, poetic-looking chap and a boy with a 'cello and a couple of shrewish looking girls in some kind of smock thing. They were sitting all over the place and drinking *vin ordinaire* and talking like madmen."

"Half mad, most of them, anyway. Go on."

"The doorbell was broken"—Naturally Sandor's doorbell would be broken—"and no one heard me knock, so I just shoved in. Lordy, it was funny. Kind of like a stage set. The windows were open and you could see Notre Dame and the sun was setting and the studio was kind of dusky. For a moment I thought I'd wandered into another world."

"And so he had," she thought. "And then what happened?" she prompted, curiosity getting the better of her pride.

"Well, and then one of the girls spotted me: it was the old fellow's daughter, I think. What's her name?"

"Manon," Amelia said, high and scornful. "Did you ever hear of anything more insane than that? Naming a child Manon simply because her father happened to be singing in that stupid opera the night she was born!"

"Oh, I don't know. It's kind of a cute name, though I must confess it doesn't suit her." He laughed. "Wasn't the Manon of the opera rather—er—"

"She certainly was. How her father ever expected her to grow up respectable with a name like that—"

"Oh, she's perfectly respectable," Leigh said and grinned. "I don't believe I ever met a girl so obviously respectable—"

"Homely as a mud fence, I suppose," Amelia said, looking straight before her.

"No, not homely, exactly. Kind of foreign looking."

"Her mother was a Slav."

"Rather quaint looking. With that haircut—bangs. Like a page in a Shakespeare play. Her mouth is rather large, but she's got a cute little nose and really lovely eyes. Grey eyes, I think."

Amelia looked at him. "You're more observant than I'd have thought."

"Aren't I?" he said. "I surprise myself. But she was the first person I saw when I went in. She was curled up on the sofa, facing the door. I thought she was just a kid at first."

"She's over twenty-two," Amelia said in a flat voice.

HE GLANCED up at her and away. He plucked a blade of grass and nibbled it. Leigh loved old Amelia Kinhurst more, perhaps, than he had ever loved his own mother. It was to Amelia and this same old chateau that a homesick little Leigh, parked in an English school, had come for his holidays. Often he had brought as many as five or six other homesick little boys along; always he had brought one or two. It was for these boys that Amelia had built the tennis courts and swimming pools, and the great barns were still full of rusty bicycles and roller skates and skis and sleds she had bought for them. She was Aunt Amelia to them all, just as she had once been Aunt Amelia to little Manon Benafit.

Leigh thought of this now. He knew that there had been a quarrel but that was all he did know. Though he had spent weeks every year at the chateau, he had not heard Amelia mention the old friend of her operatic days for years. It seemed too bad they shouldn't make it up. Sandor really seemed a fine old boy, a little overmannered, perhaps, but a gentleman. He wondered why they had quarrelled and if perhaps he couldn't effect a reconciliation. He rather fancied himself in the rôle of *deus ex machina*. It would be pleasant to restore the dear old girl's friend to her—while there was time. "What are you thinking about," Amelia demanded from her stool. "You look diabolical."

"Then my looks belie me," he said lazily. "I was thinking about the Benafits. They seemed a little on the poor side—are they?"

She snapped, "How should I know!" And presently she said, "Oh, I guess they're not in actual want," and waited. Leigh said nothing. He flopped over, exposing his back to the sun. "If they are, it's their own fault. They could have had plenty if they hadn't been such fools."

Leigh thought, "Ah, now, it's coming," and said, yawning. "These artistic chaps are inclined to be fools, aren't they?"

"Oh, the girl's as bad as her father. I offered to take her when her mother died. Adopt her. Went all the way to Munich; Sandor was teaching there and they were poor as church mice, too. I'd have given her everything—sent her to the best schools, kept her away from that piano. Made a normal girl of her instead of a piano-playing little female freak."

Leigh kept silent and, after a little, she went on in her harsh old voice. "But do you think she'd come to me? Not she! She was twelve then—a puny young one but stubborn as her father. Said she wouldn't leave him for two ponies."

Leigh sat up and rubbed grass stains off his elbows. "You offered her a pony, did you?" he said innocently.

"Of course I offered her a pony. That was what she needed."

"I imagine that's what she still needs,"

Leigh said. "She still looks pretty puny to me."

"Oh, she does, does she? Well, you're used to running around with a lot of painted women." She turned on him. Her face looked for all the world like a dried cherry under the big shade hat. "You can't afford to be too critical, young man. You're going to the dogs just as fast as your money can take you."

[Continued on page 26]



Aunt Amelia



Sandor

TWILIGHT STILL hung over the great historic park; the long avenue of poplars lost itself in grey mist and the clipped yews looked like phantom umbrellas on a phantom beach. The night air was sweet and heavy with the scent of new-mown fields and dew-wet flowers and the faint toll of the cowbells drifted down from the hills.

Manon walked to the edge of the terrace with her coffee cup in her hand. "I think this must be the loveliest place in the world, Aunt Amelia."

Leigh said, "It is. To me."

"Why don't you two take a walk," Amelia said briskly. "The moon will be out, presently. Take her down to see the rose garden, Leigh."

"That's a very cosy idea," Leigh said and took Manon's cup. "Come along, Manon. Don't mind me calling you Manon, do you? We're practically cousins, you know."

"How nice! I've never had a cousin," Manon said.

There was a little silence when they had gone; Sandor was wondering what to say, Amelia was marshalling her forces. She said finally, "That's a nice girl of yours, Sandor."

"Yes. Yes, Manon's a dear child."

"She—I like her. She's genuine; none of your giggling, simpering brats. I realize what I've missed, not knowing her; and you, too. I'm sorry, Sandor."

There, it was out. She sat back, breathing a little hard. Sandor got up and went over to her. He leaned over and kissed her cheek. It was as soft as Manon's had been when she was a very small baby. "I'm sorry, too. Very sorry. I'm afraid I've been a very pig-headed, obstinate old fool."

She let out a cackle. "You mean that's what I've been. Well, sit down. I want to talk to you. That's why I sent them off." He drew his chair closer and sat down. Amelia in her big chair looked merely a shapeless heap of shawls and skirts, but her eyes were sharp in the old ruin of her face and her voice was strong. "I'm interested in that girl. What are you going to do about her?"

"Do about her?"

"Yes. She's twenty-two and you must be nearing sixty."

"Fifty-eight next winter."

"Well, there you are. You're through concertizing, I suppose, and you can't teach for ever. I don't suppose you've saved a cent."

Sandor said mildly. "Not many. Money doesn't worry us, never has, you know."

"High time it did, then."

"Our needs are very simple."

"Your needs may be simple, but what about Manon? What's she going to do when you can't teach any more? She's not a concert pianist, is she?"

"N-no. She plays well, but—"

"But not well enough to make a living unless she teaches. That's a fine outlook for a girl like that! Teaching finger exercises to stupid brats! She ought to be thinking of getting married."

"I hope she will marry some day, of course."

"Who? Who's she going to marry? How can she ever get a chance to meet any eligible men?"

"Oh, we have many young friends. Half the boys who come to the studio are in love with Manon."

"I'm not talking about boys. I'm talking about men. Men of position, not penniless dreamers and students. Oh, they may be old enough in years, but those kind of men never grow up. God help the women who marry 'em. Look at your own wife. Dragged around the country like a gypsy, singing her poor head off until five minutes before her baby was born. Do you want Manon to live that kind of a life?"

After a moment, he said, "I want her to be happy. My wife and I were happy. Of course it was difficult sometimes. An artist's life is bound to be—you should know that."

"Too well. That's why I wouldn't wish it on anyone I cared for. We're not normal, you know. We're all freaks of nature. Look at Manon. She's a freak at twenty-two."

Sandor was grateful for the dusk. He remembered that Amelia was an old woman

and controlled his voice. "Oh, I don't think she's a freak, my dear. You just said yourself—"

"That she was a nice girl and so she is. But she's a freak compared to normal girls. What does she know outside her art, as you call it? Does she know how to dance or play tennis or flirt with the boys? That's what normal girls do. That's what I'd have taught her if I'd had her. What have you made her? A dowdy little mediocre pianist. The sort of girl that's kind to old ladies and animals. Bah! Normal men hate women like that and it's your normal men who make good husbands. But they won't have women who are different. They may think she's different—but only after they're in love with her."

THE SHARP old voice stopped and Sandor could hear her hard, exhausted breathing. He found his handkerchief and mopped his face. This was utterly unexpected. This focused his mind on that dim and carefully ignored menace—the future. Especially Manon's future. Had he cheated his child? Had he made her a freak? No more of a freak, certainly, than any of the others. But what others did he know outside the "freaks" who came to the studio? Were they all freaks? His mind ran over the list of young men who were Manon's chief friends: Harvey Dwyer with his thousand a year and Gene Bemont with his poetry; Ralph Wister with his gorgeous tenor voice and colossal egotism; talented little Ricci and his innkeeper mother. All prospective husbands, perhaps. He mopped his face again.

"She ought to marry a man like Leigh Hastie," said Amelia suddenly. "Leigh would make her a good husband. Take care of her."

"You—you mean this young nephew of yours?"

"Yes. I've been thinking about it all evening. He has money and plenty of good sense. He's a bit flippant and light-minded, but that's normal. He's normal. He'd know how to take care of his wife."

Sandor tried to laugh. "Perhaps he doesn't want one."

"No man wants one until the right one comes along," she said. "And—I may be wrong, of course—but I think he's attracted to Manon. It was really he who made me ask you out here—oh, I wanted to do it, but it was really Leigh—" She broke off, and he saw the shapeless bundle stiffen and bend toward him though he could no longer see her face. "Sandor, if you will help me marry those two to each other, I'll make it worth your while—and Manon's. I swear it. I'll put it in writing."

He, too, leaned forward, speechless for a moment before he burst out, "My heavens, Amelia! You're an old woman. Haven't you learned yet that your money can't buy everything?"

"Not everything, perhaps, but a good many things." She let out a snort. "If it could buy your daughter's happiness, it would be a pretty good thing, wouldn't it?"

"Money never yet bought happiness for anyone."

"It has helped. Besides, I honestly believe if those two were thrown together, they'd learn to like each other."

"Then it's hardly necessary for you to try to bribe me—"

"It might not be if he lived over here," she said. "But he doesn't. He spends most of his time in America. You'd have to take Manon over there. That would cost money but I'd see that you had all you needed. It's time you took her back in any case. She's an American girl. It's time you took her home."

SHE LEFT it there and sank back in her chair again. A very young moon peeped out at them from the shelter of a poplar; a single star perched jauntily between its silver horns. The moon and the star looked down on the old woman and the man who was almost old, seated before the great pile of stone which would never be old. Then it looked a little farther and found something more to its liking: two young people seated on the grass in the walled rose garden.

"Oh, look!" said Manon. "There's the moon."



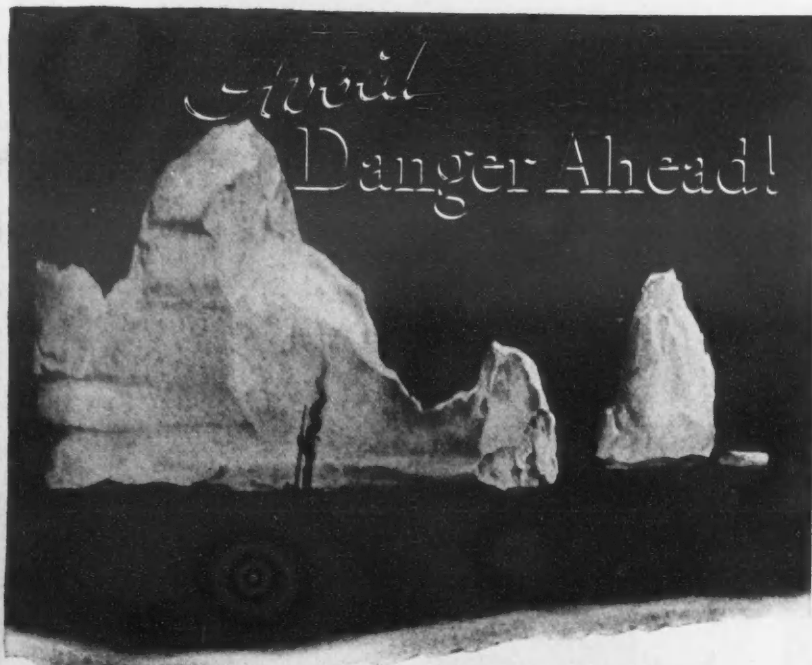
I WON'T STAY IN
THIS HOUSE ANOTHER
MINUTE! THE BIG BRUTE-
COMPLAINING THAT HIS
SHIRTS ARE FULL OF
TATTLE-TALE GRAY...
AFTER I'VE SIMPLY
SLAVED OVER THEM.

WHAT A LOT I'VE LEARNED
IN TWO SHORT WEEKS!
LOOK AT HIM TODAY...
ALL KISSES AND SMILES
BECAUSE HIS SHIRTS ARE
SO NICE AND WHITE. MOTHER
WAS RIGHT. THERE'S NOTHING
LIKE **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP**
FOR GETTING RID OF
TATTLE-TALE GRAY
THAT SHOWS CLOTHES
AREN'T REALLY CLEAN.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP holds two marvelous dirt-looseners—richer, golden soap with lots of naphtha added to it! When these two cleaners tackle the wash, even deep-down dirt hustles out.

Fels-Naptha is safer, too. Grand for silk undies and stockings. And it's easier on hands—because there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some today at your grocer's. © 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**



U.S. Coast Guard Cutter stands by, sending warnings

WARNED of icebergs ahead, the wise ship captain charts a course which avoids danger. Likewise, men and women with their doctor's advice should chart a course of living which will help to avoid some of the dangers to the heart. Children, as well as adults, need to have their physical condition charted. A child who is recovering from any infectious disease should be carefully examined to learn whether the heart has been damaged and needs special care. Prompt attention may prevent lasting heart injury.

A person may have a defective heart without realizing the fact. On the other hand, many people whose hearts are not impaired think they have heart disease. They mistake symptoms of other difficulties for indications of heart trouble.

Know your own heart. There need be little guesswork. In most cases your doctor can determine

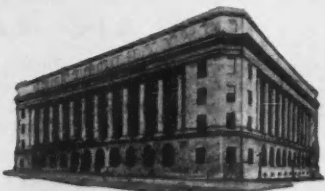
its condition. If advisable he or the specialist may suggest the fluoroscope and electro-cardiograph to find out whether or not your heart needs to have its load lightened to prevent a breakdown. Today many men and women whose hearts are far from perfect are able to lead useful, active lives because they know what their hearts can and cannot do.

If your heart is normal, do not shorten its term of usefulness by overstrains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

A thorough physical examination, at least once a year, may be the direct means of adding many years to your life. Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance." You are welcome to your copy. And, above all, don't postpone the examination you ought to have. Address Booklet Department 2-L-36

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER,
PRESIDENT



CANADIAN
HEAD OFFICE
OTTAWA

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

APPROACH TO LOVE

(Continued from page 24)

"Auntie, darling!"
"Well, it's true. You're nearly twenty-seven. What have you got to show for it?"
"Well, I've got a job and the finest penthouse in New York—"
"No job's a job that doesn't make you work. As for your silly penthouse—" She made an explosive sound designed to convey her opinion of his penthouse and got laboriously to her feet. "Puny!" she said. "Let me tell you, a girl like Manon Penafit is probably worth a hundred of these silly women you traipse around with. Coming home here at three and four in the morning." She had forgotten her stick and he picked it up and handed it to her and she hobbled off, muttering.

He hugged his knees and watched her go, a broad grin on his face. Then he reached around and patted himself benignly on the back. "Very good, Mister Hastie! Very good, indeed!" he said.

MANON SAID, "But father, we must go." Sandor said, "You may go, if you like, my dear. I shouldn't dream of going."

On the breakfast table between them lay Amelia Kinhurst's invitation. It was very brief. Manon knew it by heart:

"My dear Sandor,

It would please me very much if you and Manon would dine with me one day this week. I will send the car for you on whatever day you choose. Any day will suit me since, unfortunately, I am always at home.

Amelia Kinhurst."

Manon knew the note by heart but she would never know of the violent battle that had produced it. Amelia's poor old body had been the battleground, and she had been forced to fight not only her own stubborn pride, but the steady, relentless barrage with which Leigh had assailed her. For three days he had given her no quarter, though he had never been more devoted. He was simply a young man who had suddenly developed an innocent genius for saying the wrong thing—especially the wrong thing about one's old friends. It is possible that, toward the end of his campaign, Amelia may have guessed his purpose. If she did, she was wise enough to keep it to herself. She simply wrote the note.

Manon knew none of this, but she could guess some of it. "It must have been hard for her, father, after all these years—"

"No doubt!" Sandor was usually the best natured of men; now his broad pink face was too pink and his blue eyes were hard as agate. "Now, after insulting and neglecting us for no other reason than that a child refused to forsake its parent, she whistles us to her as though we were dogs."

"Oh, no, father."

"That, my dear, is one of the reasons why I have never wanted to be rich. When she was a poor singer, Amelia was one of the finest women alive. Then she made a rich marriage—"

"But she's so old," Manon said. "She must be eighty. We're young; we should be willing to make concessions to an old lady."

"Never!" Sandor said firmly. "I tell you I will not go."

And so, three days later, they went.

YES, WHEN I bought the place," said Amelia, "there were forty rooms and a donjon and no bath."

"And so she turned the donjon into a bath," said Leigh.

Amelia looked at him. "No, I preserved the donjon. I thought it *might* come in handy some day."

"I see what you mean," Leigh said meekly.

"Now, thanks to me, Chevreuse has a

CHATELAINE, FEBRUARY, 1936

modern sewage system. The French may be an artistic race but they're savages when it comes to sanitation."

Sandor said, "Yes, curious, isn't it?" eating his *canard sauvage* and thinking of neither duck nor sanitation. Candles gleamed on white damask and old silver and on two low bowls of Amelia's famous roses. The table was a little island of light and color in the centre of the vast oak-panelled room. Manon, with the candlelight glossing her smooth, dark head and her cheeks bright with excitement, thought that if she looked hard into the shadowed corners she could see the outline of hooped skirts, the faint glimmer of a sword.

She told Amelia so: "Perhaps, between midnight and dawn, they come out and one of them plays the clavichord and they dance a minuet."

"If I thought they did, I'd come down and try to find out which one of 'em was responsible for those horrible murals in my bedroom," Amelia said dryly. But she had often had the same romantic fancy herself and she smiled on Manon and ordered her to eat her duck. "Good heavens, you've an appetite like a bird."

Leigh gave Manon a small wink and she promptly fell to on her duck. Leigh couldn't remember ever enjoying himself more. He was elated over Amelia's capitulation, delighted with the picturesque, baronial opera singer, enchanted with Manon. She fulfilled every requisite demand of a young girl who had refused a pony—and half a million dollars, perhaps—out of loyalty to her father. She was simple and good and really quite pretty. She appeared for the dramatic reconciliation scene in white muslin. True, the blue sash and ruffles of fiction were lacking, but the bright smocking around the throat and wrists made an acceptable substitute.

He leaned over to her. "Aunt Amelia tells me you and your father have concertized all over Europe."

"Yes, but not for some years."

"And that you've played before all the crowned heads."

She laughed. "But they weren't wearing their crowns."

Amelia was telling Sandor, "Yes, I've tried to preserve the mood of the old place. I had to. The gardeners wouldn't be satisfied until they'd made all the trees look like umbrellas and all the hedges like embroidery scallops."

Sandor said: "Well, that was the old tradition" and tucked his napkin more securely into his collar. He was appalled at the change in his old friend. Ten years ago when she had travelled to Munich to try and lure Manon from him, she had not been young certainly, but now she was old. It saddened him, for once they had been very close. She was already a famous singer when he had gone to the Metropolitan, but she had taken him under her wing and her patronage had made his path easier. Then she had married and they had drifted apart. When she had come to Europe they had picked up the threads of their old friendship. But Amelia was rich then and he was poor, with an ailing wife and young baby to support, and they had never quite achieved their old comradeship.

Since that last disastrous meeting in Munich he had not seen her. Now it came to him that for nine years they had been living within twenty miles of each other, and he was sorry he had made no move toward a reconciliation. Once or twice he had considered it, but always the thought that "she'll think I'm only interested in her money," had held him back.

"Yes," he said, "these old châteaux have managed to preserve something very rare and precious for us. Something the modern world needs—romance."

"Shocking, draughty old barns," Amelia grumbled. But when they left the table, she shifted her stick to her left hand so that she could take his arm with her right, and they went out on the terrace for their *café noir* and liqueur. "Not that I drink either of 'em myself. Most of the stuff I keep in the house and serve to other people, I can't take myself. Sugar, Manon?"



BEAUTY CULTURE

A Department for Style, Health and Personality

"WHO WOULDN'T LOVE YOU..."



Romance comes to the girl who guards against COSMETIC SKIN

IT is true that men just can't help falling in love with soft, smooth skin. The girl who doesn't win this charm—and keep it—is a foolish girl indeed!

There's really no need to risk spoiling your looks by letting Cosmetic Skin develop. It's when cosmetics are not properly removed that tiny blemishes appear, enlarged pores, blackheads, perhaps!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

You can guard against these signs of Cosmetic Skin with Lux Toilet Soap! Its ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

MERLE OBERON
STAR OF SAMUEL
GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS



I USE COSMETICS, BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN. THAT'S WHY I USE LUX TOILET SOAP FAITHFULLY

Use cosmetics all you wish! But to protect your skin—use Lux Toilet Soap before you put on fresh makeup—ALWAYS before you go to bed! Remember 846 out of 857 English and Hollywood stars use this pure, white soap!



"Hi, moon!" said Leigh as to an old friend. The moon lifted its wide silver grin above the poplars and Manon said, looking back to Leigh, "And so you talked her into getting us here."

"I talked against it," he said. "I maligned you both very skilfully. You see, I know her."

Manon laughed and hugged her knees. "Poor old Aunt Amelia. I wish there was something I could do to make her happy."

"You can. Now that you've made it up, you can come and see her often. I'll feel a lot better about leaving her. I've been worrying about her. I'm terribly fond of the old girl. She's been wonderful to me ever since I was a kid. You see, after my father died my mother spent most of her life travelling. I lived most of my childhood in boarding schools or on trains or in hotels, except when I was here."

"But now you don't—live on trains, do you?"

"No I live in New York mostly. I have a nice big penthouse—"

"What's a penthouse?"

"Well, it's what you sleep your servants in over here. Some rooms on the roof—only prettied up."

"That must be lovely. I suppose you have an *ascenseur*—what do you call them in America? A lift?"

He laughed. Her naiveté was incredible—and delightful. "Elevator. Yes, I should hope so. I'm twenty-four stories up."

That astonished her. So did the description of his terrace with its trees and plants. Fancy trees twenty-four stories above the street! The roses poured their sweetness into the quiet night and the moon sailed higher and shone down on the walled garden and on Manon's eager, listening face. Leigh told her about his penthouse; its fifty-foot living room, its built-in radio. It was like telling fairy tales to a child, he thought. He did not intend to sound boastful, but his voice grew more assured and important under the spell of her wide-eyed wonder.

"If you ever come to America," he said finally, "you must be sure to let me know. I'd like to show you about a bit."

She smiled and shook her dark head doubtfully. "That would be wonderful if we ever do."

"You're sure to, some day. All Americans come home eventually."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't seem much like going home," she said, and he thought they were the saddest words he had ever heard. "Are you going back soon?"

"I'm sailing day after tomorrow."

"Oh!" she said on a quick little breath and lifted her face and looked up at him. "I'm sorry you're going so soon."

"So am I—now," Leigh said and realized with a shock that he meant it. He was a young man seasoned to withstand the treacherous magic of moonlight and roses. Or so he thought. But he looked now at this girl who was like no girl he had ever known. So small and tender and unknowing; and his soul shook with a sudden, fierce desire to protect her, to keep her lovely innocence inviolate. He leaned over the little face lying like a misty pearl on the rose-scented dark, and Amelia's hopes and Manon's future might have been settled then and there, but that Manon spoke first.

She said: "Goodness, I didn't realize this grass was so damp," and stood up and shook out her skirt. "I think we'd better go in. Father has a lesson tomorrow at ten and I mustn't get him home too late."

Leigh scrambled to his feet. The spell was broken, but he was a little dazed and the moonlight and roses were still at work in the old walled garden. He took Manon's hand and said gaily, "Okay, let's run for it!" and knew that he was really running away from it—from some compelling force which, just for a moment, had threatened to turn him from a level-headed young man into a romantic fool. "Come along, little one!" They flew, laughing, over the wet grass.

AMELIA WARNED Sandor. "They'll be coming back presently. Don't be obstinate, my dear friend."

He said wearily, "I've said all I have to

say. When, and if, Manon marries she'll choose her own husband."

"I've never said she shouldn't. If you'd listened—I'm only suggesting that you give her a chance to choose Leigh. What choice has she got now—living the way you do, seeing nobody but indigent expatriates and foreigners! If you take her to America—"

"I don't know that she'd be any happier," Sandor said and dropped his head in his hand and sank his fingers in his long, white hair. "I don't know. You may be right. I may have been wrong to keep her here."

"Criminal!" He lifted his head suddenly, said savagely, "If I take her to America it will not be to throw her at this man's head."

Amelia smiled into the darkness. She said in a meek voice, "But, my dear man, going to America is an expensive business. Surely you won't refuse to accept—"

"Not a cent!" he roared. "If we go we pay our way as we always have paid it—by honest work."

"Shh!" she warned. "Here they come." And here they came, laughing and breathless, across the wet grass, and to the two dim figures sitting quietly waiting in the moonlight, Manon cried, "Oh, this is so wonderful! Father, you ought to see Aunt Amelia's roses. They're the most beautiful—"

"You shall have as many as you can use tomorrow," Amelia said, and grasped her stick and labored to her feet. "I'll send Emil in with them. Suppose we go in now and have a glass of port before you leave?"

THAT NIGHT, sleeping in the great high bed where, it was said, Diane de Poitiers had once slept, Leigh Hastie dreamed not of Diane but of Manon. The spell of the walled garden was on him, and his eyes hung over her face that was like a misty pearl against the sweet darkness. She held him helpless and entranced, but somewhere deep within him the prudent, wary, cynic Leigh was active, too. He thought, "If I kiss her, it will break the spell." But each time he reached for her, she eluded him only to appear, lovely and alluring, in another part of the garden. He awoke, sweating with his efforts to capture her and found his room full of morning sunlight. He blinked, grinned, told himself that he must be growing dotty and rang for his breakfast.

When the maid brought it up, Amelia came hobbling along in her wake. She said, "Well, lazybones! Still in bed!"

"You can't expect everybody to be as energetic as you are," he said. "Give it here, Fanchon. *Merci!*" He propped himself against the pillows and took the tray on his knees. "Um—honey! Well, how are you after your dinner party, darling?"

She let herself down into a chair designed for one of the more corpulent members of eighteenth century nobility. She wore a rough smock over her grey alpaca dress and felt *pantoufles* on her feet which she had just slipped out of her garden sabots. "Dinner party!" she said. "Pooh! If you call that a party you're easy to please."

"That's one of the nicest things about me," he said, pouring hot milk and coffee into his big cup. "I had a very good time, thanks."

"And they had a good dinner, for once," she said.

"I wouldn't get too set up about that. They probably have plenty of good dinners, darling."

"Well, they don't look it. Of all the puny, white-faced girls I ever—"

"My dear aunt, you evidently have no appreciation of aesthetic beauty," Leigh said. "That girl's 'puniness' is half her charm."

"A little red meat," said Amelia, "is what she needs. Not that it would make her any less dull."

"And I wouldn't call her dull, either. Look here, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, sitting there and maligning that nice girl."

"Oh, she's a nice enough girl, I suppose," Amelia said.

"You know darned well she is. And she's crazy about you, too."

Amelia looked at him, a quick, sharp glance. "Did she say that?"

[Continued on page 36]



by
**MARGUERITE
WETTLIN**

Your Beauty Test?

the correct massage movements, which you can master very easily from directions in the booklets sent out by many cosmetic manufacturers, or lessons given by their demonstrators or by your own beauty parlor operator. Incorrect massage may stretch or pull the muscles and tissues and cause wrinkles and sagging. Be especially careful not to stretch the delicate skin around the eyes.

Do you use a heavy tissue cream in spite of an oily condition?

And do you leave a heavy coating of the cream on your skin all night? Some tissue cream may be needed to correct wrinkles, but using it too often or leaving it on too long may cause an increase of the oily condition which may lead to blackheads and whiteheads and even pimples. If you have such a condition and also have wrinkles that need smoothing out, use the tissue cream during the day, leave it on for half an hour or so, then remove it with cleansing tissues followed by an application of astringent which you pat on for several minutes. This will keep all traces of the cream from showing on the skin after it has done its nourishing work, and will also aid in tightening and firming the skin tissues.

Do you select your powder base carefully?

No other cream, perhaps, must be so exactly suited to the individual complexion. A foundation cream that makes one woman's face look like silken velvet will make another's look like a floured bread-board, with patches of flour here and there. It pays to experiment a bit in the matter of powder bases—to throw away one that doesn't give the desired effect rather than to use it. However, a powder base that doesn't look well on the face may do a good job in protecting and beautifying your hands, so that you needn't be the loser in the experiment. Ordinarily a lotion is the best foundation cream for a young girl or for the woman with very fine, delicately textured skin; vanishing cream or "liquid powder" is best for the woman with normal or oily skin; an oily foundation cream is best for the woman with dry skin. But these rules have many, many exceptions, and the only way to find out which is best for you is to try the different types of cream on your own skin.

Do you use too much powder base at a time?

Most women do. It is perhaps the most maligned and misunderstood of all cosmetics

Hundreds of women say, "I simply can't use a powder base." The reason for this is that they apply powder base as they would a cleansing or massage cream, instead of using the tiniest possible bit. It should be applied so lightly that it forms a film on the surface of the skin but is never ground down into the skin.

Do you use a face powder lighter in tint than your skin?

A light powder is likely to give an over-powdered artificial effect, while a powder that matches your complexion or is a bit darker gives a rich overtone that seems a part of the skin's own coloring.

Do you powder your neck as carefully as you powder your face?

If you don't, you may be pretty sure that there is an unbecoming line of demarcation that ruins the good effect of your make-up.

Are you sure that your rouge and lipstick match?

Rouge and lipstick, even those similarly named as to tint, may have a widely different effect, and nothing is less artistic or smart than clashing rouge and lipstick.

Do you blend your make-up carefully?

Too many women apply it in little round spots that give a "hectic flush" effect that is very garish and artificial.

Do you study your contour and features before applying make-up?

You can make a broad face look narrower and a long face shorter by applying rouge correctly. In fact, you can minimize many imperfections by deft make-up touches which you can learn from the little booklets that most cosmetic manufacturers enclose with their packages or give out as advertising. Avail yourself of these opportunities for learning more about the art of looking your loveliest.

There is not one of these questions that is not just as easy to answer correctly as incorrectly. There is not one to which it would not pay you to give your attention. And if you do, you will be so amazed to see what a difference each one can make in your appearance that you will wonder why so many women, who spend much time and money on beauty preparations, do not master the art of using them after they have bought them.

THE FAVOURITE *Beauty Soap*
OF CANADA'S LOVELIEST DEBUTANTES

Miss
Esmé Thompson
Debutante daughter of
Mrs. S. S. Thompson,
Walmer Rd., Toronto.



"Palmolive has a wonderfully soothing effect on my skin"

says ESMÉ THOMPSON, popular Toronto debutante

"I find it is refreshing to use, making a delightful, cleansing lather," continues Miss Thompson, one of Canada's loveliest debs.

Beautywise indeed is Canada's younger set. And so, to keep lovely all over, they follow Palmolive's simple beauty treatment . . . not only for face, throat and shoulders . . . but for the bath as well. Why don't you try it? Let Palmolive keep all your skin soft and youthful.

SOOTHES AND BEAUTIFIES

The careful blending of olive and palm oils in Palmolive is the reason more than 20,000 beauty specialists recommend it. Only these costly oriental oils give Palmolive its rich, gentle lather, a lather that cleanses the pores . . . soothes your skin . . . leaves it restfully refreshed and radiant.

So make Palmolive your soap. Use it always, from today on, for all your skin. You'll have a complexion that's really youthful . . . lovely all over.

Try This Palmolive Beauty Treatment.

Use it not only for face, throat and shoulders, but for the bath as well. Gently massage into your skin a warm, rich Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all there is to this simple beauty treatment. Yet there is no surer way to real, all-over skin beauty. And here's another beauty hint. Palmolive, used as a shampoo, keeps your scalp healthy, hair soft and lustrous.



Lathers perfectly in hard or soft water.



**DENTISTS SAY: MOST BAD BREATH
BEGINS WITH THE TEETH**

MAYBE YOUR BREATH IS SWEET...

**Make
Sure!**

**Try This
Toothpick
Test**

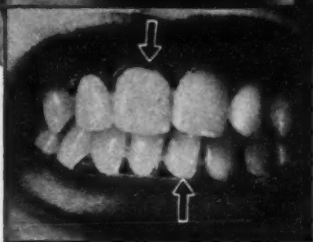
Cleaning your teeth the Colgate way removes the commonest cause of bad breath

TAKE a toothpick or some UNSCENTED dental floss. Clean between your teeth. Does it reveal small food deposits? Smell it. If it has an unpleasant odour, it means your teeth are improperly cleaned. These food deposits are a common cause of bad breath and tooth decay, dentists say.

**CLEAN YOUR TEETH THE
COLGATE WAY**

Morning and night with Colgate's Dental Cream brush thoroughly the upper teeth from gums down, lower teeth from gums up. Brush the cutting edge of your teeth with a circular motion. Then rinse your mouth. After that put a bit of Colgate's on your tongue and take another sip of water. Gargle well back in the throat, then flush the water through your teeth. Rinse again with clear water. That's all.

Colgate's penetrating foam gets into all crevices and between the



Brush upper
teeth from
gums down

Brush lower
teeth from
gums up

teeth even where the toothbrush cannot reach. It dissolves odour breeding food deposits and washes them away.

**YOU GET THESE COLGATE
RESULTS**

Your teeth are thoroughly clean. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's, the same one your dentist uses, keeps your teeth white and sparkling. Colgate's delicious peppermint flavor leaves your mouth refreshed and your breath fragrant. And brushing your teeth the Colgate way stimulates the gums.

**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY
BACK GUARANTEE**

Use one tube of Colgate's. Then, if your teeth are not cleaner, whiter than before, return the empty tube to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. We will send you twice its cost.



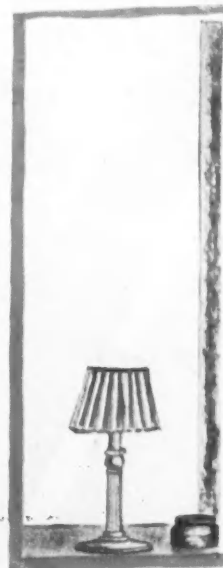
For those who prefer it, Colgate's Dental Powder will give the same Colgate results. Large tin 20c.

Do you leave your cleansing cream jar open?

Do you powder your neck as carefully as you powder your face?

Do you pat or massage your tissue cream into your skin?

Do you blend your make-up carefully?



Can You Answer

THE GREEKS had a name for a beautiful lady with plenty of curiosity. She was that famed Pandora who couldn't resist sticking her nose into a little box that intrigued her imagination because it contained she knew not what. Pandora's curiosity would probably have been multiplied if she had had reason to believe that the little box was filled with concoctions designed to make her more beautiful than she already was.

You, the modern Beautiful Lady or the modern Smart Lady, know that Art can help Mother Nature in making you strikingly attractive if not perfect in features. You know that the shops are filled with boxes that, far from scattering ills over the earth as Pandora's did, can and will scatter new loveliness in your path by aiding you in correcting correctable defects, in minimizing or concealing uncorrectable imperfections, and in bringing out every latent loveliness that is yours. You have a curiosity as lively as Pandora's about these sweet-smelling jars and boxes and bottles.

So it is natural to suppose that you buy them, and that having bought them you use them—sometimes assiduously, and sometimes in the desultory sort of fashion discussed in the first of this series of articles.

If they have brought you magical beauty, if they have thrilled you with their beautifying effect, you will not want to read further. Your "bump of curiosity" will have been rewarded in far more satisfactory fashion than was Pandora's.

If, on the other hand, you have tried and seemingly failed to get results, don't let that discourage you for a moment in your quest for loveliness. Keep your bump of curiosity and find out *why* your cosmetics "go wrong." If your cleansing cream seems to cause, instead of clearing, blackheads, if your powder base makes your powder cake instead of helping it to cling smoothly, try to realize that there must be a reason for such effects in your own individual case. The manufacturer who offers these preparations couldn't afford to keep making products which are not beneficial to the majority of women who might try them. His business would simply dwindle into nothingness even though he has spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in perfecting, testing and merchandising.

So why not turn yourself into a Pandora! Be curious as to *why* the high quality, well-advertised beauty creations you use are not giving you the results you are correct in believing you have a right to expect. Sub-

mit your beauty routine to the questionnaire below and see how you would grade yourself. See if you can pass this entrance examination to a school of beauty in which your textbooks are cream, powders, lotions and all the galaxy of fragrant preparations that modern science has evolved for the modern woman. Every one of these questions concerns a very common, everyday error of which even the most sophisticated user of beauty aids is apt to be guilty.

Do you use a stiff, heavy cold cream for cleansing?

Such a cream must be rubbed in so hard that it may cause wrinkles. Once rubbed in, it is harder to get out of the pores than a lighter cleansing cream, and if left in the pores, it may cause blackheads, oiliness and enlarged pores. A cleansing cream should be light and melty if it is to do the best work.

Do you leave your cleansing cream jar open?

And do you then expect it to cleanse your skin? It is much more likely to soil your skin with the dust and germs it has attracted and to encourage blackheads and whiteheads.

Do you use only one application of cleansing cream?

It is much better to use two, so that the first removes the surface dirt and make-up and the second goes deeper into the pores. After any use of a cleansing cream, it is essential to remove any excess cream with a skin tonic or astringent or a soap and water washing.

Do you use skin tonic or astringent so strong as to irritate your skin?

This is never desirable though a slight tingling sensation that denotes good circulation is quite all right. If your tonic or astringent is too strong, dilute it by applying it on cotton first wrung out in cold water.

Do you rinse your skin thoroughly after washing with soap?

Failure to do this is responsible for many a dry, wrinkled condition, and also for the fact that many women declare that they have skin too delicate to wash. Very few skins are so fragile as that, and most skins do need some soap and water washing if they are to be kept fresh and lovely.

Do you pat or massage your tissue cream into your skin?

Or do you daub it on and leave it? It is better to pat it in gently unless you know

by KAY MURPHY

It's a brand new coat idea that you'll be hearing about later on in the year. Swagger, fishtail like, and very adorable in bright plaids or high colored cottons. Comes to the knee, about, and grand to wear with the spring or summer dress that needs "a little coat, y' know."

Patent leather continues to be a very well-liked handbag or belt material, and I was just looking at some of the new bags for spring. If they aren't in the loveliest colors — pink, pale green, pale blue, red, green, yellow. Lovely in patent leather and equally lovely in suede. The belts follow suit and so do the gloves. It's going to be a rainbow spring in accessories, so save your pennies and get a lot of colorful accessories. More and more smart women are buying a better dress, then making it look like half-a-dozen more by adding colorful accessories as the mood strikes them.

If you want a little hat to break the winter's monotony, why not indulge in a ribbon, taffeta, bengaline, or one of the pre-spring fabric models? They do so nicely with your winter coat, yet are there ready for the first spring days. Many of these "in-between" hats continue to show high-peaked crowns and many more are flatteringly brimmed. Jewelled clips are the favored trimming, and for good measure you could add a little nose veil.

I was lured along with a friend one day recently while she shopped for perfume. After futile whiffs in several

shops, we hit a French place which specialized in such things. My friend started her usual olfactory expeditions but was stopped on the third round. "Mais non, madame," said the polite clerk. "After three inhalations, madame's nose is too stupefied to really appreciate the fragrance of our perfumes. Madame must wait." "How long?" queried my friend. "At least fifteen minutes," she was told.

It seems it takes that length of time for the nose to recover its powers of smell after three doses of perfume. Which made me pause. That's why I am always at a loss to get a perfume that really pleases me: my nose is paralyzed. So take the tip: don't smell too often, but smell well.

A word about spring fashions: they are going to go "Marine" on us. At least, there are going to be lots of sailor-type dresses, suits and coats, pirate effects, with a hangover from the military mode that prevailed last fall and most throughout the winter.

"A Golden Wedding." A recent fashion showing featured this lovely event which may give ideas to you gals who plan going altarward during the year. (It's leap year, y'know; just take the hint.) This wedding ensemble was really lovely. The bride and bridesmaids were dressed in gold-colored alpaca, the bride's veil was of gold lace, and the bridal attendants (as well as the bride) wore the old-fashioned "Chatelaine" bags of gold cloth, tied round their waists with golden chains. Exquisite.



Bleu violet velvet fashions this Molyneux gown with the effective peplum. Rose Valois indulges in her tendency to peaked-crowns in the tailored tweed fabric hat for late winter and early spring wear.



DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



IT'S THAT HARD-TO-GET-AT "SECOND LAYER" OF DIRT THAT MAKES YOUR SKIN COARSE AND GRAY

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is one sure way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a penetrating face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores.

It goes to work on the waxy dirt, breaks it up, makes it easily removable. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of thoroughly cleansing the skin.

When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting

flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (2-9) **FREE**

Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto—12, Ontario

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____

EMPHASIS ON

Heart Appeal



Try This Simple Treatment For a Soft, Smooth Skin

■ Whenever you find "heart appeal"—the kind of thing that women envy, and men adore—you'll find a skin that is sublimely fair and appealing.

Do you know the quickest, most economical treatment for achieving such a skin? The answer is Italian Balm—the famous *Original Skin Softener* that is certain (or your money back) to banish chapping, roughness, redness and dryness of skin *more quickly and at less expense*, than anything you have ever used.

For many years, Italian Balm has been the most popular skin protector in this winter-

loving country—a good "proving-ground" for any skin protector! And today—it is the *largest selling* preparation of its kind in Canada. It combines many scientifically-chosen ingredients. Its mellowness is obtained by an exclusive blending process. No hands ever touch the product while it is being made. Absolute purity is essential to any preparation for use on your hands and face—absolute purity is one of the many things that Italian Balm assures you . . . At drug and department stores in 35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles and in handy 25c tubes.

Free HANDY HOME DISPENSER

Nickel plated, 100% guaranteed Italian Balm HOME DISPENSER—attaches easily to bathroom, kitchen or laundry wall (wood or tile). Dispenses one drop when you press the plunger. Try your druggist first—ask for the Dispenser Package. If he can't supply you—

then get one FREE by sending ONE 60c Italian Balm carton (and 10c to cover packing and postage), or TWO 60c cartons and NO MONEY—with your name and address—to CAMPANA, 22 Caledonia Road, Toronto.

Campana's

Italian Balm

THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER



Campana Dreskin

A liquid skin cleanser that reaches deep into the pores. Combats blackheads, coarse pores, oily and "faded" skin. It permits clogged pores to breathe naturally because it neutralizes alkali. Alkali, which dries and ages your skin, and clogs the pores, is present in soap and water and many cleansing and vanishing creams. At drug and department stores in 50c bottles.

FASHION SHORTS

Dots before mine eyes! Dashes, too; and so many other things you'd be surprised. But don't be alarmed; they're just the new midwinter prints that are appearing on the market. Dresses with large red tomatoes, dresses with demure little fishes, dresses with darting birds—they're the **newest** things that are breaking into print. "The animal kingdom," "the vegetable kingdom"—they're all here. And, of course, they are as fresh as tomorrow morning, make you forget all about midwinter. Another cute print I saw was "Top Hats"—a black dress with small red top hats like himself wears (when you insist!) simply strewn all over it.

White continues. At the opening of the Opera the other night—and isn't our own Edward Johnson the lad to bring out the diamonds, sables, ermines and what-have-you from the family storage vaults—there were so many white dresses, and so many of them were pleated in the Grecian mode, and so many had accessories of contrasting colors. Ganna Walska, the famous star of Chicago Opera of yore, was literally swathed in green emeralds. Looked stunning on her white crêpe gown; which brings to my mind that green or red accessories, such as jewellery, belts, corsages, etc., may well be of either vivid shade on that white party dress of yours. They're all doing it.

Stitching, self-cording, pleating, tucking, shirring—oh, for the skill of the needle! That's what makes a lovely dress these days. More and more do we see the dresses dropping their

"additional trimmings" and concentrating on manipulating the fabric itself, plus a skilled needle or machine, into divers new ways of hemstitching and such.

Saw some gorgeous Paisley blouses that brightened up the winter suit or odd skirt. And many's the dress now made of Paisley silk. It's one of the smarter, and more money-taking themes in midwinter fashions.

Quite a number of the nicer evening dresses are simply smothered in rhinestone and sequin all-over trimming. Does help one make that Grand Entrance! A rich turquoise that caught my eye was made of chiffon, with such a demure Peter Pan collar that covered a backless dress. It was literally sprinkled with tiny rhinestones.

Net, too, is very important at the moment, and we all have to admit there is something unusually glamorous and youthful about this fabric, especially in a party frock. One black net evening dress had the "dropped shoulders," and was sprinkled liberally with silver threads and a deep silver sash.

Speaking about the south, you would think it was midsummer instead of the date my calendar daily flaunts, if you could see the linens, cottons, eyelet embroideries and all such things that are being shown for those lucky folk who hie it equator-ways when the wind goes earnest. One thing I must tell you about is the "Hollywood Jigger."

Lucile Paray creates this evening gown in crêpe-back satin, the two surfaces being used to give clever contrast in dull and gleaming material. The gay little toque is a Molyneux, with a Parisian flair.





*It's a restless season
with an adventurous
note of vagabondia
in the shifting mode . .*



Spring's Beginning

As Chatelaine Views the Style Scene



*Significant models
in the vivid
after-winter parade*



Descriptions of these fashions will be found on page 79. Patterns may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. When ordering patterns, name the number and size of the style desired.

Between the Winter's End and



Springsong in a Medley of Tweeds



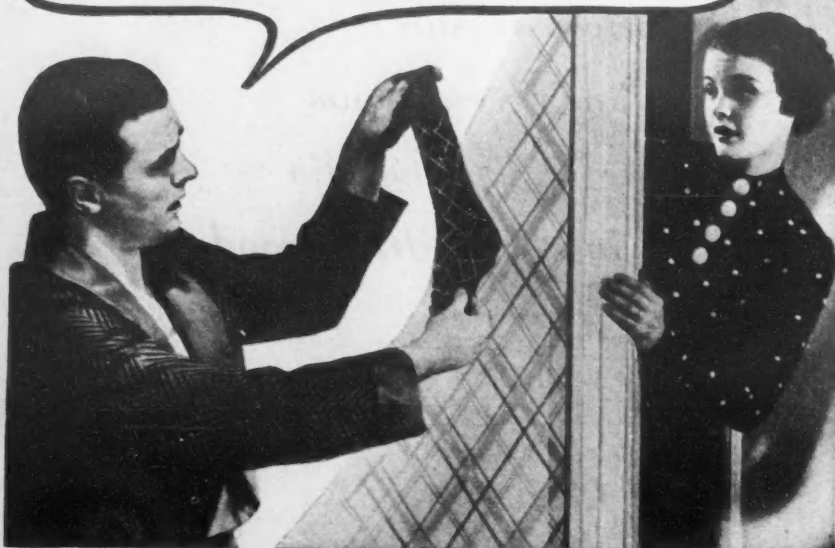
The couturiers have several names for it . . . but the theme is . . . woollen. You may go mannish with tweeds, worldly in worsteds or really sophisticated via one of the hard-surfaced materials. But the fabric chorus strikes a woollen keynote.

Be jaunty . . . be joyous . . . be casually gay. It sounds like a roundelay but its merely the dictate of the designers for a new season. The flippancy of the non-matching coats and check, plaid or contrasting skirts is a triumph in timing. Just as the world takes another breath and turns to meet new adventure, so the ensemble goes slightly berserk. Patchy pockets, tip-tilted bonnets over devil-may-care pompadours, and suit jackets that indicate severity and suddenly spill over in a flutter of femininity are as mischievous and as tantalizing as a March wind.

The styles shown on this page are Chatelaine patterns, priced 15 cents each, back views, sizes and material requirements of which appear on page 59.



Look at these—small enough for Junior!



5 Points to Remember in Washing Woollens

1. Measure before washing—stretch to shape while drying.
2. Use lukewarm Lux suds, and rinse in water the same temperature.
3. Avoid rubbing, wringing or twisting.
4. Dry indoors away from direct heat.
5. Lux has no harmful alkali as many soaps have—cannot shrink wool fibres. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.



Won't Shrink Woollens

APPROACH TO LOVE

(Continued from page 28)

"N-no, not exactly that. But she did say she wished she could do something to make you happy."

"Which is quite a different thing. Make me happy! The impertinence of her!"

Leigh frowned at her over his cup. He was really annoyed with her. "She didn't mean to be impertinent at all," he said. "She's a kind-hearted little soul and she knows you're alone in the world—"

"And that I have a little money and am on the verge of the grave."

Leigh burst out: "Heavens! Do you really think that girl—or her father either, for that matter—care a hoot about your money? Why, even I can read human nature better than that. Don't you suppose they'd have been fawning on you and toadying to you long before this if it had been your money they were after? They haven't been near you for twelve years and then you had to ask them."

"Well," Amelia said meekly, "perhaps I am wrong." She got slowly to her feet, being careful to avoid his angry eyes. "But they are as poor as church mice. It would be only natural—"

"Not for people like that."

Amelia conceded dubiously that he might be right and that she might as well go and pick Manon's roses before the sun got too high. "I was going to send Emil in with them but today is market day and he'll be pretty busy. You'll be driving to Paris sometime during the day, I suppose?"

"You knew I planned to spend this last day with you," he said. "But of course, if there's no one else, I'll be glad to take them."

"No hurry. I'll fix them up in wet newspaper. Perhaps you could run in while I'm resting after tea," she said and went out, her felt slippers making no sound, her stick clump-clumping along the hall, her scheming old heart clump-clumping in triumphant unison.

LEIGH WOULD have been astonished if he had realized that Amelia knew him quite as well as he flattered himself he knew her. He would have been appalled if he had known that, despite the three thousand miles which separated them three-quarters of the year, she knew almost as much about his daily life as the people who shared it. And he would have been deeply grieved if he had known with what pain and anxiety she had watched her own dear boy "going to the dogs."

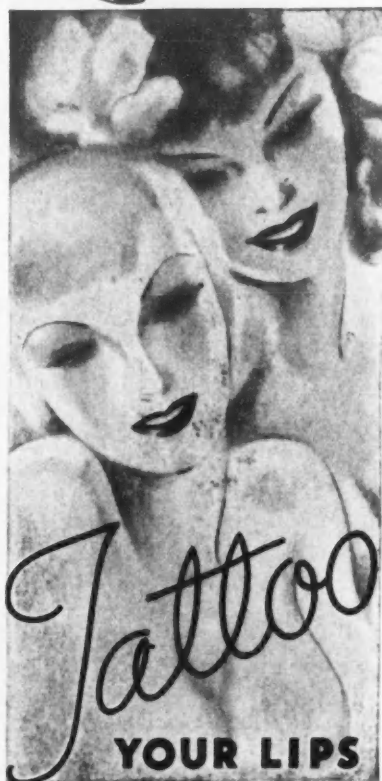
Not that Leigh was going to the dogs. He had the failings of his time and generation and the money to indulge them. He had the worldliness and the cynicism and irreverence of a young man for whom everything had come a little too easily. He had never touched the depths of life because he had found the surface too pleasant. But beneath old Amelia Kinhurst's mask of cynic indifference lay a sage and austere spirit. She knew that no man ever yet found permanent happiness floating on the surface of life. She had grown more and more troubled for Leigh's future. Like most old-fashioned

(Continued on page 77)

NEXT MONTH!

Cavalcade at Rideau Hall

The enthralling stories of the fifteen women who have, as wives of our Governors General, reigned as chateaines at Rideau Hall.



with transparent South Sea
red instead of coating
them with pastey lipstick

Stolen from a tropical paradise . . . the allure-wise South Sea maiden's own secret of luscious, exciting lips. Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible color . . . instead of pastey coating. TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then pat it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, tempting red that only time can remove . . . and that will actually soften your lips instead of drying them. Five South Sea shades . . . each aglow with reckless adventure! Make your choice at the TATTOO Color Selector by testing all five on your own skin.

\$1.10 At all toilet
goods counters

CORAL • EXOTIC • NATURAL • PASTEL • HAWAIIAN

TATTOO

PUT IN ON . . . LET IT SET . . . PAT IT OFF
ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

New Tricks in Children's Togs



Sizes and requirements will be found on page 69.

COMING SOON TO YOUR HOME

THE NuBONE Charm Specialist

Open your door to new freedom from figure faults and discomforts. Greet your neighborhood NuBone corsetiere. She is a skilled figure stylist who brings you the result of her company's twenty-seven years of specialization in molding the feminine figure to natural, healthful charm and grace. She will gladly give you a free individual figure analysis right

in your home and will help you to achieve style personality with the comfort obtainable only with the exclusive NuBone woven wire stay. Grant her the courtesy of an interview when she calls at your home. You will profit by her experience and skill.

An excellent opportunity is offered capable, ambitious women. Ask for details.



The NuBONE CORSET CO.
of CANADA, LTD.
St. Catharines • Ontario, Canada

The clear-toned bloom of Beauty



Woodbury's Beauty Creams possess within themselves
the power to stay germ-free
—help protect skin against blemish, dryness

How gloriously refreshing to tired spirits, faces...a beauty session with Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream! So smooth, so cool and fragrant against your cheek! And then a moment later, in your mirror—a new you! Your skin immaculate, radiantly fresh, protected against dryness and blemish—ready to face your own admiring world!

Dip your finger tips into the jar with confidence. No germs defile this luscious beauty cream! Germs, which often cause surface bacterial infections that blemish the skin, cannot live or breed in Woodbury's Creams.

Gives active aid against blemish

Germs are everywhere—even in fresh air, on everything you touch. Your very finger tips may be laden with germs, as you apply cold cream to your face. But there is less danger that germs will invade some tiny break in your skin to cause a blemish when you use Woodbury's. For a new scientific element in Woodbury's Cold Cream destroys germs which may enter the jar, and inhibits germ-growth on the skin itself.

No matter how long the cream is exposed, it stays germ-free to the very last. 109 dermatologists who tested it say Woodbury's Cold Cream gives needed protection to sensitive skins, helps to keep beauty secure against blemish for every type of skin.

And, of course, Woodbury's Cold Cream is perfect for the dry skin. For Element 576 is

incorporated in it to aid in combating skin dryness...in keeping the skin moist and fresh.

A fragrant foundation cream

Before you don your make-up, protect your skin against the ravages of wind and dust with Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream. It is a delightful foundation for rouge and powder, and guards against blemish, too.

Luckily, the prices of these fine beauty creams are well within your budget. Only 50c, 25c, 15c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes. Or if you'd like to sample these lovely creams first, just send the coupon below.



FREE! Two Germ-free Beauty Creams

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 727, Perth, Ontario.

Please send me, free, generous sample tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, enough in each sample for several applications. Also important booklet on how to use these creams in the famous Woodbury treatment. (Paste coupon on penny postcard or mail in envelope—NOW!)

Name _____

Address _____

• AVOID IMITATIONS....Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury Ltd., on all Woodbury products.

MADE IN CANADA



The "Mousey" Type Can be Triumphant

by JANET PARKER, Member of the Woodbury Staff of Scientists.

IN A WORLD of push and bustle where "the best man wins," it is often easier to resign oneself to a minor rôle. "Let others take the spotlight," you can almost hear the mousey type of woman say. All she asks is to keep her cloak of modesty intact, and to go her way peacefully and untouched by any form of artifice or sham.

Yet if she could but realize it, this type of woman has the most versatile personality of any. The Latin type, the Titian type, are, perhaps, far more striking. But their appearance is so pronounced that they must keep strictly to the pattern or risk destroying their charm. The woman who seems colorless and drab at first impression has potentialities for heightening her charm from the mood of a lullaby to the quick staccato of a modern dance tune.

First, let me draw a simple word picture of you "mousey" women. The picture is not entirely flattering, but neither is that of any type when shorn of the flattering details of dress and make-up and the light of excitement from her eyes. To begin with, you are probably thin and colorless. Your personality is negative. No brilliance or highlighting at all. Yet you are capable of a delicate misty charm, like a neutral toned water-color. Your features are good, your figure is slight and well-proportioned. Your skin, while usually clear, is sallow looking, almost muddy. Your eyes are pale blue-grey. And your hair, which in your babyhood was your golden glory, is now lank and lustreless, mouse-fair, straight and rather thin. Your age—somewhere in the middle

zone of life between thirty-five and forty.

There's the raw material. How can you mold yourself into a beautiful, enchanting individual who will softly insinuate your way into people's hearts rather than boldly take those hearts by storm?

The Hair

LET'S START with your hair. It really is a lovely shade when you've first shampooed it. A bit difficult to handle and at the mercy of every breeze that blows. But far better to keep it beautifully clean and soft, if a trifle unruly, than more manageable and oily and drab. Shampoo it every week with a coconut oil or a liquid Castile soap, and rinse it well with lemon juice or even, preferably, with a new lemon rinse product which comes in tablet form and, when dissolved in water, cuts the soap curds and leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

If you insist on having a permanent wave, be sure that the waves are wide-spaced and as natural as possible, for your type of hair does not look well tightly curled. Many women of your type wear their hair parted in the middle and drawn back in a loose knot at the neck with flattering effect. This coiffure adds to the restful, reposeful expression you'll try to achieve in your face.

At no time will you want to go in for an elaborate hairdress. For lovely as it may look for an hour or two, soon hairpins will be slipping out and ringlets will unwind to scraggly wisps. However you dress your hair, let simplicity be the keynote.

[Continued on page 50]

New hope for thousands of "mid-betweens"
who think they have to play a nondescript
role in a world of many beautiful women



Triple Transformation in Mid-Season

A three-way Wardrobe . . . inspired by one girl with one frock

HOCUS-POCUS ABRACADABRA! And a one-dress girl has suddenly become three altogether different, glamorous people. Of course it's a trick, but isn't it the kind of black magic you'd like to perform yourself, without benefit of mirrors, wires or false-bottomed baskets?

In all three poses the same simple, basic dress is shown. It's of satin-faced crêpe, gored after the new fashion, waist to hem. The long sleeves have tiny buttons, the belt is self-material, and there's a plain little up-or-down collar. Simple as can be.

For morning? We suggest the slightly mad sports ensemble on the far right, with a shiny, patent leather belt (almost a cummerbund) knotted pirate fashion at the side, and a gallant gypsy scarf of scarlet, polka-dotted in white. There's a tiny white feather on the black sport derby, and a large black patent bag.

Turning suddenly glamorous for tea, we substitute two shaggy, velvet-centred chrysanthemums, in white, with white kid gloves, high-cuffed, and a wide suede belt, metal-chained black suede bag and suede shoes. The white turban is tucked to a peaked crown.

Dignity for dinner becomes apparent in the collar and cuff ensemble of deep ecru—copy of an Alençon—worn jabot effect, with tiny black crêpe bow. This takes black suede six-button gloves, suede shoes—sandals would be perfect—and a new French hat of glittering straw fabric, with a cocktail veil of net.

Three smart changes for a smart girl; it's a first *Châtelaine* feature in a new fashion series.

The photographic composition is presented through the co-operation of the Robert Simpson Company, Toronto. Basic dress, all accessories and model from Simpson's.—*Photograph by Milne.*



The 8th WOMAN

.... gets more out of life

Eight million women have had to always consider the time of month in making an engagement—carefully avoiding any strenuous activities on certain days.

Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom simply because they have accepted the aid of Midol. This tiny white tablet, is the reason for the eighth woman's poise and comfort at this time.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading your regular life, gloriously free from periodic pain and the old discomfort.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says

is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And the smallest degree of relief you might get from Midol means a great deal to your comfort.

Midol is taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so a couple of tablets should see you through your worst day.

Get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case—they are usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 907 Elliott St., Windsor, Ont., brings a trial box in plain wrapper.



ALWAYS HERSELF—That enviable woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) and whose spirits never seem to droop! She is apt to be that eighth woman who is smart enough to use Midol.

DEBUNKING THE MOTHER MYTH

(Continued from page 4)

down, but the family has borrowed and connived to continue to live in a smart neighborhood and keep up the same social life. She obviously dresses expensively.

What will she do with such a mother? Try to get her to re-establish her home within her means, on an honest basis. Start all over again before—in Betty's case—the lie pattern becomes set.

Betty's mother is followed by another woman—older, dressed as if she had no interest in herself, sad-faced, thin—who has waited to see the doctor.

"I want to have another child," she confides in Dr. Elmore. "Do you think I should?"

She says that her first child had been killed six years ago, at the age of five, by falling from a tree, and that her life—that of her husband to some extent—and certainly their life together had been wrecked. She has not been able to overcome her grief, has sunk into a morose state of self-pity and physical illness. She has lost all interest in herself and her home. Her husband has drifted away from her and spends his evenings at night clubs with one woman and another. She has decided to do something desperate to change things—perhaps to have a child.

Dr. Elmore tells her in no uncertain terms that she has no right to have another child. The woman is quite staggered at such an answer; hasn't every woman the right to have a child? Certainly not, says Dr. Elmore. She tells her that she has some hard work to do before she can rate motherhood.

"It belongs to the ancient myth," Dr. Elmore says, "this idea that every woman is entitled to have a child, and, along with that idea, that naturally she will be a good mother. Certain women most surely should not have children."

The women she would bar from motherhood are:

The woman who doesn't love her husband, and who isn't reasonably sure of the continuity of her marriage.

The woman who doesn't love children.

The woman who is unhappy, looking for a child to make her happy.

The woman who is idle and disappointed and discontented.

The woman who wants a child as a means of holding her husband.

TO HER "Mothers of Today" Dr. Elmore puts it like this:

"You owe your child—

"A sound mind in a sound body. (You chose your mate.)

"An environment of cleanliness, order and harmony, whether it is in a fine home or a few rooms created out of one end of a hen-house.

"Space in which to grow and develop; his own room in which to sleep and play and keep his toys.

"Independence and self-reliance.

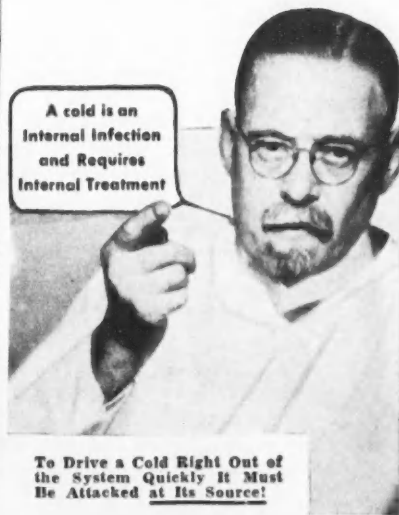
"A concept of work—an avenue of self-expression, of the satisfaction of things accomplished, and the necessary training in seeing a thing through.

"A concept of truth and honor and integrity.

"A philosophy of life that will enable him to stand alone."

Most of these mothers, she says, are no-end daring as to the physical needs of their youngsters. They feed them carrots and bananas and chops while grandmothers gasp, put them out to sleep in subzero weather, let them cry without batting an eye. She has pretty good evidence that they propose to be as scientific about their emotional and psychological needs.

Don't Fool Around with a COLD!



DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is more lost time from gainful work traceable to the so-called "common cold" than to any other reason.

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It gets at a cold in the right way, from the inside!

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold.

First, it opens the bowels.

Second, it combats the infection in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and fever.

Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

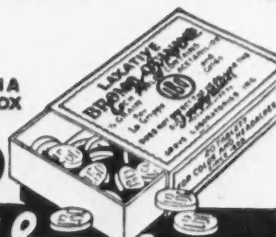
Be Sure—Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—30c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its dependability in the treatment of colds. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

123

THEY'RE IN A WHITE BOX



Grove's
Laxative
BROMO QUININE

believe it was Kalla's crude brain which attempted to thrust the guilt upon the toper Travnik!"

"What makes you so sure of that?" Palacky asked curiously.

"Many things. The murder itself. I grant you, Kalla *might* have carried it out, as far as the stabbing went, but would he have cut off the woman's head? A man of his nature stabs in anger from a wish for revenge, and at the sight of blood the fire goes out of him and he turns to flight. We would have picked him out of a thicket in the forest, half starved. And that is where our murderer's characterization departed from type. Our murderer needed the Baroness's head for his purposes. And besides, 230,000 krone are still missing. Where is the money? In my estimation, you can tear the Kalla house apart brick by brick without finding it. The murderer intends to keep that portion for his own use."

"You're sure of your figures?"

"Positive."

HOW ABOUT the murder of Dr. Albrecht?"

"Now you've come to that. The murder of Dr. Albrecht is going to be our murderer's undoing."

"You believe it was done by the same man who killed the Baroness?"

"Why not? We find in it the same instinct for concealing traces, the same absence of any definite clue other than the murderer's behavior."

"If there are no traces, how do you expect the crime to be the murderer's undoing?"

"Because I think the traces will appear, just as they did in the companion murder, planted on some plausible suspect—and I am waiting to see where. Our man's weak spot is his proclivity for thrusting off his guilt upon the shoulders of a scapegoat; even in his mythical murder by the prisoner Kalla, he had Kalla follow the same instinct. Who will be the unfortunate upon whom suspicion is cast this time? Will the missing bullet come to view? If so, its appearance will probably give me the final clue to the true murderer's identity."

"Have you any idea where the thing will bob up?"

"Not the least. Perhaps the murderer himself doesn't know yet. I get the impression that the Albrecht murder was not a planned affair, but that our killer was surprised in the tower, and instead of inventing a hasty story to explain his presence, was carried away by his nerves and fired without consideration. Now, he's got to find someone on whom to plant the crime, and he's in the fix of having to plant it on a different person than the man accused of murder number one. That will be difficult. If he had really *wanted* to kill the Doctor, he would have arranged the affair in such a way that suspicion fell upon the same individual in both cases. But the prisoner Kalla is hardly a possibility for the murder in the tower; his nature and social status don't fit in with knowledge of the secret stairways of an aristocratic Schloss. Perhaps the murderer, if he is a true genius of crime, will even plant the bullet on himself, to throw our suspicions in someone else's direction!"

Palacky lit a cigarette. "Till," he exclaimed, "for a policeman, you sometimes display exceptional intelligence! You might even fit into Foreign Office work. And since you've gone so far, can't you give us a tip as to the murderer's identity? You've got personal suspicions, of course?"

"My suspicions are no better than yours. But I can describe him to you—sharp, resourceful, ambitious, cold-blooded, with an intimate acquaintance with the people of this village, knows their habits, personalities and the most minute details of their daily living. No one suspects him. He is cool in danger, bold to a fault. He's a man at whom at least two watchdogs in this village do not bark—the watchdog here at the Schloss and the dog belonging to the prisoner Kalla. We may argue that he has a particular attraction toward, or power over, dogs."

"Sakra! What color is his hair? Does he wear suspenders? I'm blessed if it doesn't sound like my old friend Otho von Popperthal, after all! Or the servant Anton?"

Till stood up. "It's time we went and had something to eat. I'll be glad when I get back to the city and can get a decent luncheon."

NOTHING COULD have pleased Till more than the opportunity to assemble all the principal figures of his human drama under one roof, so that he could, metaphorically, jog fate's elbow and further the climactic events which he hoped would reveal guilt and innocence in the mysteries at Schloss Popperthal.

The arrested fugitives arrived by motor car at about three o'clock, Otho sitting in dejected weariness, the "King" aloof and haughty, under a heavy guard of plainclothes men. The corpulent Commissar questioned the two briefly in the office of the Schloss, but his examination was a matter of formality, and almost at once he allowed them to go to the rest of which both were in greatest need—under guard.

It was a strange afternoon. The house was quiet with an oppressive hush, silenced by the shadow of death, gripped by a mysterious destiny—an invisible hand which had struck unfailingly, and whose menace still hung over Schloss Popperthal and all its inhabitants.

The old Baron lay white and still upon his military bed in his high military room, breathing with difficulty. Who could say what thoughts went on inside the long narrow skull with its drawn parchment skin and its growth of white whisker? Did he speculate upon man's fate and his own destiny—he, who had seen so many die, who had faced steel and known the sound of bullets?

Till sat surrounded by paper, preparing his reports, deep in concentration upon the task. Meantime Palacky lounged in a bench on the lawn, devoting himself to mellow enjoyment of the view, his glance flickering again and again to the window behind which his royal prisoner slept.

Agnes caught sight of the Count from time to time as she moved about her room, and each time she shuddered. Together with her aunt, she was packing trunks and suitcases—a dismal occupation into which she could put no heart.

A drowsy numbness had settled over the building, the apathy that follows too great a strain. Flies buzzed against the windows; the shadows grew long across the lawn and fields. The only moving figures were those of a gendarme reporting for watch duty, or a peasant carrying out a task. The cook, busy preparing the evening meal, had almost forgotten her frights and was unconsciously humming a melancholy hymn when the episodes of final terror occurred. She was halfway between stove and table as, somewhere within the Schloss, someone fired a pistol—a sharp violent crash of explosive which brought everyone running into the halls. Except the cook, who crawled under the table and threw her apron over her head.

Till stormed up the stairway with an agility amazing in a man of his bulk, his belly jouncing violently and his hand clutching a police revolver. Geoffrey met him at the stairhead, pointing toward Otho's room and shouting: "In there!"

Within the room there were sounds of furious struggle—chairs overturned, a lamp hurled to the floor and a sharp smashing of glass and metal. Till and Geoffrey burst open the door to find the interior in a twilight of drawn blinds, with three men rolling over and over in indistinguishable combat.

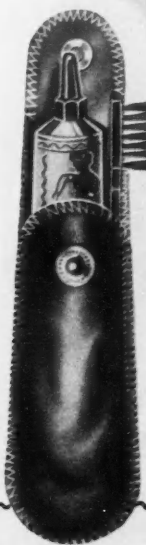
Geoffrey leaped to the window-shades, and the yellow afternoon sun poured across the floor, identifying the strugglers as Otho von Popperthal, the servant Anton, and Corporal Gritz. The pistol was in the hands of the Corporal, who was making desperate efforts to point it at the manservant. Otho von Popperthal had hold of the gendarme's wrist, forcing it upward with all his strength and fighting for possession of the weapon. Anton, his eyes dilated with mortal fear, was hitting out indiscriminately to protect himself and assist his master.

As the room filled with people, the battling men were brought to their feet and

Tattoo YOUR EYELASHES

This new cream mascara needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

Beauty authorities—and women everywhere—are praising TATTOO, the new cream mascara that actually keeps lashes silken-soft instead of making them brittle. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; far easier to apply than cake mascaras. Simply squeeze TATTOO out of the tube onto the brush, whisk it over your lashes and there they are . . . dark, lustrous and lovely, appearing to be twice their actual length! Can't smart. Absolutely harmless. Cry or swim all you like; TATTOO won't run or smear! TATTOO your eyelashes once and you'll never go back to old fashioned mascara. In smart, rubber lined satin vanity, with brush.



60c
BLACK
BROWN
BLUE

TATTOO
CREAM MASCARA

for HEADACHE
and other pains



DR. CHASE'S
PARADOL



YOUR TEETH are in danger, no matter how well they look and feel. Decay may already have begun!

The Danger Zones: The process of decay usually begins either in tiny fissures or other defects in the enamel, or in the spaces between the teeth, or in areas where teeth meet gums.

Here food particles are caught, fermentation sets in and forms acids that may eat through the enamel and deep into the teeth and inflame the gums.

Once decay begins, bacteria aid the destruction and may lead to poisoning of vital organs.

Squibb Dental Cream is an alkaline dentifrice. It combines in one preparation safe cleansing and polishing properties with non-irritant alkaline properties. It promotes the health and beauty of the teeth and gums the safe way.

Errors in diet may be concerned in tooth-decay. Your dentist will advise you how to guard the health and nutrition of your teeth and gums by maintaining a proper diet.

Try the Squibb Plan, as a good health-insurance for every member of the family: Consult your dentist at least once every six months. Thoroughly brush the teeth and gums with SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM after each meal; or at least in the morning, after breakfast, and at night before retiring. Begin today!

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS OF CANADA, LIMITED
36 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Canada

The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker.



THE BARONESS'S HEAD

(Continued from page 18)

killed her, and you signed your name to a confession. Why do you change your story now?"

"I knew they would keep on beating me until I said what they wanted. I'm no fool."

"If you didn't kill the Baroness von Popperthal, how does it happen that you had her head, and a large sum of money stolen from her?"

"That was my money."

"It was not yours. It was in a packet with her name on it."

"It was mine. I found it."

"Kalla, how could you have found it?"

"I tell you the truth. I found the money and the head."

"Where?"

"Right in front of my house."

"When?"

"When I came home late with my deer."

"If an innocent man finds such things, he turns them over to the police. You killed the Baroness, just as you killed the deer."

"Who would believe me if I brought such things to the police? They would come and search my house, and find my deer, and beat me and throw me into prison. And the money was mine. I found it on my doorstep. Why should I show the money to the police? They would take it away from me, and never give it back. They've stolen it now."

"Kalla, the sum of 330,000 krone was stolen from the Baroness von Popperthal. A packet containing 100,000 krone was found in your attic. What did you do with the rest of the money?"

"All the money that I found, I hid in my attic."

"Did you count the money?"

A treacherous look came into the man's eyes. "I don't know any more about the money. You are all thieves. You steal from me and from each other."

"Why did you kill Dr. Albrecht?"

"I didn't kill Dr. Albrecht."

"Kalla, what did you do with your gloves?"

"Gloves?"

"The gloves you wore when you murdered the Baroness von Popperthal? Where are they?"

"I have no gloves. I am poor. In winter my hands stay cold. I didn't murder the Baroness von Popperthal."

"Kalla, what did you do with the rest of the money?"

The prisoner relapsed into a dogged, weary silence.

WHEN TILL and Palacky were left alone, Palacky was soberer than usual. "That man is certainly a candidate for a funeral at public expense," he said. "Just a minute—that sounds like a bit of amusement outside. A dog fight, if I'm not mistaken." Both men turned to the window.

The prisoner Kalla, a gendarme on either hand, was being conducted to the motor car which had brought him to Till's examination. The Schloss watchdog, hair on end, was growling savagely, stopping to bark in angry fury and all but throttling himself against his collar. In the face of the dog, Kalla was visibly nervous and afraid, and one of the gendarmes addressed him harshly in words indistinguishable for the turmoil. Anton entered the office, carrying a silver tray with several cigars which the detective had ordered from the village.

"What's wrong with the dog?" Till enquired.

"It's Kalla, sir. The dog can't stand him. It's been that way ever since he was a pup. The man's afraid of him—won't come anywhere near the place unless he has to. The dog barks like mad if he sees the fellow half a kilometre away across the fields."

As the servant departed, Till's forehead creased with concentrated thought, but the expression of strain which had been about his face, had been replaced by one of clearing vision and purpose.

"We were talking about the prisoner—why do you think he is innocent?" he asked Palacky abruptly.

"Isn't it curious that he is *not* one of those at whom our doggy wags his tail and purrs? But I'd be more interested in hearing your own reasoning. I take it you've come to one of those deductions which make a detective's profession so mysterious to simpler mortals like myself?"

"It's the thing I've been waiting for," admitted Till grimly. "One fact, one bit of positive knowledge—and on it I can see my completed chain of evidence; I can draw a picture of the murderer, and it doesn't fit the prisoner Kalla. It is simply impossible that he should have committed our murders. And yet"—he sighed—"I don't know who's guilty. But let me theorize."

Palacky cocked an attentive ear.

"The Baroness's murderer decided to impersonate a man of crude passions and animal slyness—I think he had the poacher Kalla in mind as his scapegoat from the beginning—so that all his actions were determined by the attempt to be faithful to his type."

"He decided to mutilate the victim and take away her head. Why? Certainly to give an impression of animal rage and butchery. My first suspicions that this was artificial were aroused by the fact that we found no fingerprints, none of the numerous bloody clues to the murderer's identity ordinarily everywhere in crimes of passionate violence. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred such crimes are carried out in a blind lust in which the murderer has no thought for covering his traces."

"We found a crude attempt to cast suspicion upon the drunkard, Travnik—an attempt which made an impression on the gendarmerie, but carried no weight with people like the villagers who knew the personality of the suspect. Of course it was possible that Travnik had committed the murder, but improbable. The man had been in a drunken stupor all night, quite unable to climb ladders or do any other similar gymnastics, much less sever a woman's head. And he was found with his hands smeared with blood—with hands like that he would have left bloody fingerprints all over the room, though we found none."

"Why was this attempt to throw suspicion upon an innocent person so crude? Because the murderer wished us to believe that he was a man of limited mentality. He felt we would see through his subterfuge and seek further, and he wished to divert us so that we looked for a stupid man instead of a clever one."

"Now came the most brilliant stroke of all. Leaving the knife by the drunkard's side, the fellow went on and deposited a bundle in front of the door of the Kalla cottage—a bundle containing, first, 100,000 Czechoslovakian krone, and second, the head of the Baroness von Popperthal."

"Why did he do that? Would it not have been wiser to bury the evidence himself, in a place where it threw suspicion upon Kalla? How could he be sure that Kalla would not take the bundle straight to the police and tumble all his carefully conceived plans into a cocked hat?"

"Our murderer reckoned upon the temperament of the man he was dealing with. He knew that Kalla would become his involuntary accomplice and be the person upon whom suspicion fell. Kalla's dreadful need of money was the dominating force of his life. Kalla, hungry, Bolshevik, must find it impossible to give up a fortune of 100,000 krone. Kalla, just in from poaching and with the body of a freshly killed deer in his possession, would never go to the police in a matter which, as a point of pure routine, would lead to a search of his house. And Kalla, true to form, actually did the murderer's dirty work and is sitting now in the confinement which should be the murderer's. The village was ready to declare Kalla guilty, even without evidence. And people



If your general resistance is built up!

Common winter ills may not be serious, but they are certainly uncomfortable to have. And this is *one of the peak months* for them. Experts say that they occur more frequently, and last longer in January and February than any other time.

Like many other people your general *resistance* is likely to be low, after a winter of indoor living. You may not get enough air, and rest, and sunshine.

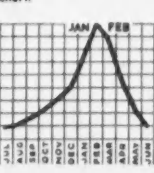
If you feel the need for some resistance-building measure, begin *before* winter ills bother you. Start with *Adex* today! You may be spared discomfort later.

Adex provides Vitamin A, which contributes more than any other vitamin toward building good general resistance. It also contains Vitamin D, insufficiently supplied by sunshine, and needed from some other source, at this time of year.

Each *Adex* capsule provides *not less* than 6600 units of Vitamin A and 1320 units of Vitamin D, enough to *more* than take care of your daily needs. And the vitamins in *Adex* are obtained exclusively from *natural* fish oils, like cod and halibut liver oil.

Begin with *Adex* capsules *now*, and keep on taking them every day. At any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart.



ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

DREAM OUT OF DUST

(Continued from page 17)

traveller's night so long ago had she preserved—a small printed page explaining the theme of one of the gramophone records. At the top of the page was a picture entitled:

EASTCHESTER CATHEDRAL

"In this cathedral is the great organ which made for you the record 'Jerusalem the Golden.'"

She had kept this page in the bottom of the trunk which she had brought with her the day of her marriage to Herman. Afternoons when Herman was out in the fields the page came from its hiding place. It was a symbol, a link, frail and tenuous, with the outer world. How she had gazed at the perfect tower, the great window, the pointed arches—all the delicacy of perfection she could feel even without understanding.

The descriptive matter below the picture told her that the great building was a perfect example of Gothic which the builders had begun centuries ago. It was a visible symbol of the ecstasy of a people released from generations of feudal oppression. A whole people had united in an outpouring of devotion and sacrifice that the mighty building might rise and declare for ever the faith of its founders.

The grey building rose from a setting of ancient trees, its tower reflected in placid water. Swans floated in the dark shadows beneath an arched bridge.

The words explaining the cathedral were memorized from much reading and the details of the picture were stamped indelibly upon her mind. In the early days of the prairie spring when the tireless winds swept the fields, she held steadily to the mental picture of swans motionless on unruffled waters. When dust storms hid both fields and sky and whipped her skirts viciously, she thought of the shelter of the green hedges and old trees.

Trees, she remembered now, had been another subject of disagreement with Herman. The magazine which she suspected him of stopping, had pictured alluring vistas of lawns and gardens. She had dreamed over these fascinating possibilities in the earlier years. She had urged the planting of trees and protecting hedges, but Herman had not been able to see it her way. Such things meant work in the busy spring, and work which brought no money return. Besides good land would be permanently debarred from crop production.

It had always been Herman's custom to plow his fields almost to the door of the house that no useful foot of land might be idle. Her long struggle for a wide yard of grass had been useless. Dust blowing from the bare spring fields penetrated every part of the house. Clothes, dishes, tables, window ledges, shelves, pillows—everywhere the thick film of dust. Even the food gritted of dust, and dust slid over the sides of the pans along with the skimming of the cream. Every spring came weeks of warfare with the dust, and in dry springs it was hopeless. Perhaps a grass yard might not have made much difference anyway.

WELL, IT was all over now—all the futile struggles for trees and grass, for music and pictures, for a touch of something the endless prairies had not been able to give. Let some younger strength carry on the insatiable production of wheat. Let them give the years of their youth as she had done. Mary Miller was through.

It was surprising how quickly and efficiently she went about the work that had to be done. She felt almost guilty over the speed with which she worked. It seemed as it she had planned just what must be done

even before Herman's passing. She had often heard Herman boasting:

"Zeb Overhall would like to get a hold of this farm," or, "Grasshopper Jones made me some offers on the West quarter."

Now she remembered these things as if she had stored them away for a time of need. When the farm was sold and an auctioneer had shouted his way through the long list of stock and machinery and the shabby bits of house furniture, she took her money and notes and agreements to Andrew Slater, her very old friend of post office days. He shrewdly counselled her to buy annuities—a sum, not large but sufficient, would be paid to her monthly as long as she lived.

When all the business was complete she went for her meagre personal belongings. Already the farm seemed to have taken on an air of strangeness as if conscious of its new ownership. Another layer of dust had settled through the house and the bare rooms made lonely echoes. Ollie Zither, passing with his wagon, took her way from the farm for the last time. Not once, as they crept past the familiar fields, did Mary Miller turn to gaze at the place she had once called home.

She knew the cathedral of her dreams stood in England and toward distant England she made her way.

THE FIRST morning at sea was disconcerting, breath-taking. The ship was a speck in the midst of a terrifying, endless waste of water. She clutched the knob of a door and gazed with a strange, lost sensation at water, only water that never ended. There were sloughs on the prairie in the spring, shallow patches of water a few rods wide. But water that had no shore! A world of water. Surely the boat must slip over some dreadful edge. She went inside again. This was something that must be realized by slow degrees.

She began to notice her own appearance. In the long mirrors she often came suddenly face to face with herself. The meetings were not satisfactory. The first time it had been difficult to believe that the small, stooped woman, almost shabby, was actually herself. How unkempt she must look to the other passengers! In the rush of train travel she had given little thought to her looks, but in the leisurely days on board she had time to think and notice.

She noticed a small party of teachers travelling under the guidance of a professional tourist. The second day one of the teachers spoke to her:

"It's your first time over, isn't it?"

"Yes, the first time anywhere," she admitted.

"So it is for most of us," the other smiled. "I'm Anne Sherbrooke, a teacher. Fifteen of us have an organizer, Professor Murray; he takes over a party every summer."

They talked on for a time. When they met again the next day the teacher said: "I've been thinking about you and how you're going over to look at that cathedral. Would you care to hear Professor Murray? He lectures to us every day about things like that."

"Yes, I'd like that," Mary Miller said eagerly. Then she said doubtfully: "But I guess I couldn't."

"We'd like to have you," Anne Sherbrooke urged. The desire was very great and at last Mary Miller explained slowly: "I'd like to, but I wouldn't feel right. I'm not like the rest of you. I don't look like the others. I'm not very old, not quite fifty. I've got money but I don't know how to fix up." She went on more to herself:

"Nobody cared all those years, on a farm. I kind of forgot about it myself, looks didn't seem to matter much." Then she turned to the other and said again: "But I've got money—I could pay for anything."

"Leave it to me," Anne Sherbrooke urged. "I don't know how much can be done on board. There's a beauty parlor, of course," she began thinking. "I believe I have it. Some of us haven't travelled much before; we've brought far too much stuff—clothes, I mean. I'm sure I can find something." Then as she saw Mary Miller's alarm: "It would be a kindness if you would buy a few

To Ease Acid Indigestion in a Few Minutes



Virtually Immediate Alkalization of Disturbed Stomach This Way

You can relieve even the most annoying symptoms of acid stomach in almost as little time, now, as it takes to tell.

The answer is quick and simple: You alkalize your stomach almost instantly this way:

Take—Two teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia 30 minutes after meals. OR — take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets; each of which contains the exact equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid form.

That's all you do. Relief comes in a few minutes. Your stomach is alkalized—sweetened, soothed. Nausea, upset distress disappear. It's wonderful and amazing.

Why Results Come So Fast

Results come fast because Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is a natural alkalizer of stomach acids . . . rated as among the most potent science has yet discovered.

SIGNS WHICH OFTEN INDICATE "ACID STOMACH"

PAIN AFTER EATING	FREQUENT HEADACHES
INDIGESTION	FEELING OF WEAKNESS
NAUSEA	SLEEPLESSNESS
LOSS OF APPETITE	MOUTH ACIDITY
AUTO-INTOXICATION	SOUR STOMACH

People everywhere, who are urged to keep their stomach alkalized, are finding this out. It makes an almost incredible difference in the way your stomach feels.

Try it. Get a bottle of the liquid Phillips' for home use. A box of the Phillips' tablets that you can carry with you in pocket or purse — only 25¢ for a big box. Watch out that any you accept is clearly labeled "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

MADE IN CANADA



NOW, ALSO IN TABLET FORM

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

TRIPPED OVER TOYS AND HURT HER BACK



**But Absorbine Jr.
relieved grandmother's pain**

"YOU never can tell when an accident's going to happen," says Mrs. P. N.*

"Only last week, my seventy-year-old mother fell over Tommy's toys and had a heavy fall.

"We heard her cry out and when we picked her up she complained about a sharp pain in her back.

"No bones broken, thank goodness! So we got the Absorbine Jr. and rubbed it into the sore spots. Really it was remarkable how soon the pain left and she felt all right again."

For years this remarkable old liniment has been the good friend of countless families. There's nothing like it for sore muscles, muscular aches, sprains and bruises. Kills the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, too. And costs very little—because a little goes so far. All druggists', \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

*Based on actual letter from our files

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
242 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Canada
Gentlemen: I should like personally to test Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
(Print name and address)

ABSORBINE JR.

(MADE IN CANADA)

Relieves sore muscles, bruises,
muscular aches, sprains,
Athlete's Foot

separated, breathing heavily and ordering their disarranged garments.

"Who fired that shot?" Till demanded.

"I did," panted Gritz. "Prisoner resisted arrest. I charge the man Anton with the murder of Dr. Albrecht. If Herr von Popperthal knew the truth, he wouldn't be so ready to shield him."

Anton twisted violently against restraining hands in a renewed attempt to reach the Corporal.

"He knew I had my eye on him," denounced Gritz, "and that sooner or later I'd get him. So he tried to throw the guilt on to somebody else—he came into this room to plant the evidence which would send Herr von Popperthal to the hangman in his place. Look in that coat!"

Till's fingers were already searching in the side pocket of Otho's leather jacket, which hung over the back of a chair. With a sound of satisfaction the detective extracted the item which he had expected to discover—a flattened, misshapen bit of metal, the bullet which had taken Dr. Albrecht's life.

Von Popperthal was speechless with astonishment. Anton's voice rose in shrill agitation. "Lies!" he screamed. "Lies! I never killed the Doctor!"

"Prisoner, tell the truth!" roared Gritz.

Till's mind had been working with lightning rapidity fitting the latest evidence into the sum total of his knowledge concerning the crimes at Schloss Popperthal. A bland, almost savage smile lightened his face as he turned from the hysterical prisoner to the man who had made the arrest.

"Congratulations!" he said to the Gendarmerie Corporal with a cordial grip. "You have delivered us a most important bit of evidence—my compliments! I will see that you are rewarded accordingly. Please wait downstairs until I call you. I want to record your work for particular mention in Prague."

TILL'S BEHAVIOR during the next hour was quite extraordinary. Instead of proceeding directly to the cross-examination of the new prisoner, he gave orders in a rapid fire of decision and execution which astonished even those subordinates who were most familiar with his energy once he was certain of his case.

During these few minutes the detective was interrupted by Geoffrey, who conveyed an important piece of information involving further evidence as to the servant's guilt. At this confirmation of his own reasoning, Till relaxed to the extent of favoring the young man with an appreciative nod.

A strong squad was left in charge at the Schloss, with detailed instructions to maintain custody of all its inhabitants. With a second strong party of men, including Count Palacky, Till left the house and proceeded to the other side of Katerinka village, to a spot where he carried out a detailed and thorough search with gratifying results.

The material discovered included not only the missing 230,000 krone intact, but a leather wallet belonging to Dr. Albrecht and a miscellaneous collection of booty containing items from most of the neighborhood robberies during the past five years.

"The man is bold as brass!" Palacky ejaculated. "Sakra! I thought I knew a bit about impudence, but this fellow makes me an amateur. But he's got a fame complex, too. He wanted the prominence that would attach to these cases: he'd had enough of obscurity. And he wanted money. Look at the total of the man's thefts! Clever system; remarkable that it worked so long. He kept two-thirds of the loot and planted one-third on whatever poor devil appeared most liable to be suspected by public opinion. The jails must be full of people who are serving time for his little adventures. It was so easy that he went about his murders with a feeling of absolute safety. But there's one thing that still astonishes me."

"What's that?" asked Till.

"That he was able to carry out the first affair so quickly and silently. After all, it isn't the easiest thing in the world to take off a human head. How did he do his work?"

"Not so difficult as you think. In the first place, the old lady trusted him. When he came into her room with his story that there

was a burglar in the house, she believed him and followed his warning to raise no alarm. He came up to her bedside, probably on the pretext of looking under the bed, and before she felt any fear he had stunned her. Remember, the only person near the room, the old Baron, is deaf. As to severing the head, the man has spent his whole life in these country places, where every householder slaughters his own pigs and is experienced in the ways of butcher knife and cleaver."

"And the next night, you think Albrecht surprised him in the tower?"

"Certainly. He'd gone up there to look things over. He found the room empty and was going through the papers in the table drawer when Albrecht came. He shot without reflection. By the way, what are you going to do with your royal trouble-maker?"

Palacky grinned. "I talked to Prague about him this afternoon. Strict discretion is the watchword. His Highness is to be tucked away in a sanatorium. The Government knows nothing of a plot or conspiracy and is unaware of any movement to bring back any branch of the Hapsburg dynasty to the Austrian throne. There has been a harmless lunatic at large, proclaiming himself the sovereign of all Austria."

"Good," grunted Till. "And the Englishman?"

"Twenty-four hours to leave the country. Matter of form. The Government is officially unaware that his presence here was on a mission of espionage. If you ask me, we're chiefly interested in having him return to England as quickly as possible, to give the Foreign Office an immediate and accurate report of the whole affair."

Till nodded. "Well, I think we're ready to go back now and close up the case. I hope to have Major Janska with us: he enjoys our notorious police incompetence so thoroughly."

Major Janska, who had just heard of his Corporal's latest triumph, was waiting at the Schloss when the party arrived. "Come in," invited Till jovially. "You've the very man we're looking for; we're glad of your capable assistance."

The stout Commissar led the way to the office, where he announced that he would first question Otho von Popperthal. At Palacky's suggestion, Till sent word to Geoffrey, asking him to be present at this final session of investigation. The group of men took places about the bare, old-fashioned room, looking expectantly at Otho's weary, haggard face as the young aristocrat entered.

"Herr von Popperthal," Till began, his keen eye looking out from beside the black patch, "will you please tell us exactly what took place in your room this afternoon, so far as you are able?"

"I don't know much about it," Otho answered. "I was dog-tired and lay down as soon as I reached my room. The pistol shot woke me. It was so close that I started up half deafened. In the dim light I could see the figure of a man aiming the gun for a second shot. My only reaction was one of anger at being roused by such an infernal noise in my room. I sprang up and caught hold of the fellow's wrist and discovered that it was Corporal Gritz. Then I saw that there was another man present—Anton."

"A pistol bullet was found in the side pocket of your coat. Did you put the bullet there?"

"No."

"Was it there this morning?"

"No, it was not."

"Are you certain?"

"I emptied the pocket before I lay down. I had Austrian money in it, and I took all the coins out and put them into the drawer of my desk."

"You're positive the pocket was empty?"

"Yes."

"Have you any idea who put the bullet there?"

"No, except that I feel sure it was not Anton."

"How can you be sure?"

"For no definite reason, except that I have known Anton all my life and I cannot imagine him doing such a thing."

[Continued on page 48]

BEWARE OF



that COLD!

Health, time, money — all are imperilled when you allow a cold to hang on.

Root it overnight with Dominion C.B.Q. Tablets — the safe, effective cold remedy that stops a cold promptly and so easy to take — that even children like the taste of these chocolate coated tablets...

1/5 more in every box... 25c at all drug stores.

REMOVE
THE
CAUSE
WITH
SAFETY

"LOOK FOR THE TRAFFIC COP. ON THE LITTLE RED BOX"

DOMINION CBQ TABLETS

STOP A COLD QUICKLY!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



... and all the difference is in the eyes. Transform your eyes into entrancing pools of loveliness, instantly, with Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier. Non-smearing, tear-proof, harmless. Black, Brown or Blue. 75c at all toilet goods counters. Distributed by Palmers, Ltd., Montreal.

Maybelline

MASCARA

GRAY HAIR!

The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Orlex imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

CHARM

CLEANSER

Dishes, Silverware, Cooking Utensils,
Sinks, Bath Tubs, Laundry, Wood-
work, Floors. Softens water instantly.
Results please the most discriminating.

For sale at careful grocers

Manufactured by

22-R

Galt Chemical Products, Ltd., Galt, Ont.

builders of other centuries had made possible. Far, far back their work began in slow toil and labored building. They had poured their all into the great work. Wars and poverty, famine and plague delayed the rising walls and soaring towers. But their spirit kept marching on. New generations and the slow roll of centuries, and other builders labored and children suffered and women emptied their jewels into a common treasury. The towers rose and the windows took on their magic color, and sculptural saints looked down from their lofty niche. What devotion! What sublimity of faith! What triumph of a dream come true!

Suddenly Mary Miller knew that a mir-

acle had come to pass. Her mind was free and clear—washed clean by the waves of sound, purged by the understanding of the spirit of the place wherein she knelt. Compared with these things, how petty were the old differences with Herman! How infinitely small the loss of a few years in a single life! Did she not have all of time still before her? She knew that never again would the old bitter sense of loss trouble her.

She could not remember when the organ had died away. A wonderful silence followed as peaceful and serene as the knowledge of immortality which filled her. She rose from her knees, and again the faith of the ancient builders had triumphed.



Men's Wear for Wives

What the well-dressed man-about-home wears
when he goes out

THERE'S SOMETHING rigid about the masculine mind which makes a complete right-about-face regarding fashions an impossibility. But the hard-fisted sex is gradually being freed of its fixation on colorless togs. For many moons there has been a trace of envy in the apparent scorn with which men have pointed to the whimsicality and unending variety of the feminine wardrobe. Finally, tradition is breaking down, and color seeps into the once invulnerable realm of gentlemen's clothing.

But you can't expect a bank manager to give way to an urge for purple pants, or a doctor to flaunt flaming waistcoats before anaemic patients during office hours. That is, not so long as you have regard for the stability of the monetary system, or the dignity of the medical profession. Obviously the thing has to be done gently, slowly, and with the ponderous unconcern that marks all great masculine projects.

So, safely and decorously, yet not without some sense of high adventure, men are absorbing so innocuous a shade as yellow into their wardrobes. It leaks out in sunny scarves, which lend unexpected dash to circumspect navy topcoats or subdued tweeds. The New Year harvested a heavy crop of such accessories, and the touches of bright color here and there through crowds of people in the streets seem to strike a really courageous note which augurs well for the coming season.

And there's nothing collegiate about the yellow scarf this year. It has the stamp of sedate approval and knows no age limit. For driving, goatskin or pigskin gloves make a useful and helpful companion pair with the scarf.

Just in case you thought yellow was fashion's stepchild and had earned its way only into the sporting world, note the inclusion of the fine wool yellow scarf as an accept-

able substitute for the white silk one, with formal evening clothes. Yellow string gloves would be a suitable choice with this one.

DON'T THINK there's any letting down of convention because of this new note of gaiety. To the contrary. The day of makeshift for formal wear—the tuxedo, for dancing—is done. Whether Fred Astaire and his fashionable "Top Hat" had anything to do with it or not, tails are essential for evening. They're longer, too; trousers are longer, waistlines are shorter and vests shorter. And if you have a secret longing to be a bit of a Beau Brummell without tending to foppishness, you'll be quite in order with a white or red carnation boutonniere. It's a fresh flower season... which goes for corsages. Just a passing suggestion.

Dress ties are longer and narrower, and collars are wider. Black soft snap felts are favorites for dinner wear, with tuxedo or tails. And top hats were never more welcomed in smart circles.

You might add one of those soft English woollen lumberjack-looking shirts for sport. They're in fine checks and plaids, and very jaunty. The new polo shirts, also in fine wool, boast a false front-piece which makes an additional shirt underneath superfluous. You can try one in yellow, if you're bright-minded.

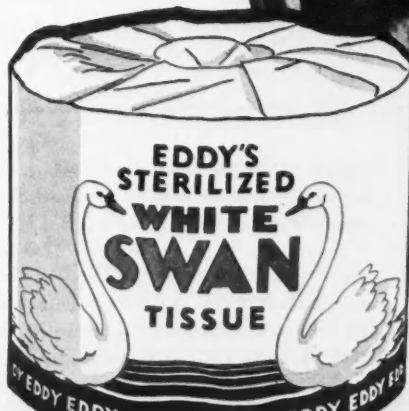
Grandmother's Paisley has found its way into the masculine wardrobe as well as into feminine finery, and shirts are being made in Paisley wool.

The latest in dressing gowns, in soft English wool in subdued patterns, in Paisley or rather gentle plaids, has an ascot scarf attached. It gives the dressing gown a firmer grip on the world of lounging costumes—so important in this busy and lazy world. And think of the smart effect on the man-about-town when he turns man-about-home.

BIRTHRIGHT OF YOUTH

*Buoyant
Health*

PRESERVE IT INTO MANHOOD



STERILIZED...
safe...WHITE
AND VERY SOFT

ASK FOR

Eddy's
QUALITY *tissues*

3 Brunettes



WHICH SHOULD USE



A BLONDE POWDER ?



Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed!

ALL THREE TRUE BRUNETTES—yet no two have skins alike. They can't use the same shade of powder!

The one in the center has that white skin which a brunette powder simply kills. Yet a blonde's favorite shade—Pond's Rose Cream—gives it radiance!

The girl at top knows that her creamy skin sparkles best with Pond's Brunette. While the darker skin below lights up, glows with Pond's Rose Brunette.

It just goes to show—Never be too quick to use "dark" powder, simply because you have dark hair. Always go by your skin...

TO FIND OUT what makes certain skins luminous—others deadly dull!—Pond's analyzed over 200 girls' skin. They discovered that the loveliest creamy skin owed its glow to a hint of sparkling green. While dazzling fair skins had a brilliant blue to thank!

Now Pond's has blended these amazing tints into entirely new shades. No matter what beauty tint your skin lacks, one of the new Pond's shades gives it back to you...

ROSE CREAM gives radiance to fair skins
NATURAL makes blonde skins transparent
BRUNETTE clears, brightens creamy skins
ROSE BRUNETTE warms up dull skins
LIGHT CREAM gives a pearly tone

Pond's Powder has that fine texture which spreads evenly and clings. It comes in glass jars—to "hold" its perfume, to show the shade clearly. Reduced in price, 60¢ size now 50¢. In boxes, 15¢ and 30¢.

FREE 5 Lively New Shades
Mail coupon today
(This offer expires April 1, 1936)

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. B,
167 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Please rush, free, 5 different shades of
Pond's new Powder, enough of each for a
thorough 5-day test.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Province _____

Made in Canada.
All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Ltd.

things. Several know already they have too much to look after."

WHEN Mary Miller next met herself in a mirror she almost doubted her own rejuvenation. Her long, wispy hair had been bobbed. She had short curls and a face that felt newly made. Anne Sherbrooke had found clothes, not many, but enough for the crossing, a small hat, shoes with almost no weight and things made of silk. She gravely told the prices of everything and accepted Mary Miller's eager money.

In her own cabin Mary Miller surveyed herself again. She thought: "I'm not so different. Nobody could tell now. I might be one of them. I might be nearly anybody."

It was miraculous how the stoop began lifting from her shoulders. There must have been some mysterious connection between the weight on her mind and whatever pulled down her shoulders. Anyway, her feet touched the floor in a new way as she moved on to join the others waiting to hear the evening lecture.

It was inevitable that she should show Anne Sherbrooke the old page with the cathedral picture. The sheet was faded now and worn through at the crease where it was folded. Perhaps, too, it was inevitable that Professor Murray should devote an evening to cathedrals, even mentioning Eastchester by name.

He told again of the marvellous spirit of the Gothic builders. He told of whole peoples liberated from ages of dark oppression. They found an outlet for the fire and faith within them by the most amazing and spontaneous era of building in all history. The great Gothic structures meant light after darkness, hope succeeding despair, equality replacing oppression. They were the symbols of the ecstasy of liberation; the expression of unbounded hope for the time to come.

Mary Miller was thrilled. This step of a whole people on the long path of human struggle was so strangely like her own feeble efforts. They had come through a great crisis of the spirit, and she would come through. The builders who began could not hope to see the completion of their efforts, nor could their children or grandchildren, but an unquenchable zeal urged them on to labor and sacrifice for unknown peoples and far times. They must create something as beautiful as devotion, as lofty as ambition, as enduring as religion itself. There arose the spacious grandeur of vaulted naves, the warmth of rare rose windows, the heaven-pointing marvel of airy towers.

When the professor ended, Mary Miller discovered that her tears were falling and she did not feel like meeting or speaking to the others. She was moved in the same curious way she remembered so many years ago when the traveller had taken shelter from the storm. She slipped away quietly to her own cabin.

She awakened near morning with the old familiar weight of depression. Then she felt the pulsing of the boat, she saw light coming through round windows. Ah, then, she was not back on the farm after all. It had only been a dream, but with the vividness of reality. How thoroughly she had believed herself in the garden again. It was mid-summer and she felt the hot breath of a withering wind coming out of the southwest across the parched fields. Her tomato plants had gone limp and hopeless and she had been trying to shelter them in the shade of old shingles. It was almost impossible to push the shingles into the hard ground and she had at last sought protection from the furnace wind. Then Herman had come in and she had launched her old plea for a wind-break. Herman, tired and discouraged with the threatened loss of his wheat, had answered angrily and stormed from the house.

Mary Miller could still feel the flush of anger when she wakened. Old antagonisms and frustrations became active again; bitterness revived with thoughts of broken promises and a lost youth. Could the dead hand of Herman withhold the happiness he had denied in his hard lifetime? Must sharp regrets dull the beauty and perfection of all the future? Mary Miller hurried on deck;

she must walk off the depression which had seized her.

At the dock Anne Sherbrooke said: "Professor Murray says there'll be time for me to run out to Eastchester with you. It's not very far, if you'd like me to go."

"Oh, I would!" Mary Miller was grateful. "It seems kind of foreign here even if it is England."

The city was left behind and they rolled through small villages and along country roads.

"Isn't it perfect!" Mary breathed. "So kind of—'put', I mean," she explained. "It seems as if they've had their work done for a long time."

They glided between hedges and past great gnarled trees motionless in the afternoon sun. They crossed small streams with smooth green banks, and once they waited while a shepherd took his flock across the road.

"I could rest here," Mary whispered. "I think I'll live here for a long time."

As they approached the cathedral town Anne Sherbrooke said: "Don't look ahead. I'd like you to see your cathedral all at once."

At the inn where the car stopped Anne said again: "Wait here a few minutes. I have a message to give to one of Professor Murray's friends, then I'll show you where to go."

Mary Miller waited but she did not know that Professor Murray had heard all about her long years of devotion to Eastchester, or how she had been moved by "Jerusalem the Golden" played one winter night in a farm kitchen. She did not know that he now sent a note to the organist asking him to play the hymn at sunset.

Anne Sherbrooke came to the inn again. "I'll walk with you until you see it. I'll say good-by now. I mustn't keep the others waiting." Then she almost whispered: "You're going to like it, Mary Miller."

They walked into the late afternoon. Mary Miller trembled as she moved over the worn stones. They passed the last cottage and came out on a wide square.

The great towers almost burst upon them. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" That was all Anne Sherbrooke could hear as she watched the other grope forward as in a dream.

The setting sun streamed through the towers, giving them an airy unreality that seemed to deprive the stone of weight. Countless pinnacles became ethereal as the level beams flashed from point to point. Mary Miller moved over the square, unconscious of her progress.

The sweet tinkling of bells stole down through the still air. Soft and unbelievably far away they began as if heavenly visitants descended earthward. Then the bells gathered strength, their harmonious volume swelling with other and greater bells until the air vibrated triumphantly with a tremendous crescendo of sound.

Mary Miller felt that she must be caught up and translated into some vast new kingdom, some thrilling realm of bodiless existence. Then the bells retreated, dying away slowly into the infinite distance from which they came.

She was inside. The lower half of the vast interior had faded into twilight. Last sunbeams striking through glowing color touched lofty columns and broke upon mysterious vaulting and distant arches.

As the last light faded, the organ began. It did not seem strange that "Jerusalem the Golden" should come tumbling down from dim, stone saints and sculptured angels. After the years of association, what other music could sweep from the halls of Zion!

The music rose and fell in cascades of tumultuous praise. A paean of triumph rolled through the shadowy pillars and echoed among the fading arches. A great wind. An oncoming of thunder. A rolling vibration that shook the bench on which she sat. She felt wrapped about with sheets of gorgeous sound. Entranced, she heard the rhythmic triumph of faith, an ecstasy in praise of heaven itself.

She sank upon the floor as the mighty waves beat upon her and caught her up again. Ah, yes. This was what those inspired



Clear complexion—bright vitality can be yours. Take Beecham's! This purely vegetable laxative quickly restores that internal cleanliness which is the very foundation of health.

LESS THAN A PENNY A DOSE Regular and Family Size
Beecham's PILLS
THE GREAT REGULATOR

Stops COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method



Thousands of tiny glands in your throat dry or clog when you catch cold. Thick phlegm collects and irritates your throat... and you cough. Pertussin stimulates the throat and bronchial glands. Moisture starts again to flow; sticky and infectious phlegm loosens, your throat is soothed and quick relief follows.

Pertussin has been very widely prescribed by Doctors for 30 years and is on sale in practically every drug store. Get a bottle today!

PERTUSSIN "Moist-Throat" Method of COUGH RELIEF

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Musterole made in Canada by Musterole Company Ltd., Montreal.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

**SIMPLE SIMON**

MET A PIEMAN
AND ORDERED THREE OR FOUR;
HE NOW EATS TUMS
WHEN HEARTBURN COMES...
DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE!

Stop SAYING "NO" TO FAVORITE FOODS!

IT isn't only pie that disagrees with some people. Many say that even milk gives them a gassy stomach. The very best foods may bring on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, heartburn. Millions have found that Tums bring quick relief. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever smoking, hasty eating, last night's party, or some other cause brings on acid indigestion. Tums contain no harsh alkalies, which physicians have said may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. You will like their minty taste. Only 10c at all drug stores.



TUMS FOR THE TUMMY
TUMS ARE ANTACID...
NOT A LAXATIVE
FREE Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to The Lewis Medicine Co., 67 Crawford Avenue, Dept. 201 B-50, Windsor, Ontario.

ASTHMA

Bronchial Asthma—choking terror of so many—is breathed away while you sleep by inhaling VAPOR-CRESOLENE medicated vapour. Restful sleep becomes natural, breathing normal.

Druggists, harmless, simple to use, very effective. Vapo-Cresolene has been the proved vapour treatment for Asthma, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Catarrh for 56 years. At druggists.

Send for Booklet No. 3. Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal.

Vapo-Cresolene

Brush Away GRAY HAIR AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNTONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNTONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNTONE—only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
122 Brownstone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNTONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly cost of packing and mailing.
State shade wanted _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Print Your Name and Address

the evidence discovered in a search of your house, I arrest you for the double murder of the Baroness von Popperthal and Dr. Albrecht, for breach of duty and faithlessness to your oath, and for false accusation of Travnik, Kalla, and the house-servant Anton."

Behind the detective there was a choking sound as Major Janska leaped to his feet with choleric face. "Swine! Traitor! I suspend him from duty. This is a scandal for the entire gendarmerie corps."

"He was clever enough to deceive the gendarmerie," said Till.

"But not clever enough to deceive one of the best police detectives in Europe," interrupted Count Palacky, with a consoling pat on the Major's arm.

THERE was twilight in the sky as Geoffrey brought his motor car to the front portal of the Schloss, where the servants loaded in luggage and travelling rugs. The long touring car, distinctive with its rakish design, would cover the distance to Prague before midnight, and be across the Czechoslovakian border by morning.

Miss Forbes came out of the house, dressed in a tweed travelling suit which became her vigorous figure.

"Where shall I sit?" she asked.

"I think it would be most comfortable up in front," replied Agnes, just behind her.

"With Geoffrey."

"That's your place, my dear," said the older woman with an amused twinkle, and directed an adjustment of bags and baggage to accommodate her solitary occupation of the tonneau.

In front of them the headlights sent twin beams far down the twilight road, and the car surged forward up the hill between the pine forests, until the village and its Schloss were lost to sight behind.

WHAT WOMEN TEACH

by Edna Jaques

I gleaned small bits of wisdom
From the women that I knew,
One taught me how to make good bread

The way she learned to do,
Another took me home with her
When I was worn with pain,
And at the fountain of her love
My heart was healed again.

And one dear neighbor who had come
Through bitterness and strife,
Taught me how patience smoothes the path

Of every sort of life.
How in the crucible of years
The dross is burned away,
And all the good is left to shine
Unto the perfect day.

She told me not to harbor things—
Old grudges or old spite—
For hate breeds hate, and evil hides
The beauty of the light.
But let the sunshine of His grace
The wonder of His care,
Shine round about the drabest day
To make it clean and fair.

And so the women that I knew
Have taught me many things,
How loving service richly spent
Its own fulfilment brings.
And now my life has widened out
My heart and soul have grown,
Because I learned the way to live,
From women I have known.



Smartness this year requires lips to be rosy and natural...bright red painted lips are definitely on the way out. Tangee, the magic lipstick, can't give you that "painted look" because it isn't paint! Tangee changes color as you apply it and blends magically with your own natural, individual coloring. Its special cream base keeps your lips soft, smooth and youthful. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee today. It comes in two sizes...50c and \$1.00.



Creme Rouge
is waterproof, will not wash away, and is permanent, color stays fresh all day.

World's
Most
Famous
Lipstick

TANGEE

Ends that painted look

★ **SEND FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT**
Palmer's Ltd., 750 Vitre Street W., Montreal, Canada.
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature
Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge,
Face Powder. I enclose 15c (stamps or coin). C3-1936

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

Chatelaine Service Bulletins on Beauty Culture

Concise—Authentic—Essentially Helpful

DRESSING YOUR FACE

Service Bulletin No. 17

Which treats with the subtleties of make-up

Not twenty women out of a hundred know how to make-up effectively. Some overdo it; others use the wrong materials. Yet the right make-up can give a plain face charm—a lovely face character.

Learn the secrets of make-up, of high-lighting, of facial structure, of color and texture selection. Learn how to stress your best features and make the least of your worst. Learn about the make-up which is individually yours. Price 10 cents.

Also Four Others on

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Bulletin No. 15—5 cents

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

Bulletin No. 16—10 cents

A LOVELY SKIN

Bulletin No. 18—10 cents

HOW TO BE FRESH AS A FLOWER
Bulletin No. 19—5 cents

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS,
481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Please send me your Service Bulletins Nos. _____
for which I enclose \$.....

Name and Address _____

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)



Instantly You Catch Cold DO THESE 2 THINGS

For Fast Relief, Remember These Pictures

1. Take 2 "ASPIRIN" Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



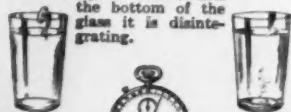
2. If throat is sore, crush and stir 3 "ASPIRIN" Tablets in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water. Gargle twice. This eases throat rawness and soreness instantly.



Why "Aspirin" Works So Fast

Drop an "Aspirin" tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

An "Aspirin" tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — "Aspirin" tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The moment you feel a cold coming on, follow the pictured directions above:

Two "Aspirin" tablets with a full glass of water.

Three "Aspirin" tablets, crushed and dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ glass of water as a gargle. Gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back to permit this medicated gargle to reach the irritated membranes of the throat.

Your doctor will approve this treatment as perhaps the quickest, simplest way known to fight cold and sore throat.

The "Aspirin" taken internally will combat a cold almost instantly, and ease the usual pains that accompany one. The

gargle will ease sore throat in a few minutes. For it acts like a local anesthetic in relieving pain and rawness.

When you buy, though, see that you get "ASPIRIN" tablets. For they dissolve almost instantly in the stomach and thus start working almost instantly. And they dissolve completely enough to use as a gargle. Watch out for this.

■ "Aspirin" Tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every tablet.

DEMAND
AND
GET

"ASPIRIN"



THE BARONESS'S HEAD

(Continued from page 44)

"Did Anton murder Dr. Albrecht?"

"That's ridiculous."

"If you knew he had murdered Dr. Albrecht, would you conceal the fact?"

Otho's face flushed angrily. "Your question is an insult!" he snapped.

"Very good." Till smiled at the circle of listeners. "Let us question the servant, Anton."

ANTON'S PALLOR had been increased by the experience of an hour and a half's imprisonment under the watchful eye of one of Till's sergeants.

"What were you doing in Herr von Popperthal's room this afternoon?" Till began in sharp tones.

"Well, sir," answered the servant, on the defense. "Herr Otho had been away from the house for two days. I knew that his clothing was wet and muddy, and I wanted to take his things and clean them. It was my place to see that he had everything he needed."

"What did you find when you opened the door?"

"The shades were drawn and the room was fairly dark, sir, but I could make out Herr Otho lying asleep on the bed."

"Had you knocked on the door?"

"Very lightly, sir. I felt sure Herr Otho would be sleeping and didn't wish to wake him."

"What then?"

"When I closed the door, I suddenly saw a man standing in the room. He backed away from me, but his arm came up, and I got a terrible feeling that there was a pistol pointing at me. Before I knew what I was doing, I fell down flat on my face and heard the gun go off in front of me. Herr Otho jumped out of his bed, and the next thing I knew the room was full of people."

"Who fired the shot at you?"

"The man—the Gendarme Corporal." The servant's face convulsed suddenly. "I know him. He's always trying to make trouble between me and Anna. I told her once that if anything ever happened to me, she would know where to look."

"When did you put the bullet into the pocket of Herr von Popperthal's coat?"

"So help me, sir, I didn't do any such thing. I never saw the bullet."

"Your statements vary considerably from those of the other witnesses. I warn you, if you have anything to confess, come out with it now."

Anton closed his eyes, nearly fainting, and was unable to go on.

"Now Corporal Gritz," said Till with a gesture of finality, "and we'll get the truth of what happened in the room."

Gritz entered with equipment jingling, a man conscious of his successes during the past forty-eight hours, arrogant with the authority of uniform and the dignity of his corps. More than most of those present, he showed the effects of the long hours of concentrated work without sleep since the discovery of the Baroness's body. He saluted and stood at attention.

"Corporal Gritz," said Till, "how long have you been a member of the National Gendarmerie?"

"Twelve years, sir."

"You have a good record of arrests?"

"You can ask anyone in this village, sir. I've been here seven years."

"And you are due for promotion?"

"Overdue, sir. Our last Watchmaster was promoted and sent to a higher post, but I was not mentioned."

"We will take care of that," interposed Major Janska genially, and Gritz replied with a gratified "Thank you, sir."

"What led you to enter Herr von Popperthal's room this afternoon?"

Gritz turned grimly and pointed at Anton. "I saw that man go into the room and I followed him. I had him under suspicion of murdering Dr. Albrecht and I was watching him."

"What did you see in the room?"

"When I went in, Anton was bent over Herr von Popperthal's coat, putting something in the side pocket. I drew my pistol and called on him to surrender. He sprang at me, and I fired."

There was a strangling sound from Anton's throat.

"And you entered the house on your own initiative, to watch the servant Anton, because you felt the police investigation was on the wrong track?"

"Yes, sir. I was following up my own clues."

"Corporal, you've done a very nice piece of detective work in this difficult case. I wish you would tell me how you solved certain points that escaped my own attention. For instance, how did you discover the secret of the stairway leading to the tower?"

An expression of conceit curled around Gritz's mouth. "I've known about that for the last five years, sir," he said with pardonable pride. "If you're on duty in a small village, there's not much that escapes you. I heard of the tower from the servant who worked for the Schloss before Anton. I always knew it was a bit of information that would come in useful some day."

"And the poacher, Kalla—what led you to suspect him? You say you saw him near the Schloss on the night the Baroness was murdered?"

"Yes, sir. I was out with the Forester. A little before two o'clock he and I separated: the Forester went home along the road, but I decided to look further and struck in toward the Schloss. It was there I saw Kalla."

Till nodded. "Corporal, what was the object which Anton put into the side pocket of Herr von Popperthal's coat?"

"A pistol bullet, sir."

"A particular pistol bullet?"

"Yes, sir. The pistol bullet which killed Dr. Albrecht."

"How do you know it was the identical bullet? Did you have an opportunity to examine it? How did you know there was a pistol bullet missing in the Albrecht case? When I entered Herr von Popperthal's room you told me Anton had hidden the evidence which would send the murderer to the hangman, didn't you?"

"I don't understand, sir."

"This morning, when you were searching Kalla's house, you told me that if country people have anything small to hide, they usually conceal it behind a brick. I was very interested. How did you know that something small must be hidden in the Kalla house?"

"I—"

"Corporal Gritz!" Till pressed on. "Are you positive Anton was in Herr von Popperthal's room before you entered it?"

"Positive, sir. I found him there."

"One moment. I will ask Mr. Tuttle to repeat the information which he gave me a short time ago."

Geoffrey spoke from the corner of the room. "I was watching Herr von Popperthal's door this afternoon," he said distinctly. "I saw the Gendarme Corporal go into the room. Several minutes later Anton came up the stairs and entered. Perhaps thirty seconds after Anton went in, I heard the shot fired."

"Then Anton's testimony coincides with yours in this respect, is that right, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes."

"And Corporal Gritz has—made a mistake?"

"Yes."

A trapped, savage expression had come into the Corporal's face. His head switched quickly from side to side, seeking a way of escape, and his hand travelled toward his pistol holster in a rapid, instinctive movement as two detective sergeants closed upon him and forcibly took him prisoner.

"Gritz!" thundered the detective before the roomful of staring, astonished men. "On

THE BABY CLINIC



Childhood's Menace

Dr. McCullough deals with a universal problem in raising healthy babies

AMONG hundreds of letters from anxious mothers, the problem of constipation in their babies or little children is one of the most prominent. Mothers are harassed by this problem.

Constipation may occur in the breast-fed baby. In them a hard-formed movement is seldom seen. Some breast-fed infants may not have a movement for one or two days, but when passed it is comparatively normal in appearance. If a breast-fed baby is thriving, gaining in weight and appears comfortable, no harm is done if there are only five or six movements a week. In the underfed infant, scanty movements are the rule. In such cases the mother often makes the mistake of using enemas and suppositories day after day. This gets the baby into bad habits. If any laxative seems necessary, the best is one-half to one teaspoonful of milk of magnesia, liquid paraffin or malt extract. The action of these remedies is so mild that their continued use does no harm. Castor oil should never be given for constipation as it has a subsequent constipating effect. Regular routine is of value. The infant of even two or three months supported by the mother's arms and chest, should be placed over a small vessel at a regular time each morning. This will soon develop the habit of regular movements.

Constipation among older infants and young children is commonly due to general muscular weakness, improper feeding and bad training. In some cases it may be caused by a

very tight sphincter — the muscle which closes the lower bowel; or it may be due to a little crack or fissure at the bowel opening. Rickets, general debility and lack of exercise are predisposing causes of constipation. Scanty food, either breast or artificial, and lack of fluids tend to cause constipation. Too little or too much fat in the food, too much starch, too large quantities of boiled milk and too little fruit and vegetables contribute to the habit. Early habit training is of the highest importance. The infant must be taught to do things for himself.

Treatment—If the child is lacking in vigor, is poor-blooded and rickety, a laxative iron mixture should be given and codliver oil is usually of value. An anal crack or fissure, if present, calls for treatment by the doctor. A tight bowel may be gently stretched. The diet should be corrected. It should have the proper proportion of fat. Sometimes the use of malt sugar instead of cane sugar is useful, and barley water or oatmeal water is better in these cases than plain water. Older infants should have more vegetable soups and broths and less milk. Oatmeal or oat flour is better than other cereals. Orange and prune juices are valuable and so is the water in which vegetables have been boiled. This may be used to dilute the milk. Increasing amounts of vegetables, and apple sauce are useful. Milk of magnesia, liquid paraffin, and malt extract are the best laxatives, but their use must in all cases be supplemented [Continued next page]

HAVE YOU A BABY PROBLEM THAT'S TROUBLING YOU? MONTH BY MONTH THIS CLINIC IS A CLEARING HOUSE FOR HELPFUL ADVICE

Want to know
why my mama's
so smart?



A tip from a young man 8 months old

THIS cute little rascal thinks he's got a very smart mama. And he has.

She's smart—because whenever he needs a laxative she gives him one he loves to take—Castoria! And does it taste good!



Mothers! You'll be glad to know that Castoria is made especially for children—even to the taste. You won't have to force it between their protesting lips. And that's important! For the revulsion and gagging a child goes through when taking a laxative he hates can shock his nervous system—and upset his tiny stomach.



Remember, Castoria is safe! There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It contains no drugs, no narcotics. It is not a harsh purgative—won't cause griping pains. And it won't form a habit.

Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple... It works gently, blandly—yet thoroughly.

Depend upon Castoria for your children—from babyhood to 11 years.



Get a bottle from the corner drug store tonight. Ask for the Family Size. It gives you more for your money.

CASTORIA
The Children's
Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years



If children could be raised "under glass"—

Colds might be almost unknown

BUT children cannot be raised like hot-house flowers. Outdoor play is essential to the building of strong, healthy bodies. Yet, winter weather is treacherous. A sudden change in temperature—any exposure or over-exertion—may bring on a cold. And a cold—"just a cold"—too often paves the way for ailments far more dangerous.

When a cold develops, take prompt action—don't experiment. Treat it at once in the way proved best by two generations of mothers—with Vicks VapoRub, the family standby to help end a cold more quickly.

DIRECT RELIEF FOR A COLD

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub attacks the cold direct—two ways at once: (1) by stimulation through the skin, like a poultice or plaster; (2) by inhalation of its penetrating medicated vapors, released by body heat and breathed in direct to irritated air-passages.

Through the night, this combined poultice-and-vapor action soothes the membranes—loosens phlegm—eases the breathing—helps break

congestion. Often, by morning, the worst of the cold is over.

AVOIDS "DOSING"

Mothers prefer Vicks VapoRub for children's colds not only because they have proved its effectiveness, but also because it is *external*—and *safe*. Its use avoids the risks of constant internal dosing, which so often upsets digestion and appetite, thus lowering body resistance when most needed. VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child.

For Better Home-Control of Colds

Help your family to have fewer colds and shorter colds—by following Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This common-sense, medically sound Plan has been tested in extensive clinics—and further proved through everyday use in thousands of homes. Full details of the Plan come in each package of Vicks VapoRub.

THE "MOUSEY" TYPE CAN BE TRIUMPHANT

(Continued from page 38)

TO CORRECT that sallow, muddy-looking skin is partly a matter of regular exercise to promote the vigorous circulation that brings color to your cheeks, and partly a matter of getting and keeping your skin immaculately clean. The basic treatment for all skin care is, of course, soap and water, as every skin specialist will tell you. A soap designed specifically for the complexion not only clears away surface dirt, but also helps your skin to shed its outer mask of dead, scaly tissue so that your natural coloring shows through.

And since you are past thirty, it is imperative that you use beauty creams. Cold cream if your skin is normal, and a rich, emollient tissue cream if your skin is excessively dry or inclined to be lined. Use these creams at night after your soap-and-water cleansing, and leave a little on while you sleep to help restore the natural, moist look so characteristic of the young, fresh skin.

During the day, for a quick clean-up of your complexion, and whenever you remove or renew your make-up, use a cleansing cream, the kind which melts at the warmth of your skin and flushes the pores of the impurities which may be causing the dull lifelessness of your type of skin. Always apply your powder and rouge over a light film of facial finishing cream.

Don't ever regret that your eyes are pale in color, for while they may lack the sparkle and fire of a more positive shade, they charm with their wistfulness. And a little care in choosing the right colors in clothes does wonders to intensify the shade of your eyes. At night when you're wearing evening dress, you may wish to use a very little eye-shadow of a deep blue hue and brown mascara that tones in naturally with the shade of your lashes. But use these beauty aids sparingly, as they are intended merely as a subtle accent which must appear natural.

Powder

HOW SHALL you choose your shade of face powder? There are so many, many shades so closely graded, that you've probably been at an utter loss, unless you have already sampled and found the exact tone to blend with and vivify your particular coloring. Actually, picking the most flattering shade of powder will not be difficult when you

learn that your type of skin is far from rare and that colorists, with eyes trained to the task, would tell you in a moment that a blonde or rachel powder will do most to bring out the living tints in your skin.

Rouge

FLAME IS the shade in both lipstick and rouge that you'll find most becoming. On your cheeks and your lips it's the final touch to bring your beauty to life. And there's nothing so fortifying to the spirits of one of your type to see color bloom where dullness was before.

You'll use discretion, of course, and not overdo your lip and cheek make-up. But you can afford to be a bit more lavish with it, especially for evening wear, than a woman of more positive type.

Dress

YOU'LL THINK I'm clairvoyant when I tell you the colors you consider most becoming to yourself. You look and feel distinguished and well groomed in black. So indulge your love of black to call forth that fragile, feminine quality that is so distinctively *you*. But be sure your hair and make-up are perfect when you wear it. The elegance of black depends so much on careful grooming.

For daytime, almost any shade of blue or green, with the exception of olive, is flattering. Blue will intensify the shade of your eyes and you'll hear many a compliment when you wear it.

For summer and for dress occasions, the pastel shades, especially in some sheer, clinging fabric, make you look lithe and graceful. You'll even dare to wear red now and again, and you'll find that you carry yourself a bit more proudly when you do.

I need hardly caution you to steer clear of yellows and tans or any shade that accentuates your sallowness and makes your whole personality blend too readily into the background.

Sports clothes are suitable to your type. You look smart and trim in knitted things. Your figure carries them well. And what is so important to your poise, sports clothes make you feel at ease and take your mind off the hang of your skirt and the fit of your sleeve.

One last word to you "mousey" women. Try to cultivate a positive viewpoint about yourself. Just as you are, you are pleasing and refreshing by very contrast with the type of woman whose personality is too dominating. But at no time let your individuality be submerged to the point of indifference. You're at the age when a woman's charm is no less in her manner than in her appearance. When you speak, your voice will be softly modulated, but what you say will be convincing.

Coming in the March Chatelaine

Work-shy? Surely that isn't the reason hundreds of healthy, capable Canadian girls refuse to "go into service". The domestic help problem goes deeper than that, and Harriet Parsons, alert Canadian writer and club woman, has done some digging that will bring to light an amazing situation.

Maidless women and jobless girls are grist for the mill in her revealing article, "Codes for the Kitchen". It's one of the arresting features of March Chatelaine.

VICKS VAPORUB

...BEST FOR
CHILDREN'S COLDS

...JUST AS GOOD
FOR ADULTS, TOO..

A JOY TO MAKE

by Marie LeClerc

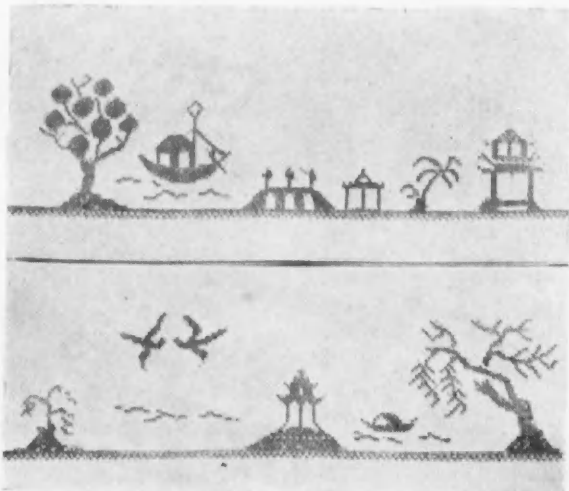
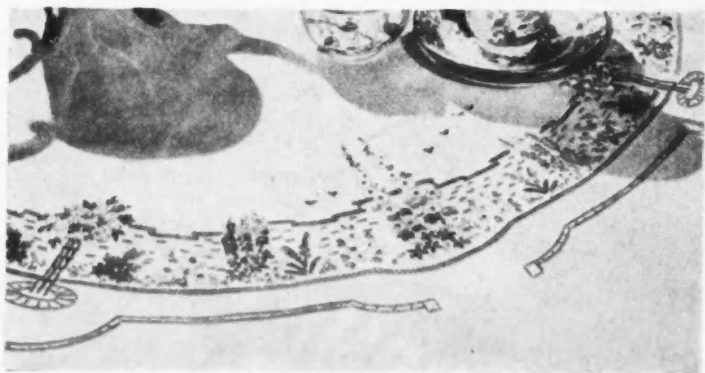


C414.—Golden bird and dragon panels, stamped on black silk taffeta, size 15 x 23 inches—a really beautiful and most uncommon pair of wall hangings for living room, dining room or hall. Complete materials: stamped taffeta, backing, wide, deep blue silk binding for edges, rollers for top and bottom, cord and cottons for working, are priced at \$1.45 each, or \$2.75 per pair.



C412.—Novelty teapot holder—a lovely green parrot with gorgeous plumage in red, yellow, contrasting green and orange; stamped on fine art felt, very quickly and easily made up by machine. Price 35c.

C411.—English Garden luncheon set—36- and 45-inch cloths with four serviettes. The gayest yet daintiest set imaginable; exquisite standard roses, gorgeous hollyhocks, deep blue delphinium, tiny lilies of the valley and many other flowers found in an old English garden—all to be worked in natural colors. The 36-inch sets in cream only come stamped on ready hemstitched linen and are priced at \$1.75 the set; the 36-inch sets stamped on white, green or yellow linen are priced at \$1.45. The 45-inch sets, which are stamped on cream or white linen only are priced at \$1.95. Cottons for working come to 30c.



C377.—"Romance of the Willow" in cross stitch, stamped on fine white linen huckaback towels, size 18 x 33 inches, hems to be finished in cross stitch to match the design and work to be done in two shades of willow blue. Price per pair \$1.10; cottons for working, 15c.

THESE YOUNG CANADIANS HAVE A

"Preferred Opportunity" IN LIFE

Every wise man takes Time by the forelock and plans his own future and that of his family. The Mutual Life of Canada is assisting many thousands of Canadian family men in a definite way to assure their financial independence and, at the same time, to safeguard the future of their families against possible loss of income, which might be the result if they themselves did not live to complete their plans.

After making provision for necessities, a Pay Life or Endowment Policy for the boy or girl is added to the insurance programme. There is no better way to teach children thrift and, at the same time, to start them on the road to financial independence.

The parents of the children whose photographs appear on this page, like thousands of others, have included a Mutual Life child's policy in their insurance programme. Has your child a "preferred opportunity"?



MUTUAL LIFE

WATERLOO

Established 1869

ONTARIO

"Owned by the
Policyholders"

The Mutual Life Assurance Company of Canada,
Waterloo, Ont.
Please send me details of your "Life, Premiums to 60"
Policy and your Children's Endowment Policies.

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Ages of children.....

CE

When sniffles start have children use KLEENEX



Inexpensive way to end the menace of germ-filled handkerchiefs — Avoids sore, tender, nose

GIVE your children Kleenex to use during a cold. Then they won't torture their tender noses! And there's less danger of re-infection.

Every time a handkerchief is carried to the nose and mouth, millions of germs go with it!

Use each Kleenex Tissue once, then destroy it. You destroy the germs with it! Kleenex is always dry, and softer than linen. There's no irritation.

Ends Handkerchief Washing! Kleenex does away with this messy job. What a relief not to handle dozens of soiled handkerchiefs every time there's a cold in your

home! Best of all—at the new low price you can use more than *twenty* Kleenex Tissues for the average cost of having *one* handkerchief laundered!

At Home, School and Office

One member of the family gets a cold and it spreads like wildfire. One pupil can start an epidemic of colds that will rage throughout the entire school. So *always* use Kleenex for handkerchiefs in the home, give Kleenex to your child for use at school and protect other children as well. And thousands have helped avoid loss of valuable time due to colds by keeping Kleenex handy at the office.

Look for the
Economy Package
of 500 Tissues



KLEENEX

Do not accept substitutes. To be sure you get genuine Kleenex ask for it by name. Accept no inferior tissue.

by training the children in regular toilet habits. Strong laxatives and cathartics such as calomel and castor oil must not be used in constipation. The earlier the mother trains the baby in the morning toilet the better.

The following diet (Brown) is suitable for the constipated child of two years and over:

7.30 to 8 a.m. Cornmeal, oatmeal, Wheatena, Roman Meal, Farina or Cream of Wheat (cooked four hours) served with butter or milk. Bacon, minced chicken, soft-boiled, poached or scrambled egg. A drink of milk. Bread.

9 a.m. Juice of two oranges.

12 noon Steak, lamb chop, rare roast beef, poultry or baked or boiled halibut or codfish; any fresh water fish. Baked or mashed potato (occasionally), spinach, asparagus, string beans, peas, squash, white turnip, stewed carrots, celery or onions, mashed cauliflower.

Desserts of baked or stewed apples, stewed prunes, berries (except strawberries), rice or bread or tapioca pudding, stewed rhubarb.

Bread of various kinds. No milk at this meal. Rest two hours after this meal.

4 p.m. Raw apple, pear or grapes (after four years).

6 p.m. Any cereal, vegetable or dessert as above, custard, cornstarch or junket. Drink of milk, or five teaspoonfuls of malted milk to eight of water with occasionally one teaspoonful of cocoa, breads. No sugar on food; no candy, biscuits, jam, jelly, honey or ice cream. Bran gems.

Roman Meal and oatmeal are the most laxative cereals. See Baby Book for further details.

If the mother starts her baby right, maintains good habits and uses the proper food, most cases of constipation would be prevented.

Your Question Box

Question—My little girl of five has pin worms and the treatment has not improved the condition. She wets three or four times a night, but is making a good effort to get rid of the habit of sucking her fingers. Otherwise she is very healthy.

My 16-months baby has eczema of the face. Codliver oil seems to make it worse, so I have stopped giving it to her.—(Mrs.) E. M. J., Pinelands, Ont.

Answer—Pin worms are not difficult to get rid of, if the child is prevented from re-infecting herself. Pyjamas should be worn so that the fingers and nails cannot come in contact with the parts. If there is local irritation an ointment of half strength white precipitate should be applied about the anus at bedtime. The bowels should be cleared out with castor oil or with calomel and santalin of each one grain. When this has acted, the child should be given a large soap and warm water enema. Every morning for a week you should inject into the lower bowel a solution of common salt (one teaspoonful to 5 oz.), or 5 oz. of warm lime water after the bowels have moved. The injection will be retained sufficiently long if you hold the anus tightly with your fingers. Encouragement will help to get rid of the habit of wetting. It may disappear when the worms have been dispersed.

For the eczema, cut out fatty foods for a time and apply an ointment of equal parts of tar and zinc oxide.

Question—Our baby nephew, 26 months old, has Accidyonia, "the Australian disease," which followed the bites of mosquitoes. He had convulsions, wobbled on his legs, seemed to have great pain with cold hands and feet. He refuses all food except milk. His mother has been massaging him. Is this all right? What will induce him to eat?—(Mrs.) F. C. H., Carman, Man.

Answer—The disease you refer to is probably Acrodynia, also called the Pink or Australian disease. It is a type of neuritis occurring between four months and three years. The condition is an inflammation of the surface nerves. There is light fever, extreme irritability, sleeplessness and loss of appetite. There is a bright red rash on the hands, feet and tip of the nose. The eyes are susceptible to light and the child often burrows the head in the pillows. Sometimes the teeth fall out and the gums become ulcerated.

The prospects for recovery are excellent after a few months. Every inducement should be tried to induce eating. A moderate climate where the child can be kept outdoors will assist materially in improving the appetite and, in this case, the decision to go to Florida is a good one.

An eminent specialist, consulted, thinks the prognosis in these cases is good. The disease is called "Australian" because first described by an Australian doctor. There is no objection to massage.

Question—My children, 2 and 7, have had whooping cough for which they have had serum. Is there anything that will ease the cough? Is codliver oil constipating? Is it digestible? How long is whooping cough contagious?—(Mrs.) H. A. S., Rutland, Sask.

Answer—Codliver oil is probably as useful as anything for the lingering cough. It is easily digested and is not constipating. Whooping cough is most infectious in the early stages but the infection may last for six weeks. Give one teaspoonful before each of four feedings.

Question—My partly breast-fed baby, six weeks old, is on modified milk and corn syrup. She is constipated and has hiccough. She is slow to get to sleep in the evenings. She is awake most of the afternoon. Should she not get more sleep? Please send baby book.—(Mrs.) K. G. B., Newmarket, Ont.

Answer—The hiccough, constipation and wakefulness indicate improper feeding, or overfeeding. Nurse her as much as you can, and remember that if she empties the breast every time, it will stimulate the flow of milk. The sugars are laxative in the order named: Milk sugar, corn syrup, gran. sugar, dextri-maltose, barley flour.

Try and get the baby into good toilet habits by holding her over the vessel at a regular time each morning. See baby book sent for formulas.

Question—My boy, 5 months old, weighs 16½ lbs. I am still nursing him but he seems to need it every three hours and once in the night. Do you advise cereals? I give him orange juice. What can I do for blackheads on his face?—(Mrs.) J. V. C., Norwich, Ont.

Answer—Keep up the nursing. At 7 months give two rounded tablespoonfuls of cooked cereal with some milk and water (see formula in baby book) poured over it, twice a day. Give codliver oil one teaspoonful before each of four feedings and one oz. diluted orange juice at 9 a.m.

For the blackheads, wash with warm water and castile soap, squeeze out the blackheads and bathe with warm water.

Question—My 15-months-old boy was born with rickets. He has codliver oil except in summer. He is pale. Do you think if I had taken codliver oil during pregnancy he would have been stronger?—(Mrs.) S. S., Lethbridge, Alta.

Answer—Every pregnant woman should have codliver oil and sea fish twice a week. Continue the codliver oil. Its persistent use will cure the rickets. In summer get him gradually and thoroughly tanned all over. Give iron-bearing vegetables such as spinach and ten drops of syrup iodide of iron after each of three meals.

Housekeeping



A DEPARTMENT FOR
HOME MANAGEMENT

Conducted by
HELEN G. CAMPBELL

MARGARET MURRAY SUGGESTS A NEW KIND OF Valentine Party



A GAME THAT'S SURE TO "CLICK"

It's always the first half hour that worries the hostess, in any party. To bridge that dismal gap and put your guests in a properly cheery frame of mind—try this simple hilarious game—**"Mending Broken Hearts."** Take a number of inexpensive red paper hearts. Cut each one in half with zig-zagged edges—all different. Then give each man one half of a heart and each woman one half. On his half every man will write a question—the sillier the better. And the women each write an answer. No one of course tells anyone else what he or she has written.

Then each man finds the woman whose half heart matches his. The real fun begins when the man reads aloud his question and the woman her answer.

A SUPPER MENU GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

Of course, supper is half the fun—and extra fun at a Valentine Party with the added opportunity to make your table bright and colourful. A menu I myself like for this party is—

Tomato Juice Cocktails
(On the side serve McCormick's
Dainty Salted Wafers with a thin spread
of shrimp paste)
Ham Mousse with Beet Hearts Salad
Hot Tea Biscuits (heart-shaped too)
Ice Cream Raspberry Sauce
Edam Cheese
McCormick's Toasted Sodas Coffee



If you would like any further suggestions on planning those "four evening hours", I've an interesting collection of ideas for entertaining which may help you. Simply send me your queries, care of McCormick's Limited, London, Ont.

Margaret Murray

IN ANY kind of party that includes good eats, McCormick's Toasted Sodas have a place . . . These tasty, golden-brown crackers have created their own vogue. Men go for them because of their extra relish . . . their heartier eating qualities. Hostesses like them because of their rich colour-appearance, their snappy crispness. McCormick's Toasted are fresher—because Toasting seals the freshness in! Serve them with soups—cheese—salads—marmalade—by themselves with milk. Originated by McCormick's, makers of fine Biscuits for over 75 years.



Tastier because they're
TOASTED!



COOKY FAVORITES à la CHATELAINE

Chatelaine Institute, under the direction of Miss Helen G. Campbell, shows how cookies are made in this famous testing kitchen

"Good baking requires good materials," Miss Campbell says, "That's why MAGIC Baking Powder is used and approved by the Chatelaine Institute. We know it is dependable . . ."

**WHEN YOU
BAKE COOKIES
AT HOME
follow
this simple
picture
recipe**



1. Cream together thoroughly $\frac{3}{4}$ of a cup of butter or other shortening and 2 cups of sugar.



2. Put the creamed sugar and shortening aside. Beat 2 eggs and add $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cup of milk.



3. Now mix this liquid slowly in with sugar and shortening, and beat well.



4. Add, a little at a time, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons MAGIC BAKING POWDER, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, sifted together. (Be sure it's Magic Baking Powder.)



5. COCOA COOKIES—Take out one-half of dough and put in refrigerator or cool place for future use. Add 5 tablespoons cocoa to rest of the dough; mix well.



6. Add more sifted flour, about 1 cup, a little at a time, as needed to roll out. The softer the dough, the richer the cookie will be.



7. Roll out and cut dough a little at a time. Place on greased pan. Bake in moderate oven at 375° F. about 12 minutes.



8. WHITE COOKIES—Take rest of dough from refrigerator. Gradually add about 1 cup flour. Roll and cut in shapes desired.



9. Put on greased pan and sprinkle with sugar. Decorate tops with raisins or nuts. Bake in moderate oven at 375° F. about 12 minutes.



10. After cookies are baked and cooled, decorate with icing made with 4 tablespoons confectioners' sugar and few drops milk. Add 1 teaspoon cocoa to part of this icing to use on white cookies.



11. Crisp, crunchy cookies are a delight to children and grownups, too. Remember that baking powder can and does make a difference. Use Magic for best results!

**LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH OF MAGIC
makes these tempting cookies**

Magic Baking Powder always leavens perfectly. That's why Canada's leading cookery experts recommend it. And Magic costs so little *everyone* can afford to use it. *Less than 1¢ worth* makes a big batch of cookies or a fine cake! Don't risk failures with inferior baking powder. Always use Magic.



SEND COUPON FOR FREE MAGIC COOK BOOK

Gillett Products, Fraser Ave., Toronto 2

Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

Name _____

Address _____

CONTAINS NO ALUM—This statement on every tin is your guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

C-2

MADE IN CANADA



This interesting meat roll—the cause of the gentleman's smile—begins with nothing more nor less than an ordinary round steak

Men Like Them!

by
HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director Chatelaine Institute

A bit of imagination in combining and a subtle touch when it comes to seasoning will turn commonplace meats into savory dishes which the whole family will enjoy

THEY LIKE them for their downright goodness—no subtlety, no frills or tiffics. No dressing up to look "like what they ain't," no nonsense about 'em. They like them in the eating and when the bills come in, for they have enough novelty to make them interesting and the cost is nothing to moan over.

And in this country where the thermometer says "cold" and means it, there is a call for food with some real nourishment—or back we go to red flannel undies! Let the softies flee to the languid South; we'll stay here, eat our way to warmth and comfort—and love it.

When you sit down to the table with that Beef Loaf before you, you'll forget there's a snowstorm outside—so full you'll be of a vast content; and a little later of meat and cheese and raisins, for that's the unusual combination which produces an unusually good flavor. I miss my guess if you don't think so.

And there are others to please your palate and your purse

Your butcher shop for a few cents, can supply the meats which go to make up tasty, economical dishes.

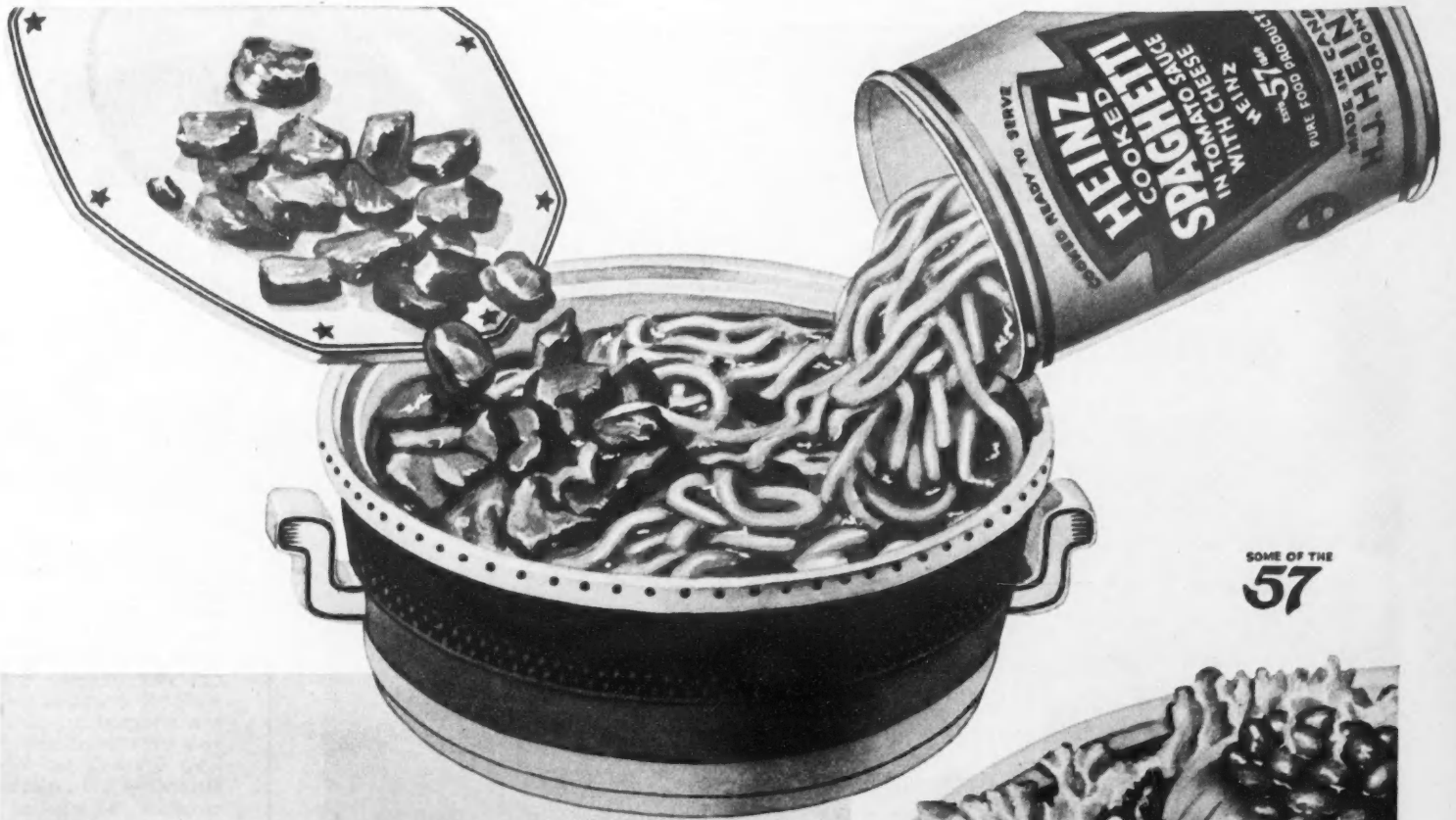
—pork and parsnip stew, which is surprisingly good, liver in a different way, veal that is very like the aristocratic Terrapin, lamb stew with a dash of vinegar and olive oil—Spanish like, and round steak spread with an interesting mixture of other meats, rolled round hard-cooked eggs, tied, cooked and served with a tasty sauce that has a touch of garlic in it. Then beef and limas—en casserole, spare ribs

with a prune stuffing for a change, cutlets with sour cream in the gravy, ham rolls—fine for a midnight party—and a ham and cauliflower combination which is an excellent supper dish.

They're all good—I give you my word for it, I've bitten into every one—and they're agreeably out of the ordinary without being too expensive or fussy. [Continued on page 63]



SPAGHETTI

SOME OF THE
57

Heinz Aids to Quick Feasts

IN BAKED ONIONS
Peel 6 large Bermuda onions, scoop out centres. Chop ½ cup onion and simmer in 3 tablespoons butter for ten minutes. Combine with 1 medium tin Heinz Beans (Vegetarian Style), ¼ cup Heinz Ketchup, 1 teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and ½ cup bread crumbs. Fill onions with this mixture. Add several tablespoons water, cover and bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 1 hour.



IN SHEPHERD'S PIE
Have 2 cups mashed potatoes and line a buttered casserole to cover top. In casserole with potatoes place 1 medium tin Heinz Prepared Beef Beans combined with 1 tablespoon Heinz Prepared Mustard. Cover casserole with remaining potatoes. Sprinkle top with grated cheese and a dash of paprika. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.).



NOWADAYS, health and plenty go hand in hand with thrift and variety when it comes to preparing meals. So many appetizing dishes can be made in a twinkling with a dab of this and that from yesterday's dinner—enriched and rounded out with a tin or two of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti.

Left-over meats—diced, sliced or minced—combined with this famous Heinz food will furnish all that is necessary for many colourful, satisfying one-dish meals . . . meals that will bring you compliments from all 'round the table. . . You'll find the Heinz Bulletin of "Feasts With Low Cost Meats" a great help. Just write for it. It's free.

Another essential to hearty, tasty meals is a supply of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans. You can get them in four different varieties. Each one offers a substantial meal by itself. Combined with other foods Heinz

Beans will save you many a half-hour of wondering: "what shall I give them to eat next?" Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are seasonable right now. Just the thing for early winter appetites. And when you buy Heinz Oven-Baked Beans you know you're getting the finest quality food your money can buy.

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti

Tender strands of flavour made with fine durum wheat . . . milk . . . butter . . . rare, good spices . . . special cheese. All steeped in a delicious, colourful sauce made with sun-ripened tomatoes . . . every essential to taste and nutriment.

Heinz Oven-Baked Beans

Plump, white, hand-sorted beans. Not steamed or boiled, but baked to crunchiness in real ovens. They give you that down-on-the-farm, bean-pot flavour. 4 kinds: ●With tomato sauce and pork. ●With molasses sauce and pork—Boston style. ●With tomato sauce, but no pork (vegetarian). ●Red Kidney Beans with special, spicy sauce.

Heinz prices are low.

H. J. Heinz Company, Toronto. Canadian plant established at Leamington, 1909.

BEANS



MEALS of the MONTH

TWENTY-NINE MENUS FOR FEBRUARY



1	BREAKFAST Apricots Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Sliced Cold Meat Relish Pickle Hashed Brown Potatoes Canned Berries Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	DINNER Hamburger Cakes Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Carrots Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	16 (Sunday) Prune Juice with Lemon Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	BREAKFAST Ramekins of Creamed Seafood Toasted Finger Rolls Pickles Olives Pecan Tarts Tea Cocoa	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Tomato Soup Chicken Salad Trifle Tea Cocoa	DINNER Grapefruit, Apple, Grape Cup Roast Stuffed Chicken Riced Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Pineapple Up-Side-Down Coffee Cake Tea
2 (Sunday) Chilled Pineapple Juice Waffles Syrup Coffee Tea	Potato and Devilled Egg Salad Radishes Dill Pickles Butterscotch Tarts with Chopped Nuts Tea Cocoa	Hot Baked Ham Candied Sweet Potatoes Spinach or Broccoli Grapefruit Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea	Celery Soup Cold Sliced Ham Potato Au Gratin Peas Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	17 Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Corn à la Southern Celery Curls Whole Wheat Muffins Conserve Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Caramel Nut Pudding Coffee Tea	Roast of Pork Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Baked Cranberry Pudding Coffee Tea
3 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Canned Salmon on Toast Lettuce with Dressing Apple Sauce (cook enough for Tuesday) Ginger Wafers Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Prune Pie Coffee Tea	Boiled Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea	18 Cereal with Dates Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Kidney Stew Lettuce Salad Canned Strawberries Toasted Muffins Tea Cocoa	Ox-Tail Soup Cold Roast Pork Buttered Rice Braised Celery Baked Apples with Marshmallows Coffee Tea	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
4 Apple Sauce Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Casserole of Ham and Noodles Chili Sauce Jellied Grapes with Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea	Ox-Tail Soup Corned Beef Hash Mashed Turnips String Beans Fruit Cup Coffee Cookies Tea	19 Tomato Juice Cereal Scones Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Beans Mixed Fruit Cup Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Steamed Finnan Haddie Parsley Sauce Duchess Potatoes Spinach Hot Mince Pie Coffee Tea	Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
5 Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Pea Soup Beet and Celery Salad Crackers Cheese Tea Jam Cocoa	Stuffed Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Baked Custard with Toasted Almonds Coffee Tea	Consommé Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Buttered Onions Fruited Ice Cream Coffee Shortbread Tea	20 Stewed Apricots Plain Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Onion Soup With Grated Cheese Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Apricot Whip Tea Cocoa	Mock Turtle Soup (Vegetable Plate) Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce Buttered Peas Diced Beets Boiled Onions Cocoanut Soufflé Coffee Tea	Broiled Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Peach Tapioca (use leftover peaches from Monday) Coffee Tea
6 Cereal with Cut Figs Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Cheese Toast and Bacon Corned Beef Hash Canned Blue Plums Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Curried Lamb with Rice Beet Onion and Green Pepper Salad Prune Whip Coffee Tea	Steamed Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Buttered Spinach Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea	21 Half Grapefruit Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Canned Salmon Salad Brown Rolls Jam Tarts Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew Dumplings Mashed Turnips Steamed Fig Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea	Fried Fish Steaks Tartar Sauce Potato Puff Cole Slaw Gingerbread Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
7 Orange Halves Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Bean Loaf Tomato Sauce Brown Bread Plum Tapioca Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Turnips Steamed Raisin Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea	Celery Soup Cold Sliced Pot. Roast Hashed Brown Potatoes Fried Parsnips Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea	22 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Mushroom Soup Mixed Fruit Salad Nut Bread Chocolate Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Lettuce with French Dressing Fruit Cup Wafers Tea Cocoa	Creamed Carrots and Peas on Toast Baked Pears in Maple Syrup Leftover Gingerbread Tea Cocoa
8 Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Potato and Onion Soup Crackers Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Cranberry Jelly Squares Diced Fruits Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Hard Brown Rolls Grapes Frosted Cake Tea Cocoa	23 (Sunday) Chilled Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cold Pork Tenderloin Potato Salad Pickles Canned Peaches Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Jellied Vegetable Salad Banana Fritters Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Cranberry Tart Pie Coffee Tea
9 (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Bacon Omelet Buttered Toast Canned Pineapple Jelly Roll (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Sliced Bologna Pan-fried Potatoes Vanilla Junket Tea Cocoa	Frankfurters Creamed Potatoes Mustard Pickles Canned Cherries Cake (from Wednesday) Tea Cocoa	24 Apples Cereal Toasted Nuthread Conserve Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Fresno Johnny Cake Syrup Tea Cocoa	Oyster Stew Crackers Ice cream with Chopped Nuts Fancy Cakes Tea Cocoa	
10 Prepared Cereal with Sliced Bananas Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Bacon Omelet Buttered Toast Canned Pineapple Jelly Roll (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Stewed Apples Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	25 Grapefruit Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Grape Juice Cereal Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Cereal with Raisins Grilled Smoked Fish with Lemon Toast Coffee Tea	
11 Stewed Apples Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Vegetable Soup Sliced Bologna Pan-fried Potatoes Vanilla Junket Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Turnips Steamed Raisin Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Creamed Potatoes Mustard Pickles Canned Cherries Cake (from Wednesday) Tea Cocoa	26 Grape Juice Cereal Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Corned Beef Hash Mashed Turnips String Beans Fruit Cup Coffee Cookies Tea	Onion Soup With Grated Cheese Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Apricot Whip Tea Cocoa	
12 Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Hard Brown Rolls Grapes Frosted Cake Tea Cocoa	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Cranberry Jelly Squares Diced Fruits Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Bacon Omelet Buttered Toast Canned Pineapple Jelly Roll (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	27 Cereal with Raisins Grilled Smoked Fish with Lemon Toast Coffee Tea	Consommé Roast of Lamb Mint Sauce Browned Potatoes Buttered Onions Fruited Ice Cream Coffee Shortbread Tea	Cold Pork Tenderloin Potato Salad Pickles Canned Peaches Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	
13 Orange Sections Bread and Milk Coffee Cake Coffee Jelly Tea	Frankfurters Creamed Potatoes Mustard Pickles Canned Cherries Cake (from Wednesday) Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Turnips Steamed Raisin Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Hard Brown Rolls Grapes Frosted Cake Tea Cocoa	28 Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Date Scones Coffee Jelly Tea	Boiled Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea	Onion Soup With Grated Cheese Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Apricot Whip Tea Cocoa	
14 Tomato Juice Cereal French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Fish Balls Chili Sauce Chopped Cabbage Slaw Banana and Nut Salad Tea Cocoa	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Cranberry Jelly Squares Diced Fruits Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Bacon Omelet Buttered Toast Canned Pineapple Jelly Roll (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	29 Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Stuffed Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Baked Custard with Toasted Almonds Coffee Tea	Onion Soup With Grated Cheese Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Apricot Whip Tea Cocoa	
15 Baked Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Lima Bean Casserole (Add remainder of pot roast if any) Brown Bread Prune and Cottage Cheese Tea Salad Cocoa	Individual Chicken Shortcakes Cranberry Jelly Squares Diced Fruits Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Bacon Omelet Buttered Toast Canned Pineapple Jelly Roll (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa		Stuffed Pork Chops Scalloped Potatoes Harvard Beets Baked Custard with Toasted Almonds Coffee Tea	Onion Soup With Grated Cheese Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Apricot Whip Tea Cocoa	

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances
Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances
Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

When buying Furniture be sure of your Investment



Much furniture is made to "sell"—not to give enduring satisfaction. So-called "bargain" furniture, without a trade-mark, is likely to be costly in comparison with trade-marked furniture, the quality of which is certified by the maker's name.

Here's a case in point. An upholstered living-room chair made to "sell" at \$19.75 had the appearance of a \$40 chair. When the "bargain" chair was dissected, the exposures were shocking. The joinery of the wooden frame was done without any regard to good workmanship. The stuffing was "shoddy" and was suspected of being second-hand. The springs, in themselves and in the manner of their assembly were totally inadequate. They would succumb, in use,

to that ailment known as "infant mortality". The upholstery fabric was of such poor quality that it would quickly wear out.

Furniture is a major investment and so should be chosen with full regard to quality and serviceability. When buying furniture, the name of a reputable maker is assurance of satisfaction. The advertised name or trade-mark means good materials—good joinery—good everything—and that the maker has a reputation to protect.

All good furniture is not trade-marked, of course, but you owe it to yourself when buying furniture to be satisfied of the integrity of its maker. Buying "trade-marked" furniture is the simplest and safest way to do this.

Many products now in general use started as luxuries at high prices. National advertising has so increased their consumption and production that they are now available to everyone at moderate prices.

Refuse imitation products which are offered you for acceptance with the specious recommendation of "they are just as good."

[[This is one of a series of talks on why nationally-advertised products should always be asked for and insisted on.]]



A most restful living room is done in greens with white and shrimp pink accents. It is described on page 62.

How Shall I Go Modern In My Canadian Home?

The formal dining room. Color schemes given on page 62. Photographs by courtesy Eaton's-College Street.



by ELEANOR STEPHENS

IT'S LIKE trying to answer the question: "How do I fall in love?" Yet "they"—the mysterious "they"—asked your Editor, your Editor commands, so I dutifully begin. Modern, as applied to people, is a state or condition, just as marriage is. You are, or you are not—married or modern. You can become married in fifteen minutes. But to be modern is a matter of growth. It means taking an interest in modern social movements, in books, art, architecture, theatres, cinemas, and all this cavalcade that we call life. It means being in tune with your time.

Of course you are as modern as the next person in point of time. But are you modern decoratively speaking? Or do your thoughts centre round the last century? Do you honestly prefer Granny's old chairs in the dining room and Granny's Victorian furniture and draperies in the bedroom, even while you gloat over the perfections of your new refrigerator, your electric washer and your streamlined car? Then, by all means, keep Granny's old furniture. Obviously streamlines and angles are not for you. You recognize the practical value rather than the aesthetic simplicity of Twentieth century discoveries in furnishing. That old furniture may be lovely of its kind, and about it lingers a halo of romance which your backward glancing eye will discern. (Though when Granny was your age she probably was attracted by its newness).

"Fashions arrive overnight" is a common saying. But the initiated know that fashions are a natural, almost a slow growth—reflections of the taste and manners and needs of the day. Styles in furnishing are even slower in arriving. So that when about two years ago articles on the neo-classic and Regency styles first appeared in magazines, the initiated told you, "Yes, a temporary influence. It may have an effect on the modern, but it cannot oust it. For the modern style is the impress of the twentieth century mold."

Twentieth century design is growing daily in grace and beauty. The skyscrapers of today—receded, to let in the light, are miracles of beauty compared with the earliest efforts in skyscrapers. Furniture, fabrics, rugs, glass of modern design are also incomparably finer, more appealing, than those of the first third of the century.

The modern is growing up, as it were, and has shed the gaucheries of youth. So it is quite possible to combine it with the antique. The most advanced decorators have realized that certain types of antiques can live with modern furnishings as successfully as grandmother and grandchild can live together. Old furniture in a modern setting can be charming. A beautiful old table, an old chair, a mirror, a portrait, will give grace and interest to the most modern of rooms, provided they themselves are lovely. Success lies in the selection. The test of a thing of beauty is still that it is "a joy forever."

The things that simply refuse to live with the modern are the highly ornamented—the dust-catching carvings of Victorian and Louis XIV-XVI days, the ornate damasks and tapestries, intricately patterned wall-papers and carpets. So if you own these and would go modern you must prepare to discard them.

A young man of my acquaintance inherited a Victorian house filled with Victorian furniture. He transformed it into a modern house at little cost, by substituting plain papers and paint for the flowery ones, dyeing some carpets, introducing a few small rugs and plain broadloom and having the

[Continued on page 62]

MEN LIKE THEM!

(Continued from page 56)

Beef and Raisin Loaf

- 1½ Pounds of minced round steak
- 2 Medium onions, finely chopped
- 4 Crackers, finely rolled
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Cupful of seedless raisins
- 3 Eggs, slightly beaten
- Very thin slices of mild cheese
- Slices of bacon

Mix the minced steak and the chopped onions, add the rolled crackers and salt and pepper to season. Add the raisins and the slightly beaten eggs and pack half of the mixture into a greased loaf pan. Cover with very thin slices of cheese and add the remainder of the meat mixture. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for one hour. Ten minutes before serving, lay strips of bacon over the top and cook until the bacon is crisp.

Liver and Olives

- ½ Pound of beef liver
- ½ Cupful of flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of bacon fat
- 2 Cupfuls of hot water
- Pepper and paprika
- 10 Large green olives
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup
- Toast

Scald the liver, removing any gristle or skin. Roll in the flour and salt which have been mixed, and fry in the bacon fat until light brown. Remove the liver from the pan and sprinkle two tablespoonfuls of the salted flour into the fat in the pan, stirring until smooth. Add one cupful of the hot water gradually, season with pepper and paprika and stir until smooth and thick. Chop the liver and the olives, add the remaining cupful of hot water and cook gently for ten minutes. Add the gravy and the tomato catsup and serve at once on toast.

Veal Terrapin

- 3 Cupfuls of cooked veal, cut in pieces
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 1 Cupful of thin cream or evaporated milk
- 3 Hard-cooked eggs
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- Rice ring

Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until smooth and blended, cooking until lightly browned. Add the cream or evaporated milk gradually, stirring and cooking until the mixture is smooth and thickened. Add the cooked veal and the hard-cooked egg which has been cut in pieces. Season to taste with salt and pepper and, just before serving, add the lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Serve in a ring or border of hot boiled or steamed rice.

Spanish Lamb Stew

- 2 Pounds of breast of lamb, cut in small pieces
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of fat
- 1 Medium onion, chopped
- 1 Medium green pepper, chopped
- 1 Cupful of drained canned peas
- 2 Cupfuls of stewed or canned tomatoes
- ½ Cupful of washed rice
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Quarts of hot water

Brown the lamb slightly in the fat, add

the chopped onion and green pepper and cook until lightly browned. Add the remaining ingredients and simmer until the meat is tender. Just before serving, pour over the stew the following, which have been mixed:

- 1 Egg, beaten
- 1 Teaspoonful of olive oil
- ½ Teaspoonful of vinegar

Serve at once.

Wiener Schnitzel

- 6 Veal chops
- 1 Cupful of bread crumbs
- 2 Eggs
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of bacon drippings
- Juice of one lemon
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 1 Cupful of thick sour cream
- Salt, pepper and paprika

Dip the chops in the bread crumbs, then in egg which has been slightly beaten with a tablespoonful of cold water, then again in the bread crumbs. Brown on both sides in the hot bacon drippings. Cover and cook slowly until chops are done—about an hour. Remove to a hot platter, sprinkle with lemon juice and to the fat in the pan add the flour. When frothy, add the thick sour cream. Stir well, heat thoroughly, season with salt, pepper and paprika and pour over the chops. Garnish with lemon wedges if desired.

Meat Roll

- 1½ Pounds of round steak, cut about half inch thick
- ¼ Pound of thinly sliced, cooked ham
- About ¼ pound of chopped meat, pork and beef mixed
- 5 or 6 Hard-cooked eggs
- Salt and pepper
- Tomato sauce

Spread the steak with butter or other fat, lay the sliced ham evenly over the steak and spread the chopped meat which has been seasoned with salt and pepper over the ham. Place the shelled, hard-cooked eggs in a row down the centre and roll the meat around them, tying securely with string. Brown on all sides in hot fat, add the tomato sauce and cook slowly until tender (1 to 1½ hours). Remove the string and serve sliced, hot or cold. To make the tomato sauce:

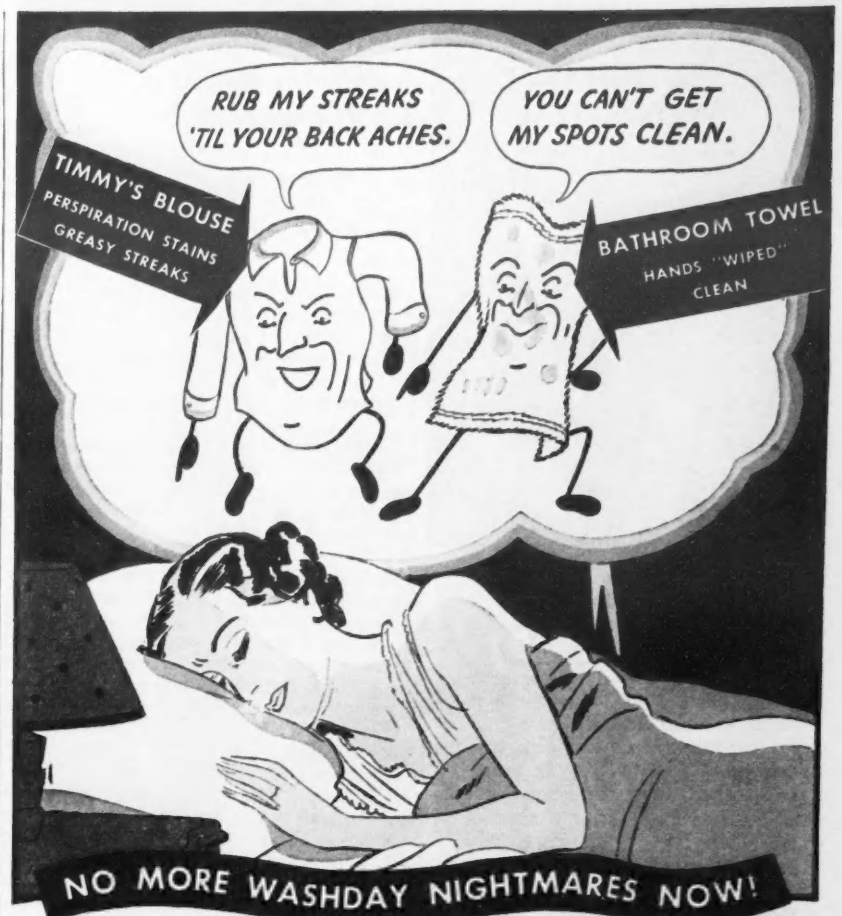
- 1 Onion, chopped fine
- 1 Clove of garlic, chopped fine
- 1 Tablespoonful of oil
- 1 Quart of canned tomatoes, strained
- Salt and pepper to taste

Fry the chopped onion and garlic in the oil until lightly browned, add the strained tomato and allow to cook for about half an hour or until slightly thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Ragout of Beef en Casserole

- 1 Pint of dried lima beans
- 1 Pound of chuck beef, cut in one-inch cubes
- 2 Medium onions, diced
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of hot bacon fat
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of browned flour
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of paprika
- Few grains of mace
- Scraped carrots, cut in strips
- 1 Cupful of stewed or canned tomatoes
- Water

Soak the lima beans overnight, drain, cover with boiling water and cook for fifteen minutes. Drain again. Brown the beef and the onions in the hot bacon fat, then roll the meat in the browned flour which has been mixed with the salt, paprika and mace. In a casserole or baking dish, arrange alternate layers of the cooked lima beans, the meat and onions and a few strips of carrot. Pour the stewed tomatoes over this and add water to barely cover the ingredients. Cook for two to two and a half hours in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—replenishing the water during the cooking when necessary.



Save rubbing on extra-dirty spots! Two Special Ingredients in P AND G Soap get grimed-in dirt out fast!

Does rubbing—rubbing—rubbing make washday a "nightmare" for you? Then—you need **P AND G Naphtha Soap**. It's a marvelous rub-saver—made with two special ingredients to work deep under the greasy dirt . . . lift it out in a hurry!

Special suds-builder in P AND G—the same rich tropical oil used to make shampoo soaps *extra-lathery*—extra-quick to dissolve grease. It makes tiny, tight bubbles that work harder than big, weak, watery bubbles.

Special dirt-loosener in P AND G—helps soften the water—actually helps the suds remove the dirt faster.

Test P AND G on neckbands, cuffs, dirt-stained towels. Rub these hard-to-clean places with **P AND G**. Concentrate this good rich soap on the concentrated dirt

. . . it works faster than just plain soapy water can! Roll up to soak a few minutes. Now—just a touch of rubbing gets every neckband clean, spotless. White as fresh snow!

Try **P AND G Naphtha**—even though you use a machine, it still saves you rubbing. Saves extra rinsing, too—because it cuts down that hard-water soap-scum that turns clothes gray. White, easy-rinsing **P AND G Naphtha** gets clothes whiter!

Amazing economy! One rich, sudsy cake of **P AND G** does over a hundred-piece wash! But it costs only a few cents! Stock up on **P AND G White Naphtha Soap** today. It stays fresh—for months! Ready with fast, grease-dissolving suds that make short work of dishes and cleaning!

P AND G SOAP GIVES YOU 2 EXTRA HELPERS



Easy on hands—
Fast for dishes

MADE IN CANADA

Pots and Pans

S.O.S. will shine them up again like new quickly and easily.

Burnt-on food, scorched grease, smoky stains disappear like magic. All because S.O.S. cleans, scours, polishes in one simple operation.

Put it to the test in your own kitchen right away. Get a package today at your favorite store.



S.O.S. SHINES

BAKING GLASS
POTS & PANS
COFFEE POTS
ALUMINUM
LINOLEUM
BROILERS
STOVES
NICKEL
OVER
40
USES

the
SOAP
is in the
PAD

Copyright 1935
S.O.S. Co.

S.O.S.
Magic
Scouring
Pads

Look for
the YELLOW
and red
package

FREE

Mail this coupon, or a post card to S.O.S. Manufacturing Company of Canada, Limited, 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, for a free trial package of S.O.S. You'll like it!

Made in Canada. Fully protected by patents.

NAME

ADDRESS

HOW SHALL I GO MODERN?

(Continued from page 60)

carvings and fretwork cut off the furniture. "For," said he, "a dressing table and a dresser are only boxes with drawers." So he got a working cabinetmaker to remove the "gingerbread" in some cases, to make new straight legs to replace carved ones, and to substitute wooden tops for marble ones.

HERE, IN a nutshell, is the recipe for "going modern." Have plain walls—no moldings—door and furniture with surfaces as plain as possible, depending on the grain of the wood or on color for effect. Floor coverings that are plain or with but little pattern, and that pattern massed, not with an all-overish look. Hangings that are simple, straight and colorful—or blending with the walls. Large windows, and both windows and fireplace as flat as possible. Last, but most important, ample lighting.

Color is also important. In the beginning, neutral walls and masses of strident shrieking color were the hallmarks of the modern. Lately we have taken to pastels. The influence of Regency styles, now on the wane, has left its imprint here.

The sovereign rule is to discard unnecessary ornament, clinging to plain colors, arrange furniture and decorate walls so that there is an effect of space, light and air. Cream, off-white, light green, peach, dusty pink, salmon, light blue, cobalt, turquoise, gold, yellow, clear red, plum, are the colors of the day.

The modern ideal aspires to comfort, beauty and health; fresh air to breathe—no draughts, oil furnaces, and air conditioning if you can run to them; large and plentiful windows to admit daylight, a plentiful supply of electric lights (reflector lamps are the best), no moldings, no ornamental skirting, and boards or ceiling cornices to catch dust, chairs that are comfortable and

not so springy as to encourage curvature of the spine.

When you have decided in favor of the modern, make this the final test before you choose irrevocably. "Is this design the best for the function it has to fulfill?"

To be quite specific, a good way to begin in a living room, supposing you have plain walls and a plain carpet, is:

1. Let your curtains hang straight to the floor—beneath a flat cornice board, if you like.

2. Have a chesterfield and one, two or three armchairs with slim and simple lines, covered in plain fabric, in repps, heavy ottoman corded or ribbed fabric—one of the new barred or checked crashes or homespun. Two or more colors on fabrics are good for these different pieces.

3. Place low, plain coffee tables or end tables within easy reach of chairs and settees.

4. Place table and floor lamps of simple design—reflector lamps are best for lighting—conveniently for reading.

5. Group some of this furniture round fireplace, window or some other focal point.

6. Bookcases (at least one), radio cabinet or piano or both, desk and a cabinet to hold records, papers and the thousand and one things that collect, are desirable in most living rooms.

A charming color scheme makes the living room pictured restful and yet gay and modern. It is in greens with white and shrimp pink accents and dark walnut furniture. The carpet is green, walls and ceiling are white, small settee is green and natural, large chairs are green, black and natural, small armchairs are in shrimp, curtains in shrimp and natural, two chairs (not shown) in black and shrimp. The mantelpiece is in green marble with a mirror surround, the hearthrug screens, lamps and ornaments are in white.

The dining room shown is colorful yet formal. A grey carpet, blue-green walls and white ceiling make the background for light mahogany furniture. The sideboard front is lacquered white, the chairs have chartrreuse leather seats and backs, and there are lemon yellow drapes and white glass curtains.

Here are smart modern color schemes, all of which have been successfully carried out.

	Wall	Carpet	Curtains	Chair Coverings	Remarks
Dining Room	Natural with putty blue ceiling	Fawn with nigger and russet pattern	Crash lighter shade than carpet, with horizontal stripes	Natural and brown diagonal. Also crash same shades, yellow and red cotton fabrics	Mahogany furniture, ivory woodwork
Living Room	Lupin blue ceiling tinted to match	Beige	Yellow glazed chintz	Yellow and red cotton fabric	Mahogany furniture, ivory woodwork
Living Room	Nile green	Dark green	Glazed chintz, ivory marguerites with green, piped red	Red and ivory-yellow	Ivory woodwork, mahogany and walnut furniture
Bedroom	Yellow	Greyish fawn	Yellow and rose chintz	Same as curtains	Yellow and white furniture. Pale grey woodwork
Bedroom	Silver grey, ceiling same color	Blue lavender	Dark and light blue, biscuit and lavender with orange lines		Mahogany furniture
Dining Room	Grey mauve	Rainbow patterned French rug, rose, rust, blue	ivory upholsterer's satin	Chairs white, leather seats	Mahogany furniture, mirror, cornice
Bedroom	Pale yellow	Tree bark, brown Wilton	Light green, also spread		Maple furniture, brown and black accessories
Living Room	Olive green	Beige	Beige brown and green	Light green putty leather and mohair	Sectional sofa



You don't have to scrub and scour with smelly disinfectants to insure a clean, safe toilet. Sani-Flush is made especially to do this job for you. It is quick, thorough and harmless. It is odorless. It removes stains . . . kills germs . . . purifies the hidden trap that no amount of scrubbing can reach.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the toilet. (Directions are on the can.) Flush it, and the job is done. You don't rub or scrub. Don't touch it with your hands. Rust and stains go. Odors vanish. The toilet is safe! Sanitary! Sani-Flush is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores—25 and 15 cent sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING



Sold Everywhere at 5¢ 10¢ 15¢ 25¢
Beck Bros. & Turner Ltd., Montreal, Can. Agents



For the cleaning of silverware "Goddard's" is known throughout the world. You can rely on either

"Goddard's"
Plate Powder or Plate Polish
In Boxes In Tins

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers
J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leicester
England

can't love you, or she'd be going with you. If she won't, I will. What does it matter? You off alone for two years in that awful Africa. She won't divorce you. She won't go, and I—"

There was a pause as her voice broke, then:

"I guess we have thought of her too long, and there's not one soul I'd really hurt here, so I'll sail tomorrow night, too."

Annie stood motionless, a yellow gown like spring sunshine crushed in her hands. The voice moved relentlessly on.

"Nothing can change me now. I'm free, white and twenty-one. I can do as I please now. I'll be at the pier."

Annie's face blanched. It was untrue. She had known it when she said it months ago. No one is free, ever. Elsa's step passed the door again. The maid glanced at the crumpled dress in her hands. "Not one soul I'd really hurt here." She pulled the light cord and went to the laundry for the iron, though she fumbled for the rail as she went down the stairs.

ACROSS THE carpet in her little room that night, Annie walked up and down, back and forth. Mrs. Hammond, with coiffed grey head and tight mouth, impetuous; Dick; Miselsa, with reddened eyes. There was no way at all, for one like herself to tell an angel how to reach the stars or find the sun, not tonight nor the next morning when she set up the breakfast tray. She left the room in a silence that she could not break, though she wished to do so.

The only thing left, to go about the work and get ready for her afternoon off.

Dressing in the foulard that made her more shapeless, donning a coat that surely had known no animal, with felt hat over her ears, Annie left the house that afternoon. For an hour she had tried to find the courage to see Miselsa, but could not.

Unbearable to look into pansy eyes a bit swollen and see the beauty of her, whose beauty would be spoiled. She did not put it thus. She merely knew many things as she trudged down the street, snowflakes hitting her face. In flat shoes, feet aching, she walked until, close beside her, close enough to make her jump, a car drew up and Miselsa called naturally, even gaily, as she had not for months!

"Off for your afternoon spree, Annie? I'll give you a lift," and Annie stared at the girl in a real mink coat, with flaming cheeks and red lips, and a smile that did not quite hide the shadows under her eyes. She voicelessly nodded, for, at that moment, had germinated within her a hope that staggered, a way to show and not just to tell. Silent except for the address she gave, shivering so that she must clasp each hand tight in the other, she sat as they drove.

The car pulled up finally before a brick building.

"Out here I get," Annie said, "and would you come in?"

"Thanks, Annie, but I've a lot to do today."

"I have something I like to show you, Miselsa," with strange insistence.

"Another time," carelessly. Then, at the other's expression, with her old graciousness, "Of course, I can spare a minute."

In the building, Annie knew her way. Her steps quickened, and Elsa hurried to keep up. At a closed door she knocked, and a white garbed woman came and said, "How are you, Annie?" Around the walls were row upon row of beds, small with iron bars, and Annie's flying feet were carrying her to one where sat a child with wide, blue eyes. She waved as she neared him, and he tossed a rattle, entirely heedless.

"A—ah," she cried, and, leaning over, caressed the fair head; then, remembering, turned. "Gold, like angels," proudly, "like yours, you know," and she picked the baby up.

He gurgled, and his hands waved and hit her on the face, and Annie cried out with pleasure; then, facing Elsa:

"He is mine, my little Stan."

The beauty of the pudgy thing in his peasant mother's arms.

"Why, Annie, what a lamb," Elsa held out

her hands. The baby grinned toothlessly.

"He goes to all," with pride.

The child put his tiny hands on Elsa's face and reached for a lock of hair.

"He's precious," she said. "You're lucky to have him."

"I won't, not after today," flatly. "He goes for adoption." Her hands fell in a gesture of renunciation. "I don't know where."

"But, Annie," the baby was suddenly too heavy. She put him into his bed and took Annie's shoulders tight. "Your husband—"

Annie shook her head. "No husband," clearly.

"But he's yours anyway, husband or not," indignantly.

It was like beating one's head against a wall, for the girl stood apparently emotionless. The child on his back worked hard to put five toes in a moist rosebud mouth. They both turned to him.

"His father must marry you."

Annie's head moved slowly.

"He was married. He is again with his wife. Always the wife wins in the end."

Elsa's hand went to her throat.

"But," less surely, "he can help, or I have a little money. You've been so wonderful to—"

Annie interrupted, and her voice was a monotone.

"Babies need mothers and fathers, married ones. I was proud mom and pop was married. They almost wasn't. My baby," a ring came into her voice, "is going to have a married mama and papa, a home. Me!" scorn filled her voice, "he would be ashamed of a girl like me, who went with a married man. You don't know, Miselsa. Only dumb girls like me know. You've been taught. You know right."

Elsa stood rigid, pale. The baby gurgled and tried to pull himself up the side of the crib.

"And this," Annie said, "is the last day I see him," and the calm that was hers broke, and she ran to the crib and pulled the child to her, and tears rained on his face and arms and wet his clothes, and he laughed uproariously. Annie for once forgot everything but herself, and, when she remembered, Elsa was gone.

MUCH LATER than usual that night, poor Annie Polinsky turned her steps toward the Hammond home. She had bought, in an ornate shop where a radio blasted, a sandwich and soda that she scarcely touched. She had gone to a motion picture. A laughing baby on the screen made her cry. A joyous girl made her cry. Leaving the theatre, an inebriate caught at her elbow and she shrugged him off. The ache of her feet mocked her consciousness. Her eyes were hot and tired and, as she neared the house, though she tried not, she glanced up at Miselsa's windows and found them dark. When Miselsa was home or expected, a light burned there. She trudged the long way round the garden to the service entrance and let herself in, and to her room she climbed, each step seeming higher than the one before; and in her room in the dark she sat in a low, stiff rocking chair, one of two that were hers. Hat and coat on, Annie sat and, to the tune of the squeak in the rocker, passed, in jumbled procession, the baby, Miselsa—Miselsa, the baby, with the Polinskys dimly in the background, and the blows her father had rained upon her, unimportant; for this was pain, and that was merely punishment. Everything for Annie was finished in twenty-one years, and her silent apathy was merely the undertone of strident misery.

She arose stiffly, then a knock on the door brought her to quivering life. She opened it wide, to find Mrs. Hammond in evening dress.

"In hat and coat at two o'clock," glancing at her jewelled watch.

"Uh—huh."

"Yes, ma'am, to your superiors," sharply. "I'll not have my maids out until all hours."

Annie was silent, then more mildly Mrs. Hammond continued:

"We have unexpected guests and need two bedrooms fixed up." [Continued on next page]



Jaffas don't disappoint

Both Jaffa oranges and grapefruit have that delightful flavour and abundance of juice which characterises that fine healthy fruit.

If you want to be sure, demand Jaffas, grown in Palestine.

CONCENTRATED SUNSHINE IN

PALESTINE Jaffa

ORANGES and Grapefruit

The Woman Investor

Choosing a Broker

The story is told in Toronto financial circles of the widow of an important and wealthy Canadian industrialist, whose estate has dwindled to negligible proportions in five years.

The income from first grade securities left at the time of the band's death was luxuriously maintained.

of stock exchanges on which shares are listed.

Operations Regular

Operations and business of brokerage firms, members of the New York or

Here is a New Feature

of outstanding importance to women readers of

THE FINANCIAL POST

To its always dependable news of developments in the field of investments now is added this new department of essential interest to women. It deals frankly, fully and understandably with subjects relating to investments and investment problems upon which every woman investor should be informed.

FREE! Subscribers by mail to The Financial Post are given a special service of great value. Their enquiries about Canadian securities are answered by personal letter, free of charge.

Safeguard YOUR Interests!

You can rely on The Financial Post. Try it for 10 weeks for \$1. Or, if you prefer it for the year—\$5. Use the coupon.

DO IT NOW! START WITH THIS WEEK'S ISSUE!

THE FINANCIAL POST, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Please send me The Financial Post by mail for weeks. Enclosed is \$..... in payment.

Name

Address

623



A helpful REMEDY

Physicians find Bicarbonate of Soda a safe and effective relief for indigestion, heartburn and stomach acidity. It is good to know that whenever Bicarbonate of Soda is indicated for medicinal use, Cow Brand Baking Soda can be used with entire confidence. There is no purer Bicarbonate of Soda than Cow Brand—obtainable everywhere for just a few cents a package.

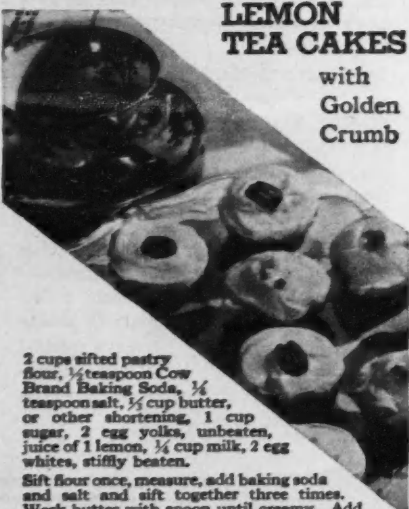


KEEP 2 PACKAGES

—one in the medicine cabinet
—one on the kitchen shelf

LEMON TEA CAKES

with
Golden
Crumb



2 cups sifted pastry flour, 1/2 teaspoon Cow Brand Baking Soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup butter, or other shortening, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, unbeaten, juice of 1 lemon, 1/4 cup milk, 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Sift flour once, measure, add baking soda and salt and sift together three times. Work butter with spoon until creamy. Add sugar gradually, beating after each addition until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating until well blended. Add flour alternately with lemon juice and milk, beating until smooth after each addition. Fold in egg whites. Bake in small greased cup cake tins in moderate oven (375°F) 20 minutes. Makes 30 small cakes. Frost with

ORANGE BUTTER FROSTING

2 tablespoons butter, 2 cups confectioners sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, 1/4 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1/4 teaspoon orange extract, few drops lemon extract.

Work butter with spoon until very soft. Add sugar gradually, beating well, thinning with milk until of right consistency to spread. Add orange rind and flavoring. All measurements are level.

MAIL THIS COUPON

CHURCH & DWIGHT LIMITED, 50
2715 Reading Street, Montreal.

Please send me your free booklets on the medicinal and cooking uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda.

Name

Address

U-22 PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

STRANGE SISTERHOOD

(Continued from page 11)

course. You use her as a pawn. She'll right-about-face on you some day if you're not careful."

Mrs. Hammond turned to Annie.

"You may go," sharply, and the words reached the girl as she shut the door.

AS SHE helped Mrs. Hammond dress later, Elsa came in to say good-by and kiss a light farewell. Her step, her face were vibrant and glowing as always now when she started out for the day.

"You look beautiful, child," her aunt exclaimed, involuntarily caught by the evanescent something that flitted across her niece's personality; but, drawing upright, still angry from the morning, "you must realize, Elsa, that you are twenty-one, that it's time to be thinking of the future. There must be someone desirable. Dick—" her voice trailed off.

Elsa flushed.

"But if I don't love him?"

"Love?" Mrs. Hammond's lips curved into a smile, while her eyes remained bleak and grey. Annie fumbled with her blouse. "Miss Elsa will finish me," testily.

Annie, half miserable, half relieved, saw that Mrs. Hammond's rebukes, once so devastating, now did not touch Elsa; were lost indeed in the dreaminess of moods. She had escaped into a private world of her own. Even she herself who, through the months, had become important, was told frequently:

"I'm dead tonight. Guess I'll go to sleep early, no parties or anything, so don't bring milk." And later, tiptoeing down the corridor, Annie would see a light under the door, hear a voice in a one-sided conversation, and, beating a fist on the palm of her other hand, she would walk away.

Dick picked her up in his car as she went down the street on one of her afternoons off. She had got to know him well when he frequented the house during the time that he saw Miselsa daily. His smile had disarmed even her shyness.

"How is she—Elsa?" he asked; then, miserably, "I never see her any more."

"She is at the League," with strange, imploring eagerness.

"She is not—not often. I have been there a hundred times."

"Mister Dick," a bit desperately.

He turned, surprised, and viewed the broad, quivering face.

"What?" he enquired.

"Just wait, maybe she change some day. Maybe"—then, flushing furiously—"I don't know what I say, I guess;" and she sank back, weak at her temerity, and within the week, when she had to tell Miselsa what she did, she could not say more than the message.

"Mister Dick called twice on the phone today, and then he come. He say to tell you he will not again."

"Weren't there any other calls?" eagerly. "One, from Mr. Frazier," stolidly. "He say he can get to the dance tonight, to be sure to go."

"Oh—h," Elsa, standing in the hall, furs choking her neck, hands in a muff, shivered; then remembering, "And Dick," half to herself, "is finished."

Tears came. Through them she saw Annie's wide eyes, protesting face. Slowly she ascended the stairs; and that night, dressing, she asked:

"What do you think about, Annie?" and, for a moment, the girl smoothed, patted and adjusted, then straightened.

"Me? I don't think much, I guess."

"You must," strangely persistent. "Everyone does," and, as she was leaving, as the maid tidied up, "You're not to wait up for me any more, Annie." Then, coming close,

and hurriedly as if she did not want to say it but must: "It isn't right, it isn't fair to you, and it isn't fair to my aunt."

Annie raised stricken eyes to this girl, her own age, dressed in soft silk, who smiled apologetically.

"You see, Annie," she added, "you have your work."

Annie reached forward and, from habit, tucked a loose end of hair under the golden roll at the nape of the slender neck. Miselsa's telephone rang the last thing at night. She heard it, always.

"You understand, don't you, Annie?"

Annie nodded.

"Have a good time," she said by way of reply, and as she had every night when Elsa swirled out, perfumed, satin shod, silken clad, a prize for the highest bidder in the Hammond home.

AFTER THIS came a definite change. Miselsa's mood might be feverish, sometimes gay, sometimes sharp, often silent. Fixing up her room, Annie would find her writing, and no word was exchanged. She would bound to the telephone at its ring, not waiting for a guttural "hullo" to tell her who might be calling. She herself would fly to the postbox at the mailman's visit, and dress carefully and hurriedly to be off for the day.

"You seem to be popular enough, dates all the time, though you never tell me about them any more," Mrs. Hammond complained abruptly once when she came into the room as Annie made the bed, "but you're much slimmer, and I like that," though Mr. Hammond boomed that very night so as to be heard by any who listened: "You're skinnier than a string, look as if you need a tonic. What's come over you, worried or unhappy?"

His shrewd eyes scanned the face, once round and childlike, now oval and wistful.

Elsa gave her uncle a swift hug.

"You don't like my skinniness?"

"Gosh, no, I like my women plump. No wonder Dick's off of you." Elsa put a quick hand over his mouth, eyes searching for Mrs. Hammond.

"You've noticed Dick?" she asked, and Annie, standing by her door down the long corridor that led from her room to the main house, heard him say:

"I like the lad for what he is. Get that, for what he is. I hoped you would."

It was then that the downstairs maid came up and told Elsa that Mister Dick was below.

"But I can't," protestingly. "I—" and her uncle surprisingly, and for once expressing an opinion, said:

"It would please me if you did. I miss the boy. I don't like him hurt."

It was an hour before Elsa came up the broad staircase and rang for Annie.

"You'll have to fix me up," she said, eyes swollen. "I look awful. I'll change my dress and wash my face."

She reached unexpectedly for Annie's hand as she sat down, and burst into tempestuous tears. On her knees, beside the low slipper chair, Annie took her in her arms.

"There, there," she soothed, holding the shaking figure close, smoothing back the golden hair. "There."

"He said," between sobs, "he'd wait always. He said he loved me too much not to, and I can't, Annie—I—I—" Words hung on her lips, were lost. "I'm silly," straightening, "but I wish I didn't love—like him so darned much."

"Maybe," Annie forgot shyness, "you will see you do some day."

Elsa rose slowly to her feet.

"I think I could if—Get my dress, Annie. There's a dear," changing abruptly.

It happened quite by accident the next night that Annie was to know. In the big clothes closet, for want of something to do, from the loneliness in her heart, she rearranged frocks that seemed like flowers, bright, soft, fragrant. Each she handled with loving touch, heedless of all but what she did, until Elsa passed the closed door with quick steps, and almost immediately said into the telephone:

"Bob, I've thought it out at last. She



BOVRIL
CONCENTRATED
BEEF GOODNESS
**WILL BRACE
YOU UP**

34M2



BY APPOINTMENT



Don't be Mean!

Mother, don't be afraid to help children liberally to Lyle's Golden Syrup—on their cereals ... their pancakes ... puddings. It makes almost a complete meal simply with bread and butter. It is the purest form of syrup. It is not a corn syrup—it is a highly refined sugar syrup.



Your grocer has
it, 1 lb., 2 lb., 4 lb.
and 14 lb. tins.

**Lyle's
Golden Syrup**

Packed by Tate and Lyle
Limited, Mincing Lane,
London, England

32

"I see," after a pause. "This attachment—it *was* an attachment, I presume—pardon my persistence, Mr. Seton, but you can see how necessary—had it gone far?"

After another long moment Ross looked up, and the color had swept across his face. "I had never forgotten entirely that I owed certain things to my wife." He spoke stiffly.

"I see," again. "Did you intend that this same attachment should continue in the future?"

"Yes, I did," curtly. There was something of cornered desperation then. "I was going to ask my wife if she would consent to letting me go. Believe me, when I say it wasn't an easy decision. I swear to that. It cost me a great deal of worry. I swear I had no idea she remotely suspected."

"Do you think women are fools?" quietly.

There was another pause. "I think perhaps—I thought mine was, a little." Ross spoke in a half-shamed voice. Then he sprang to his feet. "Look here, must we go on talking like this!" with a touch of impatience. "I'll not forget now that I have certain obligations to fulfill. I'll do my very best to win my wife's confidence."

"Hm." The doctor looked dubious and made further vague reference to time, caution and rest. "In any event, she should be moved from here. Physically, she's perfectly sound and we need the space."

"Peggy," on that last night before they took her away. "I wish you'd believe I only want to be kind to you. I'd like to take you home and help you to remember."

"No, no," quickly. "I've only had one home, and you all tell me that was years ago and I can't go back. I don't believe it. If I could only see someone who knew me."

Ross stared impotently. There was no irritation now, only a desperate turning over in his mind as to who, now that their immediate people were gone, in that far Western town could possibly help. "Peggy, who was Bob?" suddenly.

"Bob!" After a long moment, she gripped the book in her hands with trembling fingers. "He was—why, he was the boy who loved me, the only boy I ever cared for." A hint of panic crept back in her eyes. "They won't tell me where he is, either, or why he doesn't come. None of you will tell me anything."

Hastily, Ross tried to soothe her, alarmed at her increased excitement. Then, unexpectedly, she looked directly at him, just when he imagined it was useless, and she was on the verge of screaming. "Bob was everything you aren't," sharply. "He was good and kind." He listened in a half-sick daze as she continued, trying to recall a lank, freckled youth called Bob in their high-school days—a youth he had never remotely thought worthy of serious rivalry.

He leaned forward, almost eagerly, at a new thought. "Do you remember Ross Seton out there, too? Ross Seton, who took you to your first country club dance?"

"Ross Seton," slowly, as if she had never even heard the name he had been forcing on her every day. "Ross, oh!" There was an unexpected, half hysterical laugh. "That smart, conceited—oh, but he was awful! He tried to make love to me, and I couldn't bear it."

"Peggy!" urgently, putting aside, until later, the unbelievable shock and pain of that. "Now you *must* remember. I'm Ross Seton."

But that was the worst of all, when he did see undeniable recognition fill her eyes, and the horror. He had not believed that any man could feel as utterly frightened and lost as he did in his own home that night. Remembering Peggy, her unflinching care and tenderness, with an appalling fear that he would never know her again, as she had been then.

He did not know just how much that fear had become an integral part of him until he was aware of Paula's eyes facing him across another restaurant table.

"Ross," very slowly. "Am I supposed to sit here the whole evening and hear about your conscience complexes? Do you think it's fair to me?"

"Oh." He laid down his fork. "I'm sorry," after a moment, and said no more.

Her glance was still intent. "Ross, I thought you said you loved me," finally.

He began with a slight laugh to turn that aside. Then abruptly he changed his mind. "Paula, honestly I'm too worried even to concentrate on loving you at present," he confessed. "I—funny, isn't it?" with another short note of laughter. "I didn't have much conscience before, and now I simply don't feel able to take advantage of her not knowing."

"You still surprise me," a little too evenly. "She seems to bind you, either way. Some people might have thought the circumstances actually pointed . . . to a way ahead."

He looked at her steadily. "Would you want that?" very quietly.

"Why so different now to formerly?" she countered. Then she leaned forward, her hand reaching across the table. "Ross, don't look at me like that. Perhaps I realize now how very much I love you."

Ross did not touch her hand, nor did he evade her glance. "You don't love me," he returned steadily. And there was something in his tone that made her draw back sharply, with a rising, dangerous flash of color.

HE STAYED away from the convalescent home a week. Then that same odd power drew him back to Peggy irresistibly. Yet always there was resentment at his intrusion—fear and alarm.

One day he walked out of the office in mid-afternoon. He was going to take just one more desperate chance.

"Peggy," he began uncertainly. "I don't know whether there's any use going into it again. I—well, you may have every reason to feel about me as you do, but I wish you'd believe me when I say there's nothing in the world I want more than be able to do something that would make you feel I'm not so utterly despicable. I'm not used to being thought despicable, even when I know I am—" He broke off, staring at the floor.

But that was wrong. And somehow in that moment he saw himself as a weak, miserable thing, trying to shield himself behind a woman's one-time love and devotion. So that there was no attempt at self-justification, none of the old answering flash of spirit, as he met her angry glance.

"But Peggy," slowly, "I wish I could make you see that things can't go on like this. After all, you might as well accept the face that you are my wife—"

He stopped short again, for even reason was useless, and Peggy began to show every familiar sign of being violently unreasonable.

"I tell you I wouldn't be your wife; what have you got there?" Her whole tone changed suddenly, as she stared, wide-eyed, at something he was bringing from an inner pocket.

A hot wave of embarrassment covered his face. His voice was low and hesitant, as he moved to her side. "It's this. I wondered if perhaps it might . . . if it brings back at all what it was going to mean to us both."

She looked down a long time at the tiny woollen thing he laid before her. He stood very still, very white and strained, at the sudden trembling of her hands.

"You mean—you mean—I!" There was no denying the agitation that had seized her now, as she looked up; the freckles standing like clear, tiny points on her colorless face. "That you—that I—"

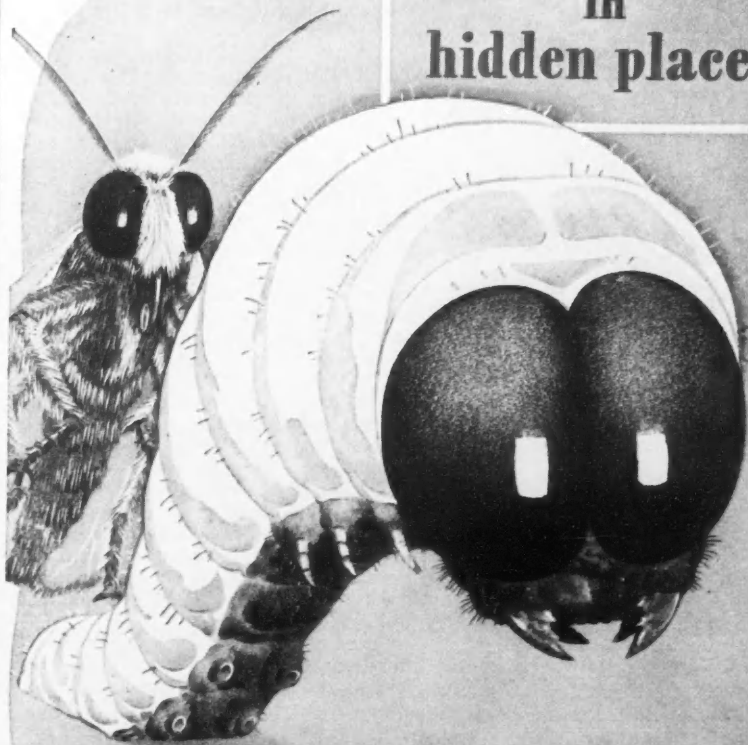
"Peggy, can't you feel somewhere, deep down—?" But he stopped aghast at her expression, as she flung herself away, in a shuddering, desperate heap on the bed.

"Oh, it's awful. It's wicked. I can't bear it!" in a stifled gasp.

In another instant Ross's stricken horror turned to anger such as he had never known before. An anger that was mixed with sharp agony. He seized her and shook her savagely.

"And maybe I can't bear it, either!" in a fierce, clipped voice. "You—you've turned into a devil, I think. Well, if that's how you feel . . . about a thing like that, I'm through. I'll go. I'll go to the woman who wants me, even if I hate her—or maybe I'll do worse than that. You—you damnable mockery of the woman I'd give my very life to love again! If you could only know how I hate you!" He strode to the door.

Moths breed in hidden places



Now...every OZITE Rug Cushion carries an Insured Guaranty against MOTH DAMAGE to the cushion!

NOW OZITE Rug Cushion has the most positive moth protection known—a great new feature that alone would make you insist on *genuine* Ozite.

You get an Insured Guaranty Certificate with each Genuine OZITE Rug Cushion, which means that your cushion is actually *insured* against moth damage under our policy with the Fireman's Fund Insurance Co. This is possible because OZITE is treated with a patented solution that *kills* moth worms. The mothproofing is permanently effective. Since Genuine OZITE is the *only* rug cushion so treated—isn't it important to get the genuine?

OZITE is so marvellously soft it actually doubles the life and luxury of rugs; its adhesive center prevents lumping; "ozonizing" renders the cushion odorless. These features, and the mothproof guaranty, are found only in genuine OZITE. Look for the name on every square yard. Guaranteed to satisfy.

● Genuine OZITE is made in 2 weights—a price for every purse. Made in Canada and sold by leading Rug and Department Stores.

Ozite

RUG CUSHION

Tested and Approved by
Chatelaine Institute
MAINTAINED BY
Chatelaine Magazine



Loss under this guaranty insured by
FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.
Be sure you get your Insured
Guaranty with every Genuine
OZITE Rug or Carpet Cushion.

OZITE PRODUCTS CO. LTD., CH236
131 Collin St., St. Johns, Que.

Please send me FREE sample of OZITE Rug Cushion . . . full details of your mothproof Insured Guaranty . . . and free booklet "Useful Facts About Care of Rugs."

Name

Address

City Province

For Tomorrow's Energy

EVERY child needs the energy-making food value of Fry's COCOA every day. It is a delicious beverage and a concentrated food in one. Give your children plenty of Fry's in drinks, sauces, puddings and other dishes. Build up their resistance with Fry's COCOA to the health hazards of winter.

Use Fry's Unsweetened Chocolate in convenient separate 1 oz. squares for your baking. Send for recipe book, Fry-Cadbury Ltd., Dept. 352, Montreal, Que.



There were very few maids that even Mrs. Hammond would have approached at this hour. Her tone moderated.

"It's unusual, but you shouldn't mind, seeing that you've just got in from a gay time, no doubt."

Annie did not reply. Mrs. Hammond straightened.

"And, while we're talking, the servants complain that you're not genial, never enter in or laugh. You must be pleasant if you care to remain here. Remember, I took you with no character reference. You must do your best."

A lump filled the girl's throat. She cared no longer what anyone thought.

Mrs. Hammond started away, then retraced her steps.

"You might look in on Miss Elsa. She had

a headache tonight and didn't go out. She asked for you. She was stirring when I passed the room."

Annie's face paled, and then it flushed. "Miselsa," she breathed, "in room. You sure?"

It was more than Mrs. Hammond had ever heard Annie express in one sentence. She stared, surprised and annoyed, then:

"Where did you expect to find her? Everyone," glancing at her watch, "does not remain out all night, especially," warming to the subject, "girls that are brought up right."

"Yes, ma'am," Annie replied, and drew respectfully to one side, waiting, as she had been taught, for her better to precede her down the long corridor that led to the ivory room.

SWEET FOOL

(Continued from page 15)

shock, protest, and something of alarm all mingled. "Bob?" The doctor looked at him enquiringly. He shook his head in answer, helplessly.

She shrank from his glance and touch. And when he took her arm, in an attempt at firm reassurance, she screamed—and screamed again, and would not be quieted. Ross was motioned quickly outside.

"Now you mustn't take it like that. . . not personally." The quiet voice of the doctor a little later, steadied his alarm, and horrified impatience. "It's obvious that her mind's slipped back a few years, and for the present you simply don't enter into it. Quite evidently she regards you as an interfering stranger. We'll have to see what a long rest—" He looked rather curiously at the young man's darkly flushed face. "There's been no shock? No domestic trouble?"

"Oh, heavens, no." Ross shook his head positively. "Perfectly happy. I know she was. She was devoted to me."

"Hmm." Ross did not quite understand or quite forget that glance. It made him phone the doctor very early the next morning, and it made him order, with particular care, a wealth of flowers to be sent up to the hospital. And it took him back, at the first opportunity, to Peggy.

THIS TIME he went in alone. She was leaning back against the pillows, and even before she was aware of him, there was fright and uncertainty in her wide blue eyes.

"Hello, my darling," easily again, for the report had been more encouraging. She had slept and eaten fairly well, they said, and seemed less restless altogether. Perhaps, if he were to go in quietly and talk—

"Don't." She stiffened suddenly, as he bent casually to kiss her. "You're not to do that. I'll call—"

"My dear girl!" This time he backed swiftly, fearing a repetition of the previous night's scene. "I've kissed you every day for eight years and you've never objected before." Ridiculous. . . the red he felt creeping up into his face, making his smile somehow forced and stiff.

"You're still telling me lies." Her voice was unnaturally sharp and high. "What are they keeping me here for? I want to go home."

"Why, of course; certainly you can," quickly. "The minute you're able." Then, after a hesitation: "You remember your home?"

"Of course I remember my home."

"Where is it then?" abruptly. Now that he was recovering himself, he began to feel fresh annoyance at his whole frigid reception. "Why, on Elm Avenue, behind the high school, of course." Her answer was impa-

tient, as if he were, in addition to other things, too stupid to be considered politely.

He drew a deep breath. "Peggy, don't be silly." The annoyance deepened. "Great heavens, that was ten years ago. You're married to me now."

Her wide eyes met his with the same disbelief and terror. "I. . . couldn't be."

"Why ever not?" He spoke more gently then, at the lowness of her tone. "Now honestly, dear, looking at me, do you see anything you could object to?"

He smiled again at the very words. He could not help it. For now he spoke with all the confidence of years of experience, and the fact that her mind had slipped into a past that quite excluded him, still seemed too unreal for proper consideration. He could not understand that her eyes were the eyes of inexperience, and immature, unreasoning instinct.

Her voice was still low and tense. "I feel. . . afraid of you."

"Afraid!" For the moment Ross simply stared. Then he moved abruptly, very close. "Peggy, stop that nonsense. It is nonsense. You know you're crazy about me, and always have been."

His hands gripped her arms below the plain white hospital gown, and his eyes blazed into hers with an anger that held little sympathy or understanding. She pulled herself away and screamed time and time again, so that a nurse came running. Once more Ross flung himself outside, this time a good deal more sullenly, muttering: "Afraid of me, when I've given her everything she ever asked for."

Paula was sympathetic when he told her about it across a small secluded restaurant table that night.

"Poor boy." Her voice came lightly and a little coolly. "And such a devoted husband, too."

His eyes met hers, knowing there was more than a hint of resentful mockery this time.

"If you talk to me like that—well, you may be sorry," slowly and deliberately. He watched, with that same satisfaction, a touch of alarm creep into her face. There was no denying now his supremacy.

"Oh, come on; let's get out of here." He dropped her hand abruptly. "Let's drive and drive anywhere; and if you do care, now's your time to show it."

HE DROVE, quite as he suggested, and knew there was more than a hint of real passion in her touch that night. But even while he held her closely, he knew a sense of indefinable chill that made him stare above her head, almost unseeing. Wondering and wondering, if Peggy had suspected anything; whether he was in any way responsible for that inexplicable terror.

"A shock, perhaps." The doctor had more than one quiet talk with Ross. "Aggravated by a head blow. I'm convinced there's nothing radically wrong with her mind. Her reactions are normal. Are you quite sure, Mr. Seton, that there was nothing to promote a shock?"

Ross sat a long time very still, and his face was rather white and strained. "Nothing that I ever imagined she knew," he admitted finally, low voiced.

"You're Not 77"

RECENTLY, a great American newspaper owner investigated me. I did stunts to prove my youthfulness at 77. When he extended his hand to go, he said: "You're most remarkable but I think you're a fibber." "Why?" "Because no man of 77 could do those stunts." To his secretary I said: "You're about 30?" "Yes." "Well, do this" and I did a Russian dance. "Nix for me." "Then why say I'm even 30 when men of 30 cannot do these stunts?" You win" and he wrung my hand enthusiastically and left. In the outer office he was heard to say: "That bird has set me thinking."



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., taken in his 77th year.

And I set thinking everyone who investigates me. Thinking investigators soon realize I am only normal in being still young at 77 and those who are not are the abnormal, albeit the usual.

I am young because I obey the laws of health; others do not. It is hard to realize I owe my youthfulness to foods and exercise, but I do. Yet I would not dare exercise as vigorously as I do at my age on conventional foods. Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus, Kofy-Sub and other natural foods enable me to take exercises that keep my muscles supple, elastic, flexible and resilient as any boy's, thus I remain young and grow younger. You don't believe me? Well, try my foods and reasonably exercise and you cannot doubt. I will be glad to send free literature and other important dietetic items on request to Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

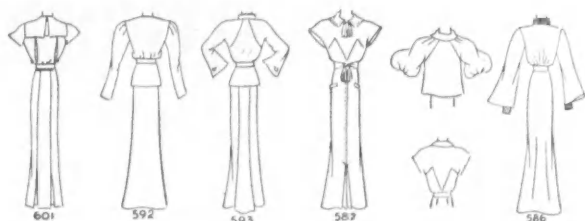
Robt. G. Jackson M.D.



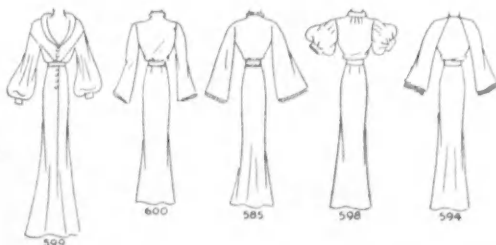
—when you have once experienced the delicious flavour produced by adding a few drops of

Lea & Perrins SAUCE
THE ADDED TOUCH THAT MEANS SO MUCH

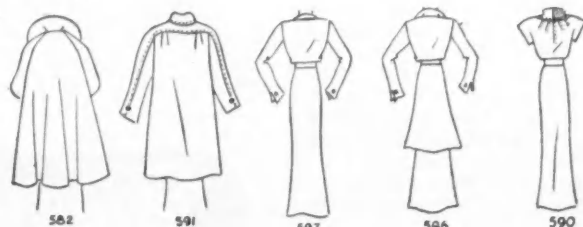




Price
15 cents



Price
15 cents



Details of Patterns shown on pages 34, 35 and 37

No. 599.—Drooping shoulder lines and full sleeves caught tight at the wrist lend flowing grace to this dinner gown. It would be particularly lovely in sheers or velvets. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 600.—Utterly youthful in this frock with its built-up neck and generously pleated six-part skirt. The long sleeves are perforated and can be exchanged at a whim for short ones. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 585.—The two-piece skirt is attached. There's a detachable belt, which might be changed for suede later. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved version.

No. 598.—Casual in its smartness is this spring model with high neck and attached standing collar. Loop trimmings are used at the top of the slashed opening in the blouse. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires four yards of 39-inch material.

No. 594.—There's a slenderizing effect in the jabot and neckline shirring on this attractive frock. Notice the left-side pleat in the skirt—a gesture to the fashion decree for pleats of all sizes and varieties. A wool crepe or triple sheer would be effective. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires four yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting material for long-sleeved version.

No. 601.—A jaunty note is struck in this smart dress with its open neck and attached collar. Inverted pleats are topped by patch pockets, giving a youthful touch. The frock is effectively slenderizing. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved dress.

No. 592.—Starting out to be definitely mannish, with its big patch pockets, this two-piece frock goes suddenly feminine in lingerie touch at the throat. It's a four-piece skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires four yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 20-inch contrasting material.

No. 593.—In one of the new soft wools this clever frock with its raglan sleeves and three-piece peplum would be snug and smart for spring. The inserted vestee is a dainty feature. Sizes 29, 31, 33 and 35. Size 35 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

No. 587.—Very gay is the loose-fitting collarless jacket, over a cleverly slenderizing sport frock. The dress collar fits over the short coat. Try it in a novelty cotton or, for more important occasions, in silk crêpe. Don't forget the new tassel trimming at throat and belt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40.

Size 34 requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for dress and jacket.

No. 586.—For a tea party this frock would be a happy choice. Inverted pleats add zest to the skirt line. The three-quarter-length sleeves and novelty collar are special features. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

No. 582.—Expressing the jaunty mood of the new season, this coat in tweed or a novelty wool has a distinctive air. The high collar is an important item. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch lining.

No. 591.—Swagger lines and patch pockets are featured in a loose-fitting three-quarter coat. It would be smart in a woollen coating, for spring, or later in linen. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 597.—Scarves are important in the fashion scene, and this frock allows for a gay one. The three-piece skirt has an insert pleat. Don't you like all the pockets? Try it in one of the gaily-colored new woollens. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 596.—The tall woman will find this tunic-length jacket and unpleated skirt flattering. It would be smart in a novelty woollen or linen material. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 34 requires five yards of 39-inch material and $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch lining.

No. 590.—A novelty tie collar is a clever detail of this simple frock. Wide sleeves are gathered in tight wrist bands and there are dart tucks at the neck. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved version.

No. 602.—Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 4 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material for long-sleeved dress and coat trimming, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material for coat and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material for lining.

No. 539.—Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material for girl's long-sleeved dress. The boy's suit with long sleeves requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material and 5 yards of braid.

No. 583.—Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material for coat and hat and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch lining.

No. 1559.—Sizes 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires three yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35-inch contrasting material.

No. 574.—Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires two yards of 39-inch material for either long-sleeved dress or dress with arm-hole ruffle, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yd. of half-inch ribbon.

FREE — for 25 outside red wrappers (not the waxed paper) of Oxo Cubes this useful cup will be sent postpaid. Offer closes February 20, 1936: Address OXO, Montreal—

THE INVIGORATING DRINK OF REAL BEEF FLAVOUR

Speedy! Easy! Grand!



EAGLE BRAND COCONUT MACAROONS
 1½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes two dozen.

● Only 2 ingredients! A child could mix them! Yet these cookies are crispy, crunchy, coconutty marvels. Men love them! ● But remember —Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! New Cook Book of Wonders!

New! New! NEW! Just off the press! "Magic Recipes" is a thrilling new successor to "Amazing Short-cuts." Gives you brand-new recipes—unbelievably quick and easy—for pies, cookies, candies, frostings! Sure-fire custards! Easy-to-make refrigerator cakes! Quicker ways to delicious salad dressings, sauces, beverages, ice creams (freezer and automatic). Address: The Borden Company, Limited, Yardley House, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ Prov. _____
 (Print name and address plainly).
 This coupon may be pasted on a postcard.



SUMMER'S GOLDEN

Sunshine IN A CAN!

Del Maiz Cream-Style Corn



CAPTURED from the sunny days of July and August. Held prisoner for you till wintry winds blow . . . till snow flies. Open up a can of summer sunshine one of these bitter nights. Open up a can of Del Maiz Cream-Style Corn . . . and enjoy roasting ear flavor in winter!

Del Maiz Cream-Style Corn is fresh corn in a can . . . for any day in the year. Big, golden kernels of sweet, tender corn . . . packed in their own rich cream.

They're the same deep, plump kernels that you get in Niblets . . . the famous whole kernel corn. The same marvelous flavor . . . better than even the best you've tasted before . . . because it's Fine Foods' own new exclusive breed of corn. Grown only for Del Maiz cans.

It's a new kind of cream style corn. Not the usual thin, mushy sort of corn . . . but thick and creamy . . . crammed with fat, tender kernels. Fork food, not spoon food. Luscious, munchable . . . and fresh as a summer garden.

Picture the dinnertime thrill your whole family will get, when you surprise them some evening soon with this new-flavor corn. But remember to ask for Del Maiz . . . Fine Foods' own special brand. It's grown and packed in Canada . . . and at your grocer's now.

FINE FOODS of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.

Also packers of Del Maiz Niblets, Green Giant Peas and Gerber's Strained Vegetables . . . Grown and Packed in Canada



But then he turned sharply at a dull, heavy thud, and with a soft exclamation hurried to her side. He raised her from the floor, and saw, with a horror that completely eclipsed the anger, that she must have caught her head against the corner of the table as she fell, and that there was a tiny flow of red. . .

THAT WAS perhaps the worst hour of all. Ross felt all the guilt of the murderer himself, as he stared down at his wife's colorless face; and the horror only turned to sick relief as she stirred, with half-conscious murmurings. By then the doctor had arrived, and they had turned him out, to wait in growing apprehension. He sprang finally to his feet at approaching footsteps.

"I know. I'm everything you can possibly call me." As he recognized the doctor, he spoke fiercely. "I'll go. I won't go near again. I swear I won't, once I know she'll be all right!"

"She'll be all right." The older man looked at him gravely but not unkindly. "In fact, Mr. Seton, I don't think you need reproach yourself too much about tonight. I'd advise you to go in at once. She's quite conscious and she's asking for her husband."

"You mean—you surely can't mean—" Ross stared blankly, as if, in that moment, he had almost lost the power to feel or think. His dazed expression had not changed, as he stood a moment or so later just inside that bedroom door.

"Ross, oh, thank goodness you've come," in a tone of quick relief. "I've been so frightened. I couldn't imagine—Darling, what happened? Come here and tell me!"

But he did not even move. "Do you know who I am?" finally very stiffly.

"Ross!" Her eyes grew startled. "What is it? Don't look at me like that. I'm not badly hurt. I know I'm not. Ross, come here!" She caught his hand as he slowly drew close. "Why do you look at me. . . as if you were afraid?"

"I—I think I am afraid. . . slowly still, as if he could not quite comprehend, as if he could not believe the anxiety and concern in her eyes. He bent over her carefully, cautiously, ready to spring back at the first alarmed shrinking. And then at the eager, unafraid response, he knew quite suddenly there was no need for fear. He met her glance and he dropped beside the bed, holding her as he had never quite held her before. "Peggy, I thought I'd lost you!"

But later, there was so much to be said, as she lay, white and still, her hand in his. "Ross, I can't tell you any more than that, really." Her eyes did not leave his face. "I remember; you phoned me you'd be late, and then I went out with Mac. I ran across the street when he started to chase a kitten, and I saw two headlights—"

"A hit-and-run driver." His voice was curt. "For all they know, they might have killed you. You mean to say, the next you remember—" He touched the small, white patch on her forehead very gently. "Peggy!" presently, abruptly. "Do you love me?"

"Darling, don't be so silly," in complete surprise. "You know very well I've loved you ever since the first time I saw you. Why do you ask?"

He laughed, a trifle uneasily. "Oh, I don't know. I—perhaps it's silly, and I should think about things you've said just lately; but sometimes you did mention someone called Bob. I've been trying to figure it out."

His laugh this time held more than a hint of self-disparagement, but his eyes were genuinely worried. Her fingers stirred in his.

"Bob?" reflectively. "I can't think!" And presently. "Why, there was a funny, freckled boy right back in high-school days who thought he had a fancy, but I've not seen or heard of him for years. Surely I couldn't have said—Ross!" suddenly. "Do you know you're looking simply dreadful! I've a good mind to put you to bed for a month when I get home. Surely you didn't

think you'd discovered a secret admirer, did you?"

"Well, there's no telling," with a faint smile; but the worry and concern in his eyes had only slightly lessened as he tightened his reassuring grip. "Peggy, tell me," he continued. "Have you ever been afraid of me that you can remember?"

She laughed, faintly too. "Why, yes; once when I burned a hole in your dress suit, and you looked at me—oh, such a look! But I shouldn't have been," she added apologetically. "You really were very sweet about it."

"I'll bet," a little grimly. "So you always have been perfectly happy with me?"

"Ross, why do you keep asking such silly things?" curiously. "Of course I've been happy. So happy I—I don't know how I could ever bear to lose you," simply, then.

"You won't." His voice was low. Her free hand reached up to pass over his thick black hair.

"Ross I can hardly believe. . . that I behaved to you like that." There was a touch of very different, lingering horror in her face. "It's too terrible even to imagine I could be really afraid of you, or not want you near. You've always been so perfectly sweet. Oh, I know perhaps there've been times when it wasn't quite a business meeting, or something like that—" She stopped his half-shamed protest. "But I knew it was better to trust you. I knew you would never do anything really to harm me. You've always been far too good. . ."

FOR A MOMENT then, at that unlooked-for understanding, he was seized with an overwhelming desire to tell her just how very, very nearly he had brought them both to danger; tell her of all the ghastly, sickening fears her illness had brought. And, instead, he found himself in the clutch of an even greater fear. The fear of breaking that trust. And almost more than that, the fear of the subconscious and the unknown. The fear that if that inexplicable thing were reawakened, she might look at him again, as she had done all those days past, and recoil.

That was something that would hold and bind him firmly through the years.

"Peggy." He leaned forward. "If you only knew how good I want to be to you! You will keep on caring and believing in me always?"

"Dearest," gently. "You're still being silly. What's made you like this? You shouldn't get so terribly worried about a little accident; you know I'll be all right. Ross, dear, you know I'll always believe—what you want me to believe."

He held her so closely that he did not notice how an answering tenseness of her own body relaxed. For that moment perhaps had meant to Peggy the greatest struggle for control, of all—and the greatest terror; knowing how completely she might lose him, just when she held him closest. And now her eyes looked out beyond him, in a mistiness that held a strange mixture of adoration, utter exhaustion, peace, and something that was self-contempt as well. Remembering the doctor's touch on her head, his searching glance, and quiet, careful words.

"A surface blow. Even the other"—and touched an entirely different spot—"was little more. Extraordinary—very." He had looked at her a long time. "I think the main trouble today was a simple fainting spell . . . from some sort of emotional shock."

Then he shook his head. "Well, you're a brave woman, but I'd advise you not to worry that husband of yours any longer. There's no need now." He nodded, not without a certain understanding in his eyes, and turned away. But she knew then that he had probably always suspected that desperate fight to keep a man whom she had never completely trusted, but had only loved.

And she knew, too, what it might cost to break a silence she must always hold.

MAKE YOUR OWN
Syrup
9¢ pint

pour
2 cups Boiling Water 00¢
over
4 cups Sugar 14¢
add
1 Teaspoon
MAPELINE 04¢
and you have
2 pints Delicious Syrup 18¢

CREATE clear, rich syrup—
presto-quick—with Mapeline!
From the same magic bottle,
too, impart thrilling flavour
to desserts, sauces, meats. Two
ounces—only 45¢ at grocers.

MAPELINE



Planning a bridge party? After the rubber, Paris paté sandwiches are always trump! Their delicious piquancy adds interest to the refreshment interlude.

PARIS-PATÉ
PARIS MEAT PATTY
GET IT AT YOUR GROCERS

Dominion Giant Zinnias
4 Pkts for 10¢

Four Best Colors
SCARLET, YELLOW, LAVENDER,
ROSE. Dominion Superb Seeds. 4 Giant
Zinnias in 4 regular full size packets of each color
(value 40¢) sent postpaid for only 10¢. Don't miss
this remarkable offer. 144-page Seed and Nursery
Book FREE. The best yet! Send to-day
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, Georgetown, Ontario

You'll like this MIXED FRUIT SALAD

made with Cox's Gelatine

Two tablespoons Cox's Gelatine, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons sugar or honey, 2 cups ginger ale, 1 1/2 cups mixed fruit. Pour water into saucepan, add Gelatine, sugar or honey and dissolve. Take from fire; add ginger ale. Cut fruit into neat pieces, place in glass dish, cover with strained Gelatine mixture. Chill and serve with or without salad dressing.

FREE RECIPE BOOK shows you how to prepare dainty new dishes with Cox's—the pure, wholesome Gelatine in the famous checker-board box. Write Box 73, Montreal, Dept. J.

Cox's
Instant Powdered
GELATINE
Made in Scotland for 100 Years 17

Initial Your Own!



Courtesy, The Canadian Spool Cotton Co. Ltd.

IT MIGHT have come over on the *Ile de France*, with the unobtrusive mark of one of the great Paris lingerie houses on it; but actually, it's just a smartly tailored slip, bought at a February sale maybe, with a clever trick in crocheted initials to give it distinction.

Buy a good quality plain slip for less than a couple of dollars, and with this touch of handwork make it look like an expensive imported one. Crochet is being put to many interesting uses, fashion experts say, and nowhere is it more effective than when done in blocks and spaces to lend insouciance to the close clinging undies of the modern day. You can make it in an evening. Of course, if you're really adventurous, carry the crocheted motif right out into the open, by flaunting it on fine lawn handkerchiefs.

Gift hankies and towels for the showers and birthdays that *will* sneak in after Christmas, delight your friends if they have a personal touch, and indicate that you are a thoughtful giver.

Here's the method, simple and interesting.

When working foundation ch, allow 2 ch for each sp and 1 ch for each tr. When turning on foundation ch, always work into 8th ch from hook, i.e. 14

foundation ch—3 sps. Turnings on other rows, allow 5 ch. For extension in rows shown by wavy lines on diagram, the foundation ch is worked at beginning of previous row and slip stitched back. As some letters are worked in sections it is necessary to sew parts together. [Continued on page 75]



COLONIAL Sheets and PILLOW SLIPS



Short-Cut to Slumberland!

The very look and feel of a "Colonial dressed" bed is an invitation to sleep; a through ticket to slumberland. For Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips — Canada's finest since 1846 — are snow-white, smooth textured, soothingly cool and refreshing to tired bodies.

Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips—substantial without artificial weighting—smile at repeated heavy launderings. They are woven for wear from long fibred cotton, spun tightly into fine count yarns. Sold throughout the Dominion.

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY
LIMITED

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS COLONIAL TOWELS

"I'VE FOUND A better WAY OF WASHING"



THOUSANDS of Canadian women are now enthusiastic owners of the new and better washing machine... the precision engineered washer that only Westinghouse is able and equipped to give them. And every single satisfied owner is passing along the good word "I've found a better way of washing!"

Westinghouse "cushioned washing" principle is scientifically designed to provide a faster washing action that cushions the clothes against friction, and gently flushes the suds through and through the mesh of the clothes. Actual comparative tests worked out with scientific accuracy have proved this to be a better way of washing—a method that removes more dirt, in less time and with less wear!

Your Westinghouse dealer can show you models priced at \$79.50, \$87.50 and \$94.50 (Slightly higher in the West and Maritimes) See him soon!

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE CO. LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA
Branches in all principal cities.

Westinghouse

Electric  Servants

FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

APPROACH TO LOVE

(Continued from page 36)

women, she believed that a good wife, a wise marriage, was every man's salvation.

The idea of electing Manon Benoit to this office and Manon's arrival at the chateau had occurred simultaneously. The memory of that meeting would never leave her. Leigh had usurped Emil's place at the wheel of the high, old-fashioned limousine and driven in to Paris for the guests. When he returned, Amelia hobbled out to greet them; stood leaning on her cane before the great, carved oaken doors. Leigh had handed out first Sandor, in his inevitable frock coat, then Manon in her white dress. She wore neither hat nor gloves and her cheeks and eyes were aglow. With her hand still in Leigh's she had stood for a moment, her eyes swinging over the beautiful historic pile, alighting at last on Amelia. She had dropped Leigh's hand and come straight and swift across the driveway. "I'm so glad to see you, Aunt Amelia," she had said and Amelia knew she meant it.

In that moment she had made up her mind. Manon should marry Leigh. By hook or crook, by both if necessary, Manon should marry Leigh and save him from that ominous peril—the dogs.

Now she went, slow and bent but immensely pleased with herself, out into the sunshine. Her sabots stirred up the pebbles in the walk and the birds fluttered ahead chirping, pretending to be afraid. Past the weeping willow dipping its torn lace in the pool, past the fountain singing its cool song to the baking mignonette beds, into the walled garden she went to cut Manon's roses and plan Manon's future.

"May I come in?" Leigh Hastie asked from the hall, next afternoon.

Manon hopped up, glad of the interruption and hurried out to him. He looked fresh and cool in white flannels and carried an immense, flat basket of roses. Their scent struck Manon like a perfume bottle.

"Any roses today, madame?" Leigh said. "Very nice fresh roses, cut with the dew on 'em. Very cheap. Très marché, très bon, madame."

She laughed and dipped her face into the fragrant crimson pillow. "How lovely! Thank you so much. Please come in."

"Thanks. Hello, Mr. Benoit! How are you? Hot, isn't it?"

The two men shook hands. Sandor, strangely flustered, jerked out, "Well, well, that was kind of Amelia. Very kind—and of you to bring them. Sit down. Manon has just made some lemonade, though it may not be very cold—"

"The drive cooled me off nicely," Leigh said and fished in his pocket. "Aunt Amelia asked me to give you this. Here, here, that's too heavy for you." He hurried to Manon, lifted the vase down from the mantel, said, "Now, where's water?" and followed her into the kitchen.

Sandor thought, "Now Gene would never have thought about the vase being heavy—no, nor Ralph nor Harvey," and sat down and opened Amelia's note.

"Dear Sandor,

I think I was right last night when I told you that I thought that L— was interested in M. Have you reconsidered my proposition? Don't let your pride mess up your common sense.

A. K."

In the kitchen, Leigh set the vase in the sink and turned on the spigot. "And how is little cousin Manon today?"

Manon said she was fine. She was lifting the roses out of their wet bed. "Did Aunt Amelia pick all these herself?"

"To the last bud."

"The dear old sweet," she said.

THE KITCHEN smelled like the rose garden. The sun, poured through the checkered curtains and he could see the tiny beads of perspiration on her temples. The heat had flushed her cheeks and her dark lashes looked wet. Long lashes. She had been in his mind all day. His dream, Amelia's ill-humored remarks, had kept her there. It had seemed a long day and he had been cross and hot and restless. He was still restless but pleasantly so, now.

"Has anyone ever told you that you're very pretty?" he said.

She laughed. "I think someone did once. I can't quite remember—isn't that enough water?"

The vase was running over and he turned off the spigot. "Very pretty," he said. "Dewy is the word. Dewy, like these roses."

She laughed again, a little uncertainly. She was not unused to compliments. It was not Leigh's words but his manner that disturbed her—something exploratory in it as though he were deliberately searching out something vulnerable within her. As they arranged the roses in the vase this feeling intensified. Leigh talked lightly enough of Amelia and the chateau and the happy reconciliation—"I should have a good-deed button for that"—but all the time his eyes were asking wordless questions.

"There!" she said. "Where shall we put them? I know—on the table near the window."

She led the way back to the studio and Sandor stood up, admired the roses. "Beautiful, beautiful." He had put on his coat and brushed his hair. "Sit down, Mr. Hastie. Sure you won't have some lemonade?" Leigh said no, but that he would smoke if they didn't object. "Object! Good heavens!" Sandor said. "Light up, my dear fellow. I—er—Amelia tells me you live in New York." Leigh said he did and Sandor said, "I haven't been there for sixteen years. I dare say it's very different now."

"Yes. You probably wouldn't know the place." "Well, that's quite proper—quite normal for places to change—for people to change. It—it's a healthy sign." He got abruptly to his feet. "I wonder if you'll forgive me if I desert you for a moment. I have a rather important errand I must attend to before dinner."

"I must be getting back myself very soon."

"No, no. Don't let me hurry you. I shan't be long."

"What important errand?" Manon demanded. "No errand's important enough to take you out in this heat."

"But it's quite cool now, my dear. Quite comfortable. I won't say good night, Mr. Hastie—" He hurried off, a busy man of affairs. Manon looked after him in dismay. She looked at Leigh Hastie, lounging, long and easy on the sofa, and something within her began to tremble.

Leigh got to his feet and tossed his cigarette in the empty fireplace. The sun had slipped down behind the towers of Notre Dame and the big studio was full of opalescent light. Above the muffled cacophony of the boulevard a convent bell tolled for evening vespers. Leigh's eyes swung round the room. "This place has something," he said. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see Marcel and Rudolph come marching in any minute."

"They do sometimes, when father sings," Manon said lightly.

"I can well believe it. Who's this gentleman—not Wagner?"

"Yes. Haven't you met him?" She addressed the marble bust beside the piano. "Herr Wagner, may I present Mr. Leigh Hastie?"

Leigh made a bow. "Herr Wagner, wie gehts?" He pointed and said gravely, "And this fine old fellow?"

"Beethoven. Herr Beethoven, this is Mr. Hastie, from America."

"Delighted, maestro," Leigh said. "You may be surprised to hear that your fame has reached even to our savage shores—though your music is too deep for me, honored sir."

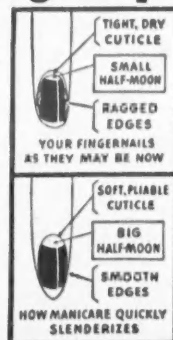
"We mustn't hurt his feelings," Manon said.

[Continued on page 73]

SLENDERIZE Your Fingertips

Is there a man or woman who has not admired sleek, slender fingers? You, too, can slenderize your fingertips by using "MANICARE"—the sensational new nail beautifier which softens the cuticle so you can push it back and get the biggest half-moons you ever had. A minute a day with Manicare keeps the skin around the nails soft and smooth... a perfect frame for the nails.

Manicare supplies the oils which help keep nails from getting dry and brittle. It removes stains, including nicotine. It removes odors of foods and dishwater. May be used at any time... does not disturb the polish. At dept. and drug stores. 39c jar. Courtenay's MANICARE, 35 Caledonia Road, Toronto.



Ryders' NEW SEED BOOK



Send for it at once!

It will bring success to your garden. 124 pages—many coloured plates, hints, new varieties and old friends. Seeds that give results at popular prices.

Write for your copy now to:
Dept. C.E.I., P.O. Box 2374, Montreal.
Orders for Seeds must be sent direct to:
RYDER & SON (1920) LTD.,
Seed Specialists, St. Albans, England.

Learn DRESS-MAKING

Have MORE Clothes...
Smart Individuality
• SAVE Money
• EARN Money

At home... In spare time, through fascinating easy lessons... you can now learn all the professional secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing the lovely feminine fashions.

Earn Money in Dressmaking and Designing

You can easily earn money at home or have a splendid income in a smart shop of your own. The new fashions and higher prices have created a big new demand for dressmakers.

More than 300,000 students and graduates of the Woman's Institute have thoroughly proved the value of this training. SEE FOR YOURSELF how easily YOU can learn. Mail coupon for information and 48-page sample lesson.

Send for Information and Sample Lesson

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

(Canada) Limited, Dept. C-200, Montreal

Without obligating me, send full information about course checked below:

☐ How to Make Smart Clothes for Myself

☐ How to Become a Professional Dressmaker

☐ Advanced Dressmaking and Designing

☐ Foods and Cookery ☐ Tea Room Management

Name..... Age.....

(Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

Address.....

APPROACH TO LOVE

(Continued from page 70)

"But didn't you know? He's stone deaf, poor man," Leigh said. "And you've a veritable picture gallery here, haven't you? What's this! Your father as the villainous Scarpa—what a wicked rascal he was!" He peered closer. "And, as I live, here's little Manon Benafit—the child prodigy."

"That was taken—oh, years ago."

"What a solemn little mouse it is," Leigh said. "But it never played that great big piano, did it?"

She nodded. "I've always played." "You still have that same look in your eyes—as though you'd just come from a conference with the Queen of the Fairies."

She gave a nervous little laugh. "It must be an awfully silly look."

"No. It—it isn't silly—" He moved away from her abruptly. "I should be starting back to Chevreuse. Amelia and I are dining a *deux* tonight, in state. My last night, you know."

"Oh, yes. You sail tomorrow."

"Before I go, will you—just to prove you can—play me a tune? Just one little tune?"

"Of course." She turned eagerly to the piano, touched the yellowed keys, trying to draw from them the reassurance she needed. For she was afraid. The atmosphere of the room was breathless. Not with heat, but with something alive and urgent and terrifying. "What shall it be? You don't care for Wagner or Beethoven—" Her eyes fell on the roses and she began to play.

LEANING ON the piano, Leigh felt the spell closing in on him again. He remem-

bered his dream and looked furtively at her mouth. He noticed it curled upward a little at the corners—a lovely mouth. If he should kiss her—

For a moment after she stopped playing, the overtones of the melody hung over the room as though loath to leave it. Leigh moved around to Manon's side. "That was charming. Thank you."

"I love it, too," she said.

"I shall never hear it again without thinking of you."

"Then I hope you hear it often."

It was her poise—no, it wasn't poise; she was too simple, too direct to have acquired anything so tailor-made—it was her immunity that baffled him. "I hope so, too. Not that I shall need anything to make me think of you." His voice and eyes wooed her deliberately now. "Will you think of me sometimes, Manon?" She glanced up at him, a swift, startled look and he saw the color come quick and hot into her cheeks. "Say you will, before I go. Say you'll think of me sometimes, little Manon."

But Manon could say nothing. She stood up but he did not move. She was prisoned there, between the piano and the wall, and her heart was thumping to suffocation.

"Very well, then," he said sadly. (What was the matter with him! Was he afraid to kiss a girl!) "Good-by." He held out his hand and Manon looked down at it. "Aren't you even going to shake hands with me?" She tried to smile, she tried to take her hands away from her throat. She looked up at him with wondering, bewildered eyes and he took her swiftly in his arms. "You dear, funny little Manon! Don't be frightened of me, darling." She fought him feebly, moving her face from side to side to keep her lips from him. But her head came to rest at last in the crook of his arm and she clung to him, gave him back kiss for kiss. "My dearest, my sweet—"

Scarlet and breathless, she placed both hands on his breast and held him away.

"Don't push me away, Manon. Things

[Continued on page 75]



Made in Canada by Canadian workmen.

THINK OF IT! A GENUINE SHIRLEY TEMPLE DOLL

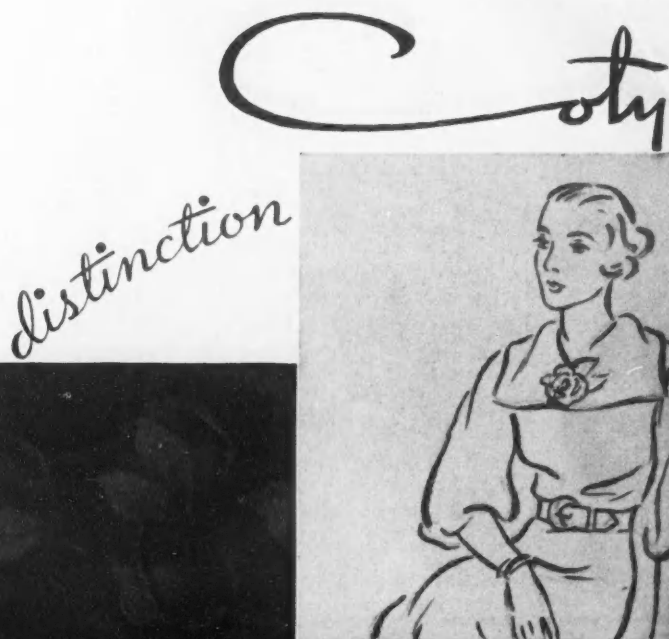
For Your Very Own!

You'll love this adorable doll — the very image of her famous namesake. Soft, golden curls — pretty hazel eyes that will close — and the cutest frock, exactly like one of Shirley's own. This doll sells for \$4.00!

This Shirley Temple Doll is 16 inches long. It will come to you with a Shirley Temple Button and a naturally tinted 8" x 10" portrait of Shirley with signature, confirming that this is the one and only Shirley Temple Doll, approved by Shirley and her mother.

Best of all, you can have this lovely doll **WITHOUT COST**. From your friends and neighbors you can easily secure new subscriptions to *Chatelaine*, to make a total of \$6.00. You can get six One-year subscriptions at \$1.00 each; or four Two-year subscriptions at \$1.50 each; or three Three-year subscriptions, at \$2.00 each — or any combination of these that will make a total of \$6.00. But please remember, these must not include a subscription from your own home, and they must not be paid for by the person who sends for the doll. They must be from other people, and this lovely doll is your reward for securing them for us. Write the names and addresses of the subscribers plainly, and your name and address, and attach a clipping of this announcement. Forward with the \$6.00, and we will send you the Doll at once.

JEAN TRAVIS, CHATELAINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO



Les Parfums COTY

Captivatingly fragrant odeurs to enhance charm... L'Origan... Paris... L'Aimant... A Suma... and many others.

Les Poudres COTY

In colour-perfect flesh tones that give the skin that velvety, peach-bloom finish Milady desires. In boxes or "pressed" in compacts.

COTY Pressed Rouge

An infinitely better form of compact rouge—soft... fine... and pressed into shape without a binding base.

Eau de Cologne and Toilet Water are other aids that COTY brings to the toilette.

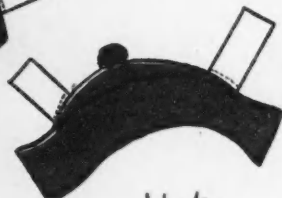


Play Days for Mary Joan :: by Georgette Berckmans

Winter Coat



Muff



Hat

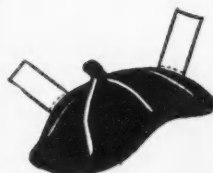


Valentine



School Dress

Skating Outfit



Beret



Cracker

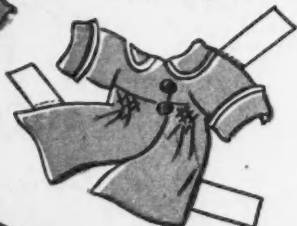


Baby doll

Doll's Carriage



Doll's hat
and Coat



Party Dress

Handbag



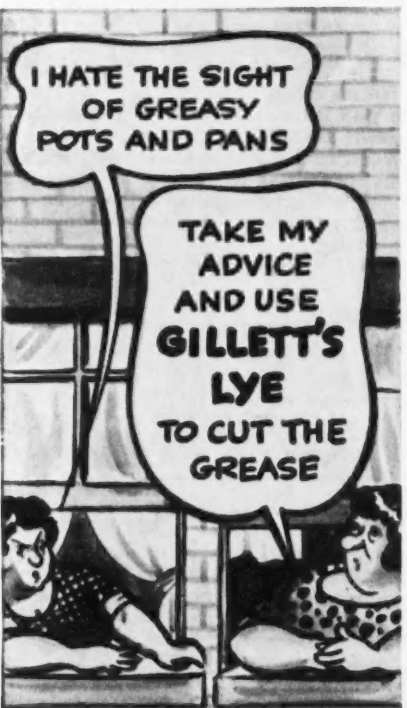
Cold weather doesn't frighten this little girl because she has so many lovely things to do and think about. Cut her out and play with her. Paste the cut-outs on thin cardboard and they'll be a jolly set of friends. What fun to go skating in cozy outdoor togs, or take a walk in the warm winter coat and hat, with a muff, wheeling baby doll in her big comfy carriage. Kitty makes a nice cut-out too . . . and don't forget the Valentine.

Says "Little Miss Muffet"
"It's a treat.
Hard to beat"



Here's the way to make milk delicious! And easier to digest. Make it into tempting rennet-custards in 3 minutes with "JUNKET" Rennet Powder. Top with fruit, nuts, jam, etc. for dozens of variations. Six flavors—Buy them today. Made by "THE 'JUNKET' FOLKS". Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Toronto, Ont.

"JUNKET"
Hansen's Trade-Mark For
RENNET DESSERT POWDER
for making MILK into
Rennet-Custard DESSERTS



WASHES OFF DIRT

● Gillett's Lye does away with hard rubbing and scrubbing—makes messy tasks easier. Just use a solution of 1 teaspoonful in a quart of cold* water. It cuts right through grease! Use it full strength, too—to clean toilet bowls and clear stopped-up drains. Order a tin today!

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

FREE BOOKLET tells how to use Gillett's Lye for household tasks. Write Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.



APPROACH TO LOVE

(Continued from page 73)

like this don't happen often. Even last night in the garden—if I had taken you in my arms then—did you know I wanted to?"

"No! Ah, no!"
"More than I'd ever wanted anything. It was like a spell. I wanted to snatch you up and carry you off; it was so strange and wonderful. You are so wonderful... so sweet. I've never known anyone like you."
"I—I've never known anyone like you," she said.

He laughed and drew her back into his arms. Very tenderly he kissed her eyelids and her hot cheeks. "I must go. I don't want to go, Manon."

SANDOR, RETURNING from his important errand, found the studio almost dark, heavy with the scent of Amelia's roses. "Manon! Where are you, dear?" He switched on the light and saw her curled up in a corner of the sofa. "Ah! Mr. Hastie gone? I was longer than I expected to be." The stairs had left him a little breathless but his voice rang out, full and exuberant, and when he walked over to her, it was with an unmistakable swagger. "Well, I have news for you."

She smiled up at him. Her cheeks were burning red; she looked at him out of sightless eyes, black and luminous as midnight pools. "N-news, father?"

"I've just signed the contract for our American tour. Everything's all settled. Stokes has already cabled the New York office. We sail in September. He says—"

"Father!" The impact of her body very nearly unbalanced him, big as he was. "Father, I'm so glad—so glad!"

(Does tragedy or happiness lie ahead for little Manon in the brilliant, cruel New York? How will Leigh feel about her when he sees her contrasted to the beautiful women he knows at home?)
[To be Continued]

INITIAL YOUR OWN

(Continued from page 71)

Outside edge of letters: Turn letter and work on wrong side, thus giving a raised edge on right side when finished. Dc all round outside edge, working over No. 1s crochet to give firm edge.

Commence at straight edge of letter and work 3 dc into each sp and over cord, 1 dc into the trs. Work 7 dc into corner sps, and where letters are zigzag work 3 dc over cord only, 1 dc over cord and into point. Pull No. 1s crochet slightly to procure straight edge round letters. Where zigzag in letters contain 2 sps, allow 5 dc over cord. Where zigzag in letters contains 3 or more sps, as letter 'W' shown in diagram, work 5 dc over cord missing 2 sps only, dc into remaining sps in usual manner.

Abbreviations: Ch—chain
Dc—double crochet
Tr—treble
Sp—space

1 space=1 tr, 2 ch, 1 tr; for each additional sp, 2 ch, 1 tr.

1 block=4 trs; for each additional block, 3 trs.

Materials required: 2 Balls—Crochet No. 60s, ecru.

2 Balls—Crochet No. 1s, ecru.

Crochet Hook No. 5 English or No. 10 American.



Winchester
CIGARETTES

Blended Right!



SIX Personal Motif Booklets, with designs and transfers, 5c each—at your own store, or use coupon.

28 PRIZES
for
PERSONAL EMBROIDERY MOTIF

THESE worthwhile prizes are offered for the best Personal Motif embroidered on a luncheon, tea or breakfast set, using Clark's "Anchor" Embroidery Threads. Send coupon for details of this fascinating contest, and let your needle point the way to profiting handsomely by your embroidery skill.

CLARK'S "Anchor" EMBROIDERY THREADS

of a gift assortment of Clark's "Anchor" Embroidery Threads.

Clark's "Anchor" Stranded Cotton
Clark's "Anchor" Strandsheen
Clark's "Anchor" Pearl Cotton
Clark's "Anchor" Soft Embroidery
Made in Canada by the Makers of Coats' and Clark's 6 Cord Spool Cotton
A MILWARD'S Needle—famous since 1730—will speed your work.

THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON COMPANY
Dept. X 50,
P. O. Box 519, Montreal, Que.

Please send me details of the Personal Embroidery Contest ☐ I enclose 5c each, (25c for set of 6) for Personal Motif Booklets, with designs and transfers ☐ Check literature you wish.

Name _____

Address _____

CLOSING DATE APRIL 1, 1936




3-IN-ONE OIL contains three different oils to protect three ways. Cleans, oils, stops rust. Use it often—give your sewing machine new life!

A CANADIAN PRODUCT

If your Mirror Reflects Rough, Pimply Skin use **Cuticura** Soap and Ointment

PLEASE NOTE
... McDonald's seeds are obtainable direct from Ottawa only.



McDonald's
1876 DIAMOND JUBILEE 1936
SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS

FROM Halifax to Victoria those who grow things await with interest the publication of McDonald's Garden Book. Our 1936 Diamond Jubilee edition is now ready—the largest, most beautiful and valuable annual of our 60 years' experience. In planning your garden and selecting seeds, plants and bulbs this complete, exquisitely illustrated garden book will be invaluable to you. It is a practical guide to gardening, telling when and how to plant, giving expert cultural directions that will make your garden more beautiful and productive. For better crops and greater profits, write today for your **FREE** copy.

KENNETH McDONALD & SONS LIMITED, 28-30 Market Sq., Ottawa, Canada.
Please mail **FREE** copy of your **DIAMOND JUBILEE GARDEN BOOK** to:

NAME

ADDRESS

1-36

THEY GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT

(Continued from page 22)

through the summer to listen to good music at the University Arena. Some say it makes an agreeable and a cheap outing, others that it reminds them of their student days in Paris. To some it is music for music's sake. It, at least, has sufficient variety in its symphony, classical and standard numbers to catch all tastes. It gives the usual, which an audience must have to feel superior in knowing, and a dash of the unusual to educate it subtly that its pride may not be hurt. Then it goes home feeling quite advanced in its taste and rather cultured. "And the more advanced music? How does it go over?" I asked.

"Surprising as it may seem," he said, "perhaps the greatest enthusiasm of last season came after a Bach piano concerto, 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring.' I have been thrilled at the Proms with the effect the music of Bach has on people of all walks of life. Of course, one has to be very careful of the balance of the programme. If you want to stir the emotions, do so at the beginning and end of the programme. It is up to the artist to break down the barrier that is always between him and his audience. There, personality is used as well as a complete mastery of the art."

ON THE same order, but so much more elaborate, are the programmes of the Radio City Music Hall, New York, the largest indoor theatre of the world, seating 6,600. Going to see its director, Leon Leonidoff, is very like entering the old-time mad-house. The madness begins as the elevator puts one off at his floor. When I arrived, there were five minutes to kill before my appointment and I lingered in the hall. In a moment, another elevator deposited him beside me and there was a rush. Three men of uncertain country darted out, grabbed at him, plucked at his coat, clung to him, and they all talked at the same time. They waved their arms and he waved his. Not a sentence could I understand. It seemed a mixture of Roumanian, Russian, Italian and French, all of which Leon Leonidoff speaks fluently. There was also an undercurrent of Yiddish. As they dodged down the hall and through the offices, I wondered if any appointment could ever be kept.

At the precise minute, however, I was bowed into his inner sanctum by one secretary after another.

This director of Radio City Music Hall is a most interesting, delicate and sensitive bundle of nerves. He came to the theatre and dancing by way of putting on shows at the Geneva Medical College in Switzerland, which grew into an Izba Organization and toured America. He lingered in Toronto a number of years and made a great success. Then Roxy took him to his theatre in New York, where he was responsible for probably 350 numbers a year for five years. He came to Radio City when that great enterprise opened. There he lays out the show personally, executes it, and then puts what is left all together again. In telling about its wonders he gesticulates, shrugs and says, "It is impossible to do anything to perfection, because just one week to do it in."

He told me that in Canada there were several very artistic cities, where we had great elegance and taste. That was a good start. In New York, he said, "Numbers had to be more sellable than artistic, since audiences were more cosmopolitan." Meaning many were from smaller cities and towns.

"And jazz?" I asked.

"Jazz? Ah, no! Not jazz. The charming, gayer things are better. You see, the pulse of the public now is so high (with gesticulation) that it likes charm, sweetness. It resents anything vulgar."

"How do you know?" I asked, feeling sceptical.

"We study by checking up little different forms of music, as in overtures and—"

"And what?" I asked.

"The ballet! The ballet, it is a great test of flexible type of entertainment—slow and fast."

SO I THANKED Leon Leonidoff profusely for his helpful observations and he thanked me profusely. We both bowed and I was taken over to the ballet mistress, who is Florence Rogge, not so long ago of Toronto fame. She was fair and tired, but still patient after the big show. She echoed many of Leon Leonidoff's thoughts, being his assistant and having worked with him for about ten years. She said, "Plain dancing and singing are not so good now. There has to be a story behind it, not just dry steps. The artistic," she thinks, "goes over as well as the novelty with a lot of gingerbread around it. But the artistic, too, has to have a selling point; a trick in dancing, a high jump, a fouette turn in the ballet, for example." For appreciation we might try it, by standing on one toe, circling and beating the other foot in an out.

FROM RADIO CITY, I went to the Canadian Radio Commission headquarters in Toronto to see Geoffrey Waddington, then director of programmes for CRCT and CKNC. He is of English parentage, reserved and calm. It was like another world. He is the sort of bland person who gives and receives orders with equal equanimity. And his orders come, so he likes to tell you, from the sponsor, the general manager, the office boy and you. His present opinion is that you like ten slow numbers to one fast. "More people," he says, "are interested in the better type of music now through education of the radio. And they should be, for it is being presented in a more interesting and intimate way. An example of this are the Damrosch concerts. We find also that the public knows its mind emphatically," he concluded.

AS TO plays, in the vast experience of Catherine Proctor, Canada's famous actress of the legitimate stage, she thinks that "life lately has broken through the crust of society. People are more human and understanding. They are more sincere and like plays that give them full expression."

"And how do they like them presented?" I asked when interviewing her.

"Naturally," she answered. "All good acting is natural. If the player reaches the inner consciousness of a rôle, he invariably rings true. The gifted few can do this. But a character may call for the reverse of reserve. A drawing-room scene of today may call for subdued conversational tones and little action, whereas one in an Empire period, in blank verse, may call for the pictorial style but nevertheless natural to the period."

"And the playwright?"

"To interest his audience he must carry conviction with his subject matter, of course."

"Do you think at times of satiation the pendulum swings from one type of play to the opposite?" I wanted to know.

"Yes. Often a play has created such a following," Miss Proctor said, "that managers clamor for more like it. That was the case one season with the mystery play. At another time with a newspaper play. Naturally, the public became so satiated that it wanted something absolutely different."

I have been thinking of the consensus of opinion among the successful artists presented to you. Perhaps it could be summed up in the thought that the public wants brightness and gaiety in its entertainment, with always an idea or a spiritual value behind. I remember something John Barclay, distinguished artist who went to New York from Toronto, said: "The public is so many-sided and so varied in its taste that there's room for us all."

What typically British insight, and how true that is!

*True
Experience*
No 322

Thousands of letters come to us, from all over the country, telling of *real* people who unknowingly let "B. O." offend. Here is such a letter in picture form, names omitted!



It agrees with my skin

Read why millions say this

LIFEBOUY lather penetrates, deep-cleanses pores of clogged wastes, yet is unusually gentle. Scientific tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps".

No one need be careless

We all perspire. But *only* thoughtless people offend! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It purifies pores, stops "B.O." (body odour). Its own clean scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

A NEW KIND OF WASHDAY FOR HER



THEN I CHANGED TO THE FAMOUS "NO-WORK" SUDS THAT SOAK DIRT OUT

EVEN in hardest water, Rinso gives rich, creamy, lasting suds that soak clothes white as brand-new. Colours come fresher, brighter, too. Even stubborn edges come clean with just a little gentle hand rubbing. And clothes washed this safe, gentle way last 2 or 3 times longer. That means you'll save money. The makers of 24 famous washers recommend Rinso. Grand for dishes and *all* cleaning. Easy on hands. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

Rinso
The Granulated Soap

AND NOW MY MONDAY AFTERNOONS ARE FREE FOR MY CHILDREN

MILLIONS USE RINSO IN TUB, WASHER AND DISHPAN



YOUNG MODERNS aren't getting Leap Year jitters apparently. They go the quiet tenor of their ways, without any self-arranged detours to matrimony. Ten out of sixteen office girls questioned recently vetoed the idea of feminine proposals. Two were in favor, three were uncertain, and one thought it would be all right if "you were well enough acquainted!" The San Francisco Spinster Club of 100 members thinks men should propose, and there's a sizeable annual turnover in that group of unmarrieds. Justice of the Peace Henry F. Wallenwein has offered to unite in matrimony, without fee, any couples who admit that the girl did the asking. Fashion designers have made one of the season's new gaily patterned prints with a lovebird motif. Excellent material, no doubt, for the gift dress a desisting swain should present to his wooer. It wasn't any joking matter back in 1288 when a law was enacted in Scotland that in Leap Year "Ilk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes."

And that said man had to prove he was already "bespoken," buy a silk dress. . . or marry the girl. France, Genoa and Florence legalized the custom in the fifteenth century. And yet modern legislators boast of having enfranchised women!



BLACK HEADLINES loom menacingly over Charles and Ann Lindbergh as they seek haven in Britain, "land of settled government, of old and just renown." To the world at large, the flying colonel and his wife may be a king and queen in the realm of aviation; but women in their warm and comfortable little homes everywhere see only a hounded and harassed man and woman fleeing with their child; driven from home and friends, seared by the floodlight of publicity, threatened by crime and endangered on every side. It isn't a very pretty sequel to success. Britishers may well feel thankful for safety and security, and it's worth while taking time to impress upon gangling young Canadians some of the points to be gained in a law-abiding scheme of living.



STRANGE INTERLUDE for professors! Odd adventures take root on the soil of university campuses, but usually they can be traced to the Frat houses rather than the Faculty residences. The University of Toronto harbors a dangerous group of professorial vagabonds who are seen slipping quietly away from staff functions and other pedagogical pursuits on certain evenings. The faculty wives go along, and for happy hours they take lessons in the Continental tango. It's the complete version—no skipping of difficult steps or sidling away from intricate swerves or dips. The next time these gentlemen go to Europe on ponderous research work, they will be ready to take time off for amusement in the beautiful ballrooms of the Continent and enjoy to the full the favorite dance steps of France.

IT'S NEWS

Graphic Glimpses of the
Drama-Pathos-Humor
Behind the Headlines



THERE'S A LIGHT click-click of high heels on the steps of Parliament as the session swings into action this year. Staid old Bytown is blinking a little to find four alert and able women taking their places among the lawmakers. Study in contrasts, too. There is the Honorable Cairine Wilson, not the least of whose many charms, in the eyes of her fellow Senators, has been her ability to grace the Higher Chamber without upsetting its long-established etiquette and customs. Schooled in the niceties of gentle living, Mrs. Wilson has adjusted herself as easily to the Senate as she does to the drawing-rooms of Canada and Europe. To her side will come Mrs. Iva Fallis, of Peterboro', whose zest for the political scene in all its fluctuating phases is matched by her robust championship of rural women, from the flat prairies of Saskatchewan to the old farm lands of Ontario.

DOWN IN the lower house, Agnes Macphail returns to her old-time place, unruffled by strenuous interludes of prison investigation and electioneering. In fact, she will take off in the coming year on an extensive lecture tour of the United States, as a sort of friendly relationships gesture across the border, or something.



Down from the north—or isn't it up?—trailing clouds of sourdough glory and with colors flying, comes Mrs. George Black, M.P. for the Yukon, moving her wild-flower collection back to Ottawa for another four years. This pioneer of the grizzly trails merely betakes herself from the Speaker's Gallery to the opposition benches as the bell rings for the session and all hands hit the deck. Mrs. Black is also a woman of many talents, and her spare time after hours will be spent in writing her memoirs, one hears. A well-known Canadian press woman will assist her.

THE BIRTH control controversy stirs afresh. Attack of Cardinal Hayes brings an avalanche of support to the movement from clergy and social workers. One of the many Canadian women taking their places on civic boards this year, Alderman Clara W. Twidale, of Niagara Falls, has given notice to the City Council that she intends to ask for funds in the 1936 budget to establish a birth-control clinic. Already at least five Canadian cities, Hamilton, Toronto, Vancouver, Windsor and Winnipeg, have well-ordered clinics functioning quietly, largely in co-operation with outdoor clinics and social service organizations.

HE MIGHT be counted one of the more persuasive anti-birth-control propagandists. Certainly the late Charles Millar, whose strange will provides a large fortune for the woman giving birth to the greatest number of children in ten years following his death, wasn't working for any Family Limitations organization. The Toronto lawyer's whim has shaped many lives and events. An ace reporter on one large newspaper has followed the stork faithfully and somewhat



wearily, as that old bird paid frequent visits to the contestants. He's glad it will all be finished next October. Mrs. Grace Bagnato, a stocky little Italian woman, is one of the leaders in the baby derby. She's given birth to twenty-three children, nine of whom were born in the last nine years. There's some question over the registration of a premature birth which may cause trouble at the final reckoning.



LADY TWEEDSMUIR is an enthusiastic club woman and has been associated with the Scottish Women's Institutes—which were patterned after the Women's Institutes of Canada—for many years. She has often been a speaker at rural gatherings and considers herself essentially a "country woman," feeling that rural women have much to give to the world. In this she shares the opinion of Dr. Irene Paribby, formerly woman cabinet minister in the Alberta government, whose farm residence "Manadon," at Alix, Alberta, is not only her home, but her creed.

Whatever changes Their Excellencies make in historic old Rideau Hall—already the nursery has become a study, and an informal breakfast room has been added—they will not disturb, it may be certain, a little grey stone lying deep in the grass at the foot of the lilac gardens. It says, simply, "Moses, friend and companion. Viscount Willingdon." Tribute to a faithful dog.



IT WAS rather surprising to hear one of Canada's best-known women novelists address her maid as "Miss Jones," while dinner was being served. There seemed to be an entirely different relationship between these two than had ever been observed in a household before. After dinner someone asked her about it.

"I wanted an efficient housekeeper, so I got an intelligent, responsible girl," she replied simply. "And I treat her as such. I respect her ability and capacity for her job, and she respects my rights as an employer. She has definite hours, arrangements for leave and facilities for entertainment. I don't interfere any more than my husband would with the rights of his business staff. She, like them, is willing to assist in an emergency by working 'overtime.' I appreciate that, and see that she is repaid."

A new angle on the servant problem. The U. S. Government is seeking to aid housewives of that country by providing a training school at a cost of \$500,000, for the education of 7,600 domestics in washing clothes, making beds, cooking and doing other household tasks. A start has been made along these lines in a few Canadian cities, but nothing really effective has resulted. Training for both housewives and maids in loyalty, mutual respect and co-operation would be a valuable service in Canada.

MILLIONS LOST YEARLY BY IMPROPER CLEANING METHODS

*A Timely Message to
Thinking Women Who Value
Their Possessions*

THE beauty of household possessions is actually "skin deep" and remains only as long as the surface lasts. This is true regardless of the more durable finishes and the new beauty of today's products.

Bathroom fixtures, stoves, refrigerators, washing machines and kitchen utensils—the splendid paint and lacquer finishes applied to walls and woodwork—cannot stand the abrasive action of ordinary cleansers. Tiny scratches appear; gradually the surface becomes dulled and dingy and, in due time, the beautiful finish is ruined.

You can't blame the manufacturer or the decorator if many dollars worth of surface beauty is soon scratched away. The fault lies with the cleanser used.

No woman would knowingly subject her possessions to the damaging effects of ordinary cleansers that disfigure millions of dollars worth of household property every year. Be on the safe side! Remember when you buy—it pays to use Old Dutch, the *one* cleanser made with Seismotite. It doesn't scratch.



MADE IN CANADA

*Doesn't
Scratch*

Tested and Approved by
Chatelaine Institute
37
Chatelaine Magazine

The Only Grit-Free Cleanser because it's made with SEISMOTITE

REG'D. IN CANADA

Millions of thrifty women save money by protecting the lovely things in their homes with safe, effective Old Dutch cleaning. Don't take chances on ruining your household possessions. Get the full value they have to offer by selecting your cleanser wisely.

Test it for destructive grit this easy way: sprinkle a little cleanser on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll detect the presence of grit by a harsh, scratchy sound. Then try the same test with Old Dutch. You'll hear no grinding or scratching because it's the one cleanser that is absolutely grit-free!

Old Dutch is different because it is made with Seismotite, the most efficient cleaning material science has yet discovered. Its soft, flat, flaky particles clean quicker without scratching . . . and go much further because they cover more surface than the chunky, grit particles found in ordinary cleansers.

Old Dutch is odorless and removes odors. It is free from caustic and acid and therefore is kind to your hands. Get three cans of Old Dutch today—one each for kitchen, bathroom and laundry. And send the labels for the beautiful silverware shown at the right.

Send today for this lovely Wm. A. Rogers A1 Plus Quality Silverware

In the beautiful "Croydon" pattern selected for its smartness and style by Katherine Caldwell, nationally known home economist. You may have your choice of a dinner knife and fork, teaspoons, oval soup spoons or salad forks. Made by Oneida, Ltd.

\$1.40
Value for
only
50¢

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. 60T, 64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ont.

I am enclosing _____ Old Dutch labels or windmill panels therefrom and _____ \$ for which please send me

- ☐ 1 Knife and Fork ☐ 3 Oval Soup Spoons
☐ 6 Teaspoons ☐ 3 Salad Forks

You may order any one of these units, or as many as you like. (Remember each unit requires 50¢ and 3 Old Dutch labels or the windmill panels therefrom). Take advantage of this offer today. It is good only in Canada and the United States and expires July 31, 1936.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____



Don't miss this amazing offer. Write today! ↗